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JULY 1979 $2.00

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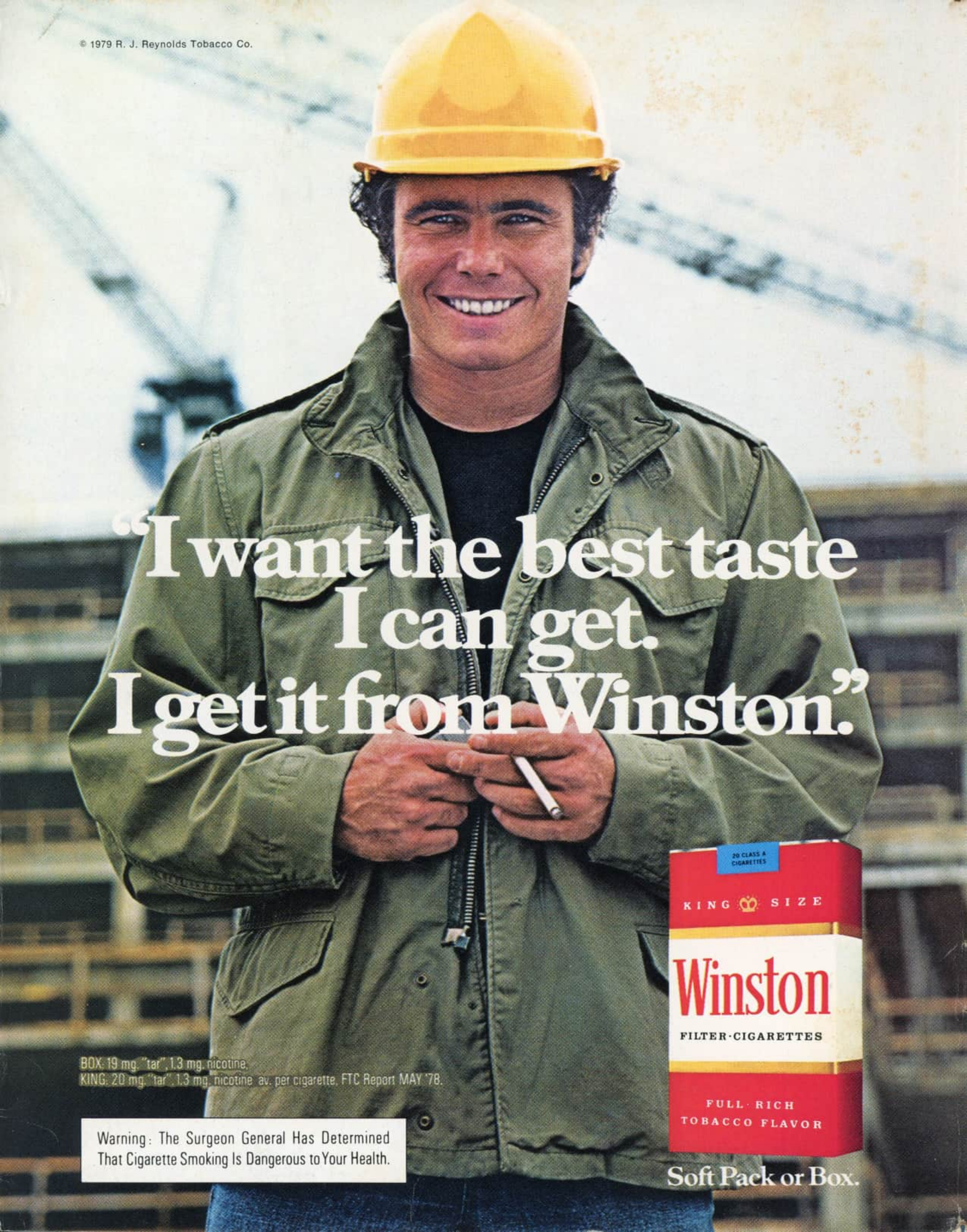
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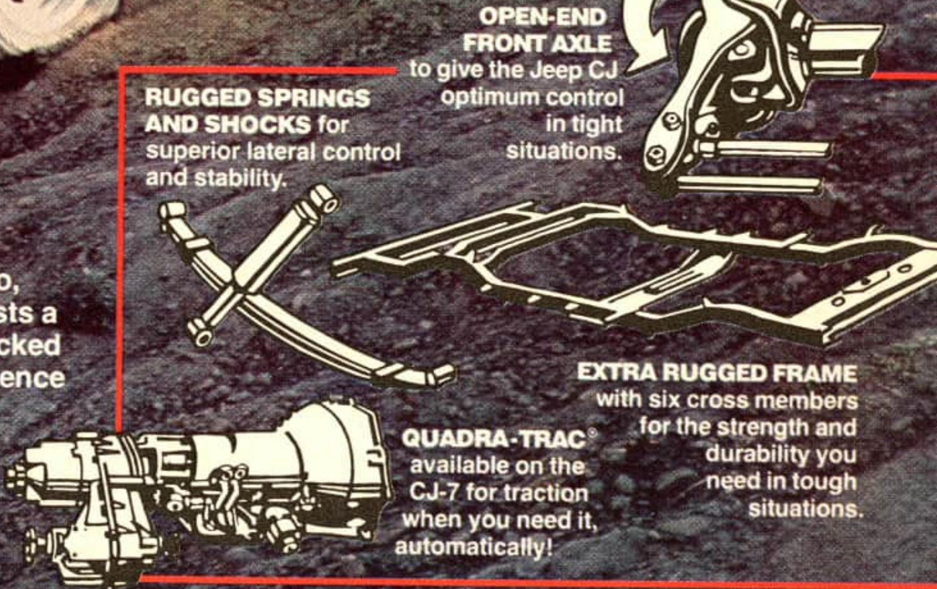

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HOUSECALL

Disco queen **Donna Summer**, the sweet-eyed lady of the lowlands gracing our cover, is also the subject of this month's *Penthouse* interview. This is the first time that *Penthouse* has put an interview subject on the cover, but then we've rarely had an interview subject as fascinating to look at as she is to listen to—whether she's singing or talking. (Photographer Harry Langdon provided *Penthouse* with these exclusive photographs, and Hollywood writer **Elliot Mintz** conducted the interview, which begins on page 86.) Among other things, we learn that although Donna's sensuality is intensely real to her millions of disco fans, she feels that her sexuality "exists on a sort of fantasy level" and that, if anything, she is "undersexed." It's a startling confession for the lady whose sultry, suggestive songs, such as "Love to Love You Baby," have turned many dance floors into mating arenas as popular as the bedroom. Miss Summer is equally candid about interracial sex, homosexuality, and the multimillion-dollar disco business.

The exploration of outer space is a lot less popular these days than disco — despite the success of such space-related S-F epics as *Star Wars*. But **Robert Jastrow**, one of America's foremost experts on space (see our interview with him in the October 1978 issue), has chosen this month—the tenth anniversary of our greatest scientific achievement, the landing of men on the moon—to eloquently defend our nation's commitment to space research—see "Advise and Dissent" (page 108). Jastrow points out that unraveling both the secrets of the origin of earthly life, as well as the discovery of intelligent life in the universe (a real probability), will bring unimagined advances to our planet, providing us with the knowledge to deal with such problems as population control, food scarcity, and energy shortages.

James Dale Davidson, in "25 Myths of the Energy Crisis" (page 56), deals with the problem of vanishing resources on a more immediate, practical level. One by one, Davidson explodes the deliberate fictions we've been fed by bureaucrats and big business. The so-called energy crisis, argues Davidson, is really our incompetent politicians' way of dealing with their self-created financial crisis. Davidson, the chairman of the National Taxpayer's Union, last wrote for us about the anti-tax revolution (April 1979). He suggests that the only clear truth about the present dilemma is that "everything government touches turns to shit."

On the other hand, Adnan Khashoggi, Saudi Arabia's internationally famous entrepreneur, finds that everything he touches turns to gold. This cagey middleman knows how to make friends and influence people with cold, hard cash rather than the outmoded Dale Carnegie smile. Khashoggi's profile, by **Andrew Duncan** (on page 82), is an excerpt from Duncan's upcoming book, *The Money Rush* (Doubleday). Khashoggi sees himself as a man with a mission: "With Western technology and Middle Eastern money," he declares, "we can go places in the new world that is coming." But where does that leave *us?*

For a look at another kind of daredevil, read "Stock Car Heroes" (page 74), written by racing expert **William Neely**. He writes intimately and knowledgeably about these mythical men in their flying machines and the torture they invite on the track. "Compared to a lot of other sports," sighs Bobby Allison, "it's a whole week's work in a day." Adds Cale Yarborough, "I've won at times and been so tired I couldn't get out of the car. You can lose fifteen pounds in a race."

For some light-hearted summer fun, *Penthouse* invited a few dozen celebrities to spend the afternoon at New York's Tavern on the Green Restaurant in celebration of the booming T-shirt phenomenon, especially those T-shirts with messages emblazoned on them. Photographer **Jean-Paul Goude** and Associate Editor **Gay Haubner** define the ultimate T-shirt message in "By the Fruits of Their Looms Ye Shall Know Them" (page 116): "T-shirts are here to stay."

As always, of course, our highly caressable Pets are the kind of sun-bronzed beauties that the stuff of a midsummer's daydream is made of. We think they could certainly cause enough sparks to set off a fireworks display on the Fourth of July, celebrating independence, both national and sexual!

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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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The boys in the sand

My name is Katy, and I'm twenty-eight years old and have a good body, which my husband, Don, says was just made for fucking. I was a virgin when we met and married just over six years ago. We have what's considered an average income and live in a small town in western Canada. We read *Penthouse* when it's available and especially enjoy the "Forum" section. With this in mind, Don has prompted me to write and share with your readers our experience of last summer.

One hot Sunday afternoon we decided to pack a small lunch, some beer, and joints and drive to a nearby lake for a picnic and a cool dip. The spot we frequent is off the beaten track, affording us a good deal of privacy.

We were relaxing with a joint and taking in the sun near the edge of a shaded area. Feeling a bit light-headed and secure in the familiar surroundings, I untied my bikini top and lay next to my husband, allowing the rays to warm and tan my breasts. I closed my eyes, listening to the outdoor sounds. After a few moments Don sat up to light another "weed." We shared a few drags as he began teasing my tits with generous amounts of suntan lotion. He tweaked my nipples and began talking of another person fucking with us. This suggestion was not new, as we often shared the fantasy of a third party joining us. It seems an exciting thought and usually contributes to a crushing climax.

The group action he verbalized caused my body to squirm uncontrollably. He continued in a low whisper and stroked my moist cunt through the skimpy bikini. "Would you like someone to fuck you while I suck your tits?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered, as my pelvis began an automatic fucking motion, arching up to meet an imaginary cock.

"Do you think you could handle three hard cocks?"

This was a new twist—three cocks! I didn't catch the complete significance at the time; so I simply reached under his swimsuit and answered that I was ready to take on the local ball team!

"Are you sure?" he asked, as he kissed my neck and ear.

"Very sure," I said, feeling his cock grow in my grasp.

It was then that he whispered that this time it could be more than a fantasy if I was really ready. Unknown to me, he had caught sight of two young men who had apparently been watching us for some time, concealed in the nearby woods. Our hearts pounded with mutual excitement as I nodded approval.

We were soon joined by Tim and Gary, who said that they were exploring the beach when they came upon us. Tim was the younger—about eighteen, I'd guess—to Gary's nineteen or twenty. They were awkward and apprehensive, but my husband's friendly attitude dispelled their fears. I made only token attempts to cover my tits as their hungry gaze excited me. After some small talk, I lay back, allowing a complete view. I could easily see the outline of their straining cocks and squeezed Don's arm in secret anticipation.

My husband made some remark about my not getting a complete tan and suggested that I take my suit off to expose the rest of my body to the sun. The boys seconded the motion, and after some playful coaxing I relented. They removed my last skimp of cover, and I modestly turned on my belly, exposing my buttocks to their widening eyes. Don began rubbing lotion on my back and behind and asked the boys if they'd like to help.

Those eager young hands were over me in a minute, driving me crazy with lust. I felt Don nudge me, encouraging me to turn over, and I did, parting my legs slightly. There was an audible gasp as they stared at my damp nakedness. I closed my eyes and soon felt their hands all over my tits and cunt. I turned to Don, who smiled luridly down at me. I looked deeply into his glazed eyes and gave his arm another light squeeze. He bent down to kiss my neck and ears.

"Would you like them to fuck you now, Katy?" he whispered. I could only moan my desire, as someone's finger found my wet hole and my loins began a rhythmic motion. I fucked myself on the probing digit.

Don slipped off his swimsuit and began stroking his huge, circumcised rod. Gary and Tim were quick to follow his example. They were both beautifully circumcised and well hung. My head was swirling from the grass and the sensuous realization of what was now inevitable. Never before had I felt so wickedly depraved, and I reveled like the whore of Babylon. I was going to be fucked, and I wanted to be fucked by all of them.

I reached to each side to touch the heads of the two throbbing cocks belonging to Gary and Tim, sharing a tit with one hand and my cunt with the other. Don directed his familiar tool toward my face while encouraging the boys, telling them how

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much I liked what they were doing.

Don's dick looked immense in the glare of the sun, but he found his mark, and I sucked hungrily. "I think she wants to be fucked," I heard him say to one of the boys. "Fuck her, Gary," he said. "You'd like Gary to fuck you now, wouldn't you?" he said, turning to me.

"Oh, yes, please, Gary, fuck me!" I pleaded, approaching my first climax on their fingers.

It was the first time since our marriage that I had felt a strange cock poking around my slick cunt lips. I reached down and quickly guided it to the entrance, which, when found, opened to admit its welcome, plum-crowned visitor.

"Is it good, Katy?" Don was asking as he kissed me feverishly.

"Oh, yes . . . " I managed to groan, as Gary's cock began spurting hot come deep inside my convulsing hole. Then Tim left the tit he was sucking to replace Gary's cock with his own, and I felt my muscles readjust to this new invader. Don continued to kiss and caress my body, whispering how beautifully corrupt I looked as they fucked me and my cunt ran over with hot semen.

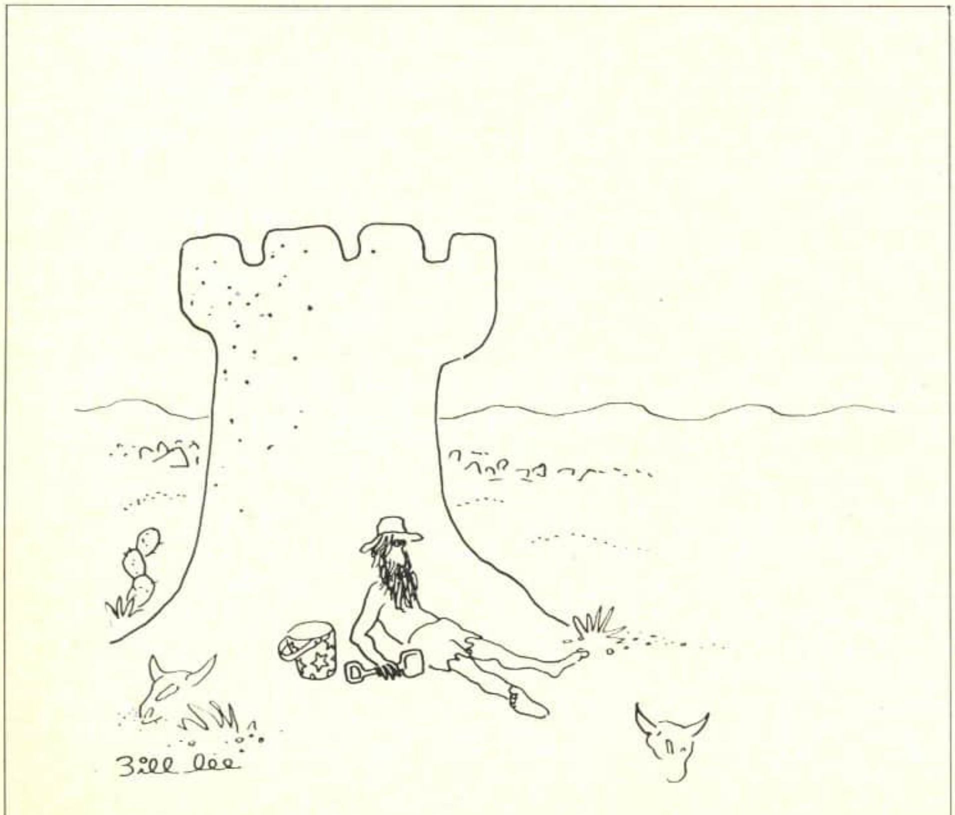
Tim screwed me a second time; and when he tired, my husband took his turn and I could feel the love juices spurt out as he jammed his pole to the depth of my uterus. The boys continued to pinch my nipples as I came again and again on Don's ravishing cock. He came in gushes, and I was in seventh heaven.

When he finished, we were both completely drained, but the boys were up and ready again, watching our action. My cunt was somewhat tired, but I let them each fuck me one more time as Don looked on, and, surprisingly, I had another mild climax with Gary.

Later that night I began to feel somewhat guilty about what had happened. Don said I needed a good fuck to help me get over my guilt feelings. So we went to bed and had a slow, loving fuck. Of course, we realize that the experience may never happen again, and it hasn't to date. We continue to fantasize about similar occurrences and intend spending as much time as possible at the beach this summer.—*Name and address withheld*

Straight scoop

During the late 1960s I was a student at a large eastern university. This was the time of the youth revolution, and my friends and I were actively involved in Vietnam-era politics, drug use, and sexual experimentation. Although I enjoyed having sex with the hippie girls I knew and being exposed to such pleasant variations as fellatio and cunnilingus, I often found my sexual encounters somewhat boring and lacking in the real sensual excitement that I felt sex should provide. Most of the young women I knew, though attractive, did little to enhance their beauty: they were usually attired in jeans, flannel shirts, and long, uncombed hair. In short, they seemed to be lacking the sexiness that I found among "straight" women, especially those who were several years my senior.



During my senior year, I worked as a school-bus driver for a nearby rural school district. Before driving each morning, I would have coffee at a roadside café adjacent to the bus garage. There were four other drivers, all of them women in their twenties and thirties. They sat together at one table. At first they ignored me completely, probably because I was a hippie. But after a while, they began to loosen up and even ribbed me about my strange way of life. One woman in particular seemed to enjoy teasing me and making jokes about how stoned I was. She was in her late thirties and very attractive. Her figure was a bit plump—large tits and ass, with an ample waistline. She always dressed in bright colors, wore a bright shade of lipstick, and used a very provocative perfume. Her coal-black hair was beautifully coiffed and her hands perfectly manicured. She had an unusually pretty face, with just a hint of laugh lines around her eyes.

As I gradually got to know her and the others, I found that she was divorced and had two teenage children. She had a great sense of humor, and with the passing of time, her liking for me became more and more obvious.

By now I felt very much attracted to her, but I still felt self-conscious about being the young "hippie" and she the older "straight" woman. After a few weeks, she casually suggested that she would really like to try pot one day. I jumped at the suggestion and asked her when. She thought for a second and told me that her children would be away the following Saturday, and that that evening might be a good time. I got a hard-on from just thinking about the possibilities, and when she winked at me, I nearly shot in my pants.

The day of the big date arrived, and I changed into the only relatively respectable clothes I owned, stuffed a pipe and some weed into my pocket, and followed the directions she had given me to her house. I rang the doorbell. She opened the door. Her appearance excited me instantly. First of all, her perfume (Imprévu by Coty), made my penis start to throb. She was beautifully made up, and her blue eyes were shimmering with the contrast of her black hair. She had on a somewhat low-cut, bright-flowered blouse and black slacks, both of which emphasized her voluptuous figure.

We sat down on the sofa and had a glass of wine. I still wasn't sure whether she had sex in mind or merely pot. Soon, though, I had her stoned. She was laughing uproariously and admitted that she'd never felt quite so good.

After dinner (a great fillet of sole) we sat down on the sofa again to talk. As we chatted, she moved a bit closer, and I finally got up the courage to make a pass at her. I

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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MERIT

Kings & 100's

kissed her on the lips and she responded in a way that left no mistaking that she had sex on her mind. Soon we were hugging and kissing passionately. I was in a state of excitation to a degree I'd never experienced before.

Soon she pointed to the bedroom door. We got up and went in. I had been in a number of women's bedrooms before, but this was the first real boudoir I'd ever seen. Although she was obviously of modest means, she had really knocked herself out to make her bedroom a haven of sensuality. She had a big old four-poster bed with pink sheets on it. I quickly removed my clothes and sat down on it, and watched her undress, a huge, tantalizing smile spread across her face.

Finally, I saw her completely naked. She was exquisite! Her breasts were big, beautiful, and white—a striking contrast to her black curls. Before approaching me, she sat down at her dressing-table and added mascara to her eyes, powdered her nose, and repainted her lips with dark-red lipstick. Then she dabbed some extra perfume on her breasts and pubic hair.

Then she got up and climbed into bed with me. I was a bit nervous, perhaps sexually overexcited. She seemed to sense this and told me to lie on my back. She then began to rub me lightly all over. At that point I noticed that her dressing table mirror was giving me a full view of us on the bed. Her fingers played sensuously all over my body, and the sight of her dark-red fingernails on my skin drove me crazy. Soon I was sucking her tits and inhaling the rich fragrance of her body odor mixed with her perfume.

She started caressing my genitals, and I moved down to commence eating her out. She then started sucking my prick. The feeling and the sight of her red lips on my glans almost made me come right then and there, but she had a way of bringing me almost to climax and then letting up in such a way that I didn't shoot. I buried my tongue between her cunt lips and proceeded to lick her until she moaned and writhed. (She later told me that no man had ever eaten her before.) Her tongue and lips stimulated my glans repeatedly while her talented fingers caressed my balls and anal area. Needless to say, I did finally come in her mouth. After swallowing it, she lay beside me for a while, caressing my body with her nimble fingers until I soon had another erection.

This time I entered her, and we fucked and fucked for I don't know how long. Her passion was incredible! I had never before been with a woman who could put so much energy into intercourse or so much enthusiasm. She screamed and moaned and seemed to have orgasm after orgasm. If she faked any of them, I couldn't tell!

About midnight she got up out of bed, washed her crack, and put on a little more lipstick. Then she got into bed and started sucking me again while I madly licked her clitoris and labia. The combination of her expert stimulation plus the intoxicating odor of her cunt juices soon had me coming again. I think I must have come five times that evening, and finally we fell asleep. The next morning we fucked again first thing, but she sent me off without any breakfast, because she was, as she explained, late for church!—*Name and address withheld*

"There's no reason for you to feel guilty, Roger, nothing really *happened!*

The man who came to dinner

I recently answered an ad in a swinger's magazine not knowing if I would get a response. The ad sounded good: "Liberated couple, mid-thirties, desires like couples or single males for French threesomes or more." I sent in a full-length nude "soft" photo and one "hard" close-up. About ten days later I received a phone call from the couple, John and Eve, who invited me to their home that evening.

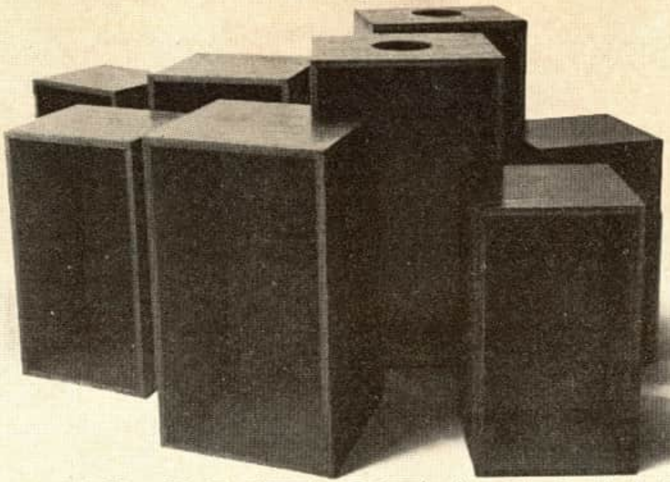
When I arrived, I was greeted by John, who wore a lounge robe and slippers. From the entrance hall I could see his wife lying on a couch in a full-length black negligee. Since this was my first group sex encounter, I was a bit uneasy. But soon they helped me relax with cordial small talk and a drink. Finally, John said, "Eve loves to suck cock, and I love to watch. Do you feel like joining us tonight?" Before even thinking about it, I said, "Sure, I'd love to." Eve asked if I wanted to shower before we started, and I agreed, thinking of her pretty face and small, sexy body while the soap and warm water helped get me excited further.

As I left the bathroom, towel around my waist, John greeted me in the hallway stark naked, his cock at attention. He put his arm around me and guided me to the bedroom, saying that Eve was hot and waiting. I was so horny, anticipating Eve, that at this point I would have sucked his cock while his wife sucked on mine.

As we entered the bedroom, the room was bathed in a soft blue light from a dresser lamp. Eve was fully reclined on the king-sized bed, her raven hair spread over a pillow, one leg drawn up, and a warm, glowing smile on her face.

I approached the bed and told her, "Look what I've brought you." She said, "God . . . a tall, blond Viking with a long white lance, capped with a purple head." I thrust my lance closer and felt a warm rush as her tawny fingers teased the glowing head of my iron-hard cock. John, who was also on the bed, reached across Eve and grasped the base of my cock with thumb and forefinger. I didn't resist, for the fingers of two people fondling my prick excited me even more than ever as I hovered over Eve's ample breasts and caressed the silky black hair on her mound. John now firmly ran his fingers up and down my shaft while Eve continued to tease the swollen head.

Eve's cunt was warm and moist to my touch, but she and John seemed more enthralled with my erection than with my hand on her muff. Then Eve looked me in the eyes and teasingly, slowly, ran her tongue down the underside of my shaft to the juncture of



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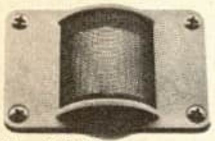

The HPM Supertweeter: speaker technology rises to new highs.

As a result, it can reproduce highs with an accuracy and definition that no conventional tweeter could possibly match.

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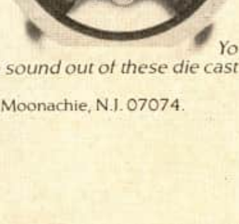
And while most woofers are still made with the same antiquated materials used in 1945, ours are made with a special carbon fiber blend that's allowed us to decrease the weight of the cone, yet increase the strength needed for clarity. This, plus an oversized magnet and a long-throw voice coil let you hear even the deepest notes exactly the way the musicians recorded them.



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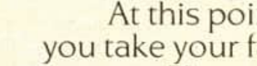

Level controls that let you adjust the sound to your listening area.

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her husband's fingers at the base and then slowly up to engulf the whole head in her warm, pliable mouth.

My stomach muscles tightened, and I gasped, both at the feeling and at the sight of my prick's head disappearing between the moist, warm lips. I knew I would never last out any real mouth-fucking; so I just arched my back and let John's fingers do the back-and-forth motion he was so engrossed in, while Eve's tongue and lips drew the head deeper inside. John felt my prick stiffen and enlarge even more between his fingers and said to Eve, "Your blond Viking is about to explode." Then my semen gushed forth between those crimson lips and splashed on the roof of her mouth.

As my spasms subsided, John continued milking the shaft, up and down again, his talented fingers gripping it until they met the swollen head and his wife's lips, still firmly refusing to let go of her prize and not swallowing my flood. Her eyes once again focused on mine as she reared back her head, popping free my now subsiding organ, and John's fingers released their milking grip. She sat up now and, kissing her husband, seemed to seal their adventure with the proverbial kiss. I left the two of them shortly after that, but I'm going back next week, to have dinner with them as well. Still, I know it won't hold a candle to the incredible "dessert" they offer! —*Name and address withheld*

"Oh, for Pete's sake. Let her give you an enema."

Hearty homecoming

Isn't it funny how certain things are either totally unacceptable or only happen to others? My wife and I have been close to another couple since she and I met four years ago. About a year ago our relationship gained a new dimension. Leon was home temporarily from an overseas job. We'd been so close that his homecoming was emotional for all of us. That night, my wife, Katy, and I spent the night with Leon and his wife, June. They have children; so we adjourned to the bedroom to smoke a joint and watch the tube. Once everyone mellowed out and quit talking, Leon and June began getting romantic. After three months of being apart, they soon forgot that we were there. We had discussed sharing love experiences and techniques before, but it never went beyond just talk.

Before long, our friends were naked and putting on quite a show. It was of course impossible to witness all of this and remain unaffected. The effect was heightened by the fact that they are so different from us physically. I am five-eleven and 155 pounds, and my wife is rather thin and smooth, with large, very soft breasts and soft dark hair. Leon is a large, solidly built man with a tough-looking exterior. June is tall and stately, with frosted blond hair. Her breasts are large and stand out proudly. Eventually, Katy and I became so involved that I forgot the others and where I was until I noticed that for once I seemed to have the extra hand I'd always joked about needing to give proper attention to my wife's truly beautiful body.

I can't describe the effect of looking down at Katy's beautiful soft tits and seeing them touched by June's long, slender fingers. I couldn't move my eyes until I heard June whisper, "Aren't they the softest you've ever felt?" I looked at the other tit and saw it covered by Leon's massive paw. All inhibition left me, and animal desire took over my being. My own hand felt the juices flowing that told me my sweet wife was well aware that she was the center of attention and loved it.

When I noticed Leon getting up and walking around to our side of the bed, I rolled Katy onto her back and reached down between her legs. Just as he arrived, I pulled her legs far apart to make the invitation very clear. That action seemed to answer the question on everyone's mind. Leon went straight to work, kissing up the insides of those long, thin legs that have given me so much joy. As he reached his goal, I heard my lady issue a moan normally reserved for the forbidden fruit of daydreams. Seeing her ravished by another man, with all his brute strength and size, was dizzying.

I could have watched all night, but was shaken to attention because June began to do a job on me. She manipulated my own body with expert hands and kisses while still allowing me an unobstructed view of the performance beside me. Eventually, she made me forget everything—including my own wife and the fact that I, too, was being watched. She gently lowered her face to my hardness and licked off the trickle there. Then she slowly filled her mouth with my meat until most of it had disappeared. She worked me beautifully with a combination of head and tongue movement and perfect pressure. Just before I came, I looked over to see the big, circumcised head of Leon's cock invading my wife's prize.

I exploded into June's mouth with a force that rather frightened me for her sake but needn't have. She took all of it except a little that ran out of the corners of her mouth, and she smiled and licked that off, too, making very appreciative moaning sounds. In lieu of the traditional after-sex cigarette, I recuperated while watching my lovely Katy enjoying the fucking of her life. She was oblivious of everything around her as her lover lowered his bulk between her legs over and over. She wrapped herself around him and tried hard to plunge her tongue as far down his throat as his tool reached up her cunt. As they came together, they shuddered violently, and I could once again feel the wave of the king-sized bed pick me up again and felt my body respond with its own waves.

Then June took my born-again cock in her hand and said, "Roll over on your back, and I'll sit on it for you." Well, she did, and this time I did keep my audience in mind. As the cheeks of her ass slapped against my thighs, my eyes and hands feasted on her body, paying special attention to those

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beautiful firm tits so different from my daily fare and therefore so enticing. With the immediate urgency abated, I could enjoy a slow, steady fuck while exchanging glances with my lovely Katy. She lay motionless, watching, her sweet pussy still filled with strange cock, still dripping strange come. As my body began to arch upward and my breath quickened, my lady reached over and took my hand. She held it as if to share my orgasm. We toasted the evening's activities with a return to our own lovemaking.—*Name and address withheld*

Making a fist

I would like to share with you an experience from my past. A few years ago, as I was leading a bachelor life after the failure of my first marriage, I went to the beach one afternoon. There I met a girl whom I will call Lil. During an afternoon of conversation, I learned some things about her. She was a divorcée, the mother of three school-age children (they were not at the beach with her that day), and a secretary. She was a very proper and circumspect young lady, taught Sunday school, and at one time in her life had considered becoming a nun.

After the first day we began seeing each other frequently, and our friendship quickly blossomed into a romance. Owing to a favorable living arrangement that she and her children had, she could easily go out by herself in the evening, and we began to spend many evenings together. A very pleasant and satisfying sexual relationship soon developed. We enjoyed what most people would probably regard as "conventional" sex, lots of pleasant intercourse in varied normal positions.

Late one night, as we were lying in bed in my apartment, after a session of vigorous intercourse, I was idly playing with her with my hand. In the course of this casual play, I happened to insert one of my fingers into her vagina. It went in very easily. So I thought, I'd try two fingers. The result was the same. Then I tried three fingers, and they went in too. I began to feel somewhat surprised. I wondered, Can she take four fingers? So I tried four. Again, no problem. Then I took the ultimate step. I tried my whole hand. Lil did not protest at all.

With this new development in our sexual relationship, our lovemaking took on a new dimension. We would first enjoy a half hour's or an hour's intercourse in our usual fashion. I would find my satisfaction in this way. Then after a little rest, we would prepare for the encore. She would lie flat on her back with her legs spread wide in anticipation of the pleasure she knew was awaiting her. I would sit on the edge of the bed next to her. Her vagina would be hot and wet and sensitive from the session of intercourse we had just enjoyed. I would first coat my entire right hand with a generous application of KY jelly. Then I would push my fingers together and make my hand into a cone shape. I then would slowly and gently work my hand into her vagina. Eventually, I would have it in up to my wrist. Then I would make my hand into a fist, slowly working it out of her vagina. To do so, I would slowly rotate it as I withdrew it. During this whole time Lil would be lying quite still with her eyes closed, oblivious of everything but the intense pleasure she was receiving from her vaginal area.

When my fist was halfway out of her vagina, I would stop any further withdrawal. This left my fist stretching her vaginal lips to the maximum amount possible. I would then begin to rotate my fist first one way and then the other. In so doing, my knuckles were rubbing the inside of her tightly stretched vaginal lips. I would keep doing this for perhaps two to three minutes. During this time Lil would be building up to a huge orgasm. She would not indicate when that moment was coming.

When it did arrive, she would suddenly pull away from me and completely sever the contact between our bodies. She would roll over onto her left side, pull her knees up tightly to her chest in a fetal position, and begin to quiver and shake. These waves would sweep over her every few seconds. They would last for about a minute or so, growing weaker at the end of the minute. After this, she would lie as still as death for perhaps five minutes while her pounding heart and spinning senses gradually slowed back to normal.

In talking about what had happened during less intense moments, we found that it was a completely new experience for both of us. I was the first man who had ever fist-fucked her. Not that she would ever use words like this. As I said before, she was quite proper, and we would talk about these things in more polite terms.

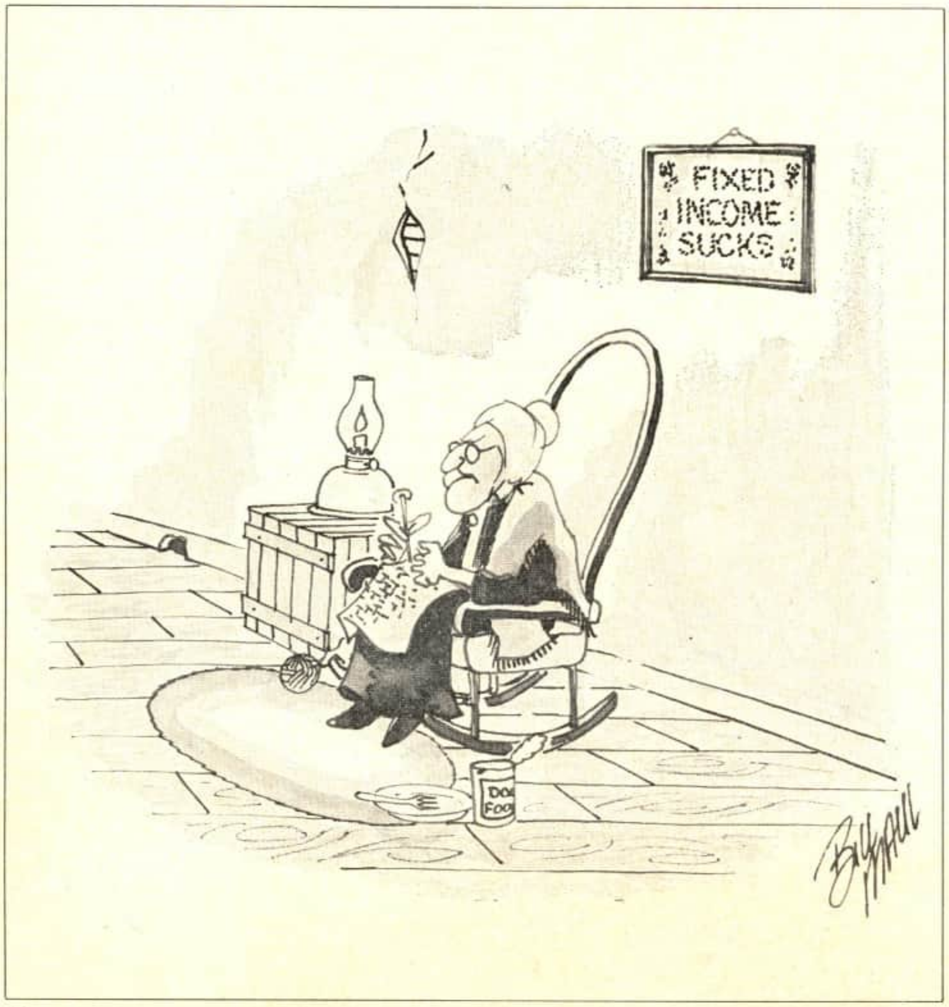
Incidentally, any man who says that he can tell about a woman's vaginal size by her outward appearance is all wet. Lil had a trim and slender figure, small, firm breasts, and petite facial features. Nothing in her appearance would lead a man to suspect that she had such an absolutely fabulous vagina. I suspect that the fact that she had given birth to three children had something to do with it. The contrasts that Lil presented to me I found very fascinating. She was a very proper and circumspect lady to the outside world, but when we were alone in my bedroom, she would turn into a gigantic vagina.—*Name and address withheld*

Beach-coming

I've been reading "Forum" for years and was never much convinced of some of the stories, but now I've got one to tell.

Yesterday my boyfriend, Steve, and I decided to go to the beach down the coast. As we were walking hand in hand, we came around the corner to find that we had descended upon a nude beach. I told Steve we should go back, but he said that we should keep on walking. So on we went.

Never having seen anything like this before, I was very embarrassed and uneasy. We walked the full length of the beach and then sat in the sun before going back. Be-



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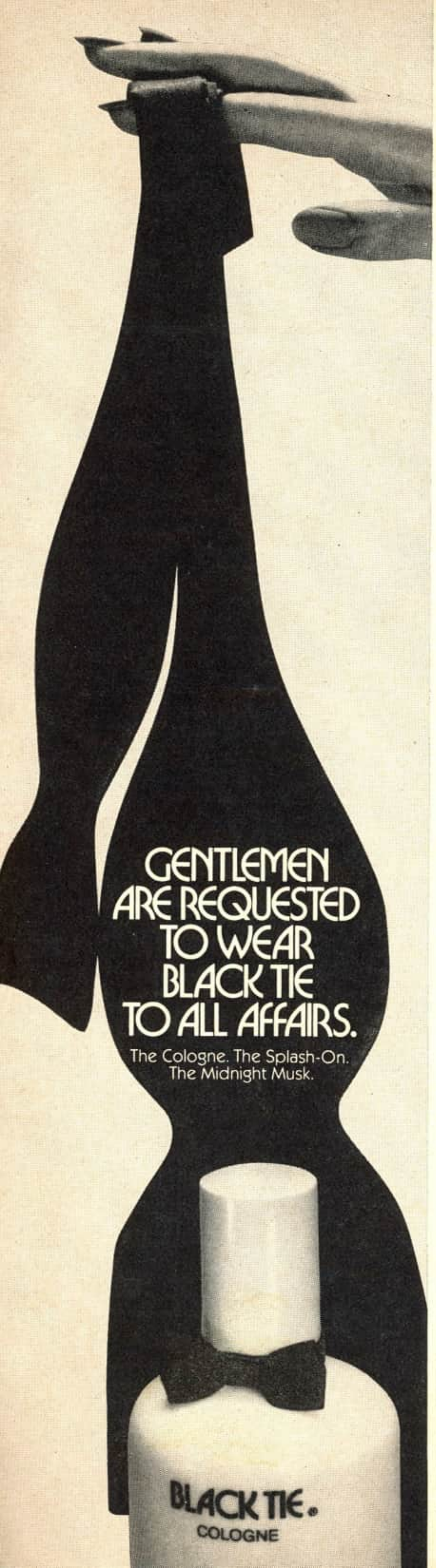
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fore long the sight of nude men and women got to my dripping pussy, and I told Steve that I wanted his cock inside me. Now he was the one to get a little timid, but I kept after him. No one could see us where we were sitting; so I took off my clothes and started to tease Steve.

Rubbing his prick and feeling it bulge got me more and more wet and excited, and I rubbed my cunt over his thighs while licking and biting his ear and neck. I was giving him a handjob when I asked him to eat me as I was standing up. I pressed my wet box against his face and started moving my hips back and forth until I felt his tongue go inside of me and do what only he knows how to do so well. I was moaning and began to feel as if I were coming when I looked up to see a tall, black man with a cock that belonged on a giant. It was standing straight out, and I knew I wanted all of it inside of me while Steve continued to eat my pussy.

The next thing I knew, Steve pulled me to my knees and continued to lick and suck my cunt, and the black dude had come behind me and started to lick my anus. That alone was enough to send shudders up and down my spine, but he didn't stop there. He gently but forcefully rammed that rod of his into my butt, and I came immediately. I begged both of them not to stop, and they didn't. I just kept coming and coming, and between orgasms I noticed that others on the beach had come to join in the fun, not with us, but in their own groups. Poor Steve was pretty frantic by now; so we switched roles, and I gave him the best screw ever. His juices flowed out of my pussy and down my legs while the black dude licked each drop up. I was ready for a little sixty-nine at that point, and as Steve and I ate each other, the black man hammered his rod up my ass again. I'd never known such excitement before. Just the thrill of doing it in public made my juices run. Needless to say, we stayed there all day and have returned frequently.—*Name and address withheld*

Pussy-footing around

May I congratulate you on the pictorial of "Pamela" in your February issue, especially on the attention given to her feet, which all too often are ignored in your magazine.

I have recently learned the erotic possibilities of the foot; and when I see another girl's pretty feet, it brings back some fond memories. It started in a high-class shoe salon, where I met a very pretty young clerk named Lynda, who offered her assistance to help me choose some shoes.

While she showed me about fifteen pairs of shoes, we talked a lot and found we had much in common. We were both twenty-two and about the same height—five-eight. However, she is a blonde, and I have long auburn hair. I am considered to be very well put together, and Lynda has a figure that most girls would envy.

All the while we talked, I realized that she never released my bare foot from her hands. Her eyes kept darting up the length of my legs to the crotch of my panties, which were quite visible to her from her kneeling position.

Finally, just before putting my own shoes back on, she held my feet together in her two hands. Looking up at me, she said, "You have beautiful legs and very pretty feet, Julie; you should wear something special to emphasize them." Then she invited me to her apartment after work to see her collection of "erotic" shoes.

When I arrived, we sat and had a few drinks and talked for about an hour. Then she invited me to her bedroom to see the famous shoes. I sat on the edge of the bed and let her try several pairs of the extremely sexy shoes on me. Then she brought out her favorite ones, bright red with a ruby-studded ankle strap and a six-inch heel. She wanted me to keep them on because they made my feet look "so sexy." Looking down at my pink toes poking out of the end of the shoes I was almost turned on, too.

Suddenly, she dropped to the floor at my feet. Grabbing my ankle, she put her mouth to the tips of my toes and licked them and the shoe all over with her hot little tongue. I placed my hands on her shoulders and asked her to stop, but she stood up and looked at me with dreamy eyes and gently pushed me back to the bed.

The mixture of the booze and the excitement of something new made me go along without further resisting her. I lay back on the bed while she slowly removed my shoes. Then she lifted one foot up to her lips and licked and kissed my foot all over and took my big toe into her mouth. With her eyes closed, she sucked on it just as if it were a man's cock.

The excitement of this experience was making me very horny, and I started rubbing my pussy with my hand at a furious pace. My bottom was bouncing up and down so much that she had trouble holding on to my foot. When she saw I was excited, she stopped and reached up my skirt and pulled my panties down. I am an exhibitionist by nature and quickly pulled my skirt off, too. She stood back and watched as I spread my legs in front of her and inserted my finger into my dripping pussy. She swiftly stripped her own clothes off and revealed a naked pussy. I just couldn't help staring at her hairless pussy, with the glistening pink folds revealed in their full glory.

She placed my foot between her thighs and slowly rocked back and forth. She was almost screaming with pleasure as she spread her legs and pushed my toes up her twat. I just lay there, amazed at what she was doing—holding my foot in both hands and pumping my toes in and out of her furiously. Her love juices were running down to my heel and dripping on the floor.

I clasped her tiny waist with both hands, which brought her back out of her trance, and told her to lie on the floor. We got to the floor without her ever letting my toes slip out of her vagina. We lay end to end, with her pretty little bare feet at my head, while she continued to masturbate with my toes. I

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held her right foot in my hands and studied her foot closely, realizing how beautiful it was. I slowly pulled her tiny foot to my mouth and kissed her toes; then I ran my tongue under them and over them, clutching them tightly to my lips and taking them into my mouth as she had done. I sucked madly on them.

Next I grabbed her left foot and pushed it down to my pussy and let her put her toes in me. We toe-fucked each other for about a half hour. And that wasn't all. We slept together that night, and I ate another girl's pussy for the first time. I realized I really didn't care for pricks, which have an unpleasant taste. However, I still need a good hard one to satisfy me once in a while, but the pleasures of lesbian love are truly worth their weight in gold.

Lynda taught me how to achieve the ultimate in sexual excitement, using that much-forgotten sex organ, the foot. Most men do not have well-formed, sexy feet. The female bare foot can be a very sexy object. Please don't ignore it in your future pictorials. Keep up the excellent work. And girls, try toe-fucking—you'll like it. Nobody ever got pregnant because of a toe.—*Name and address withheld*

Spring-feverish

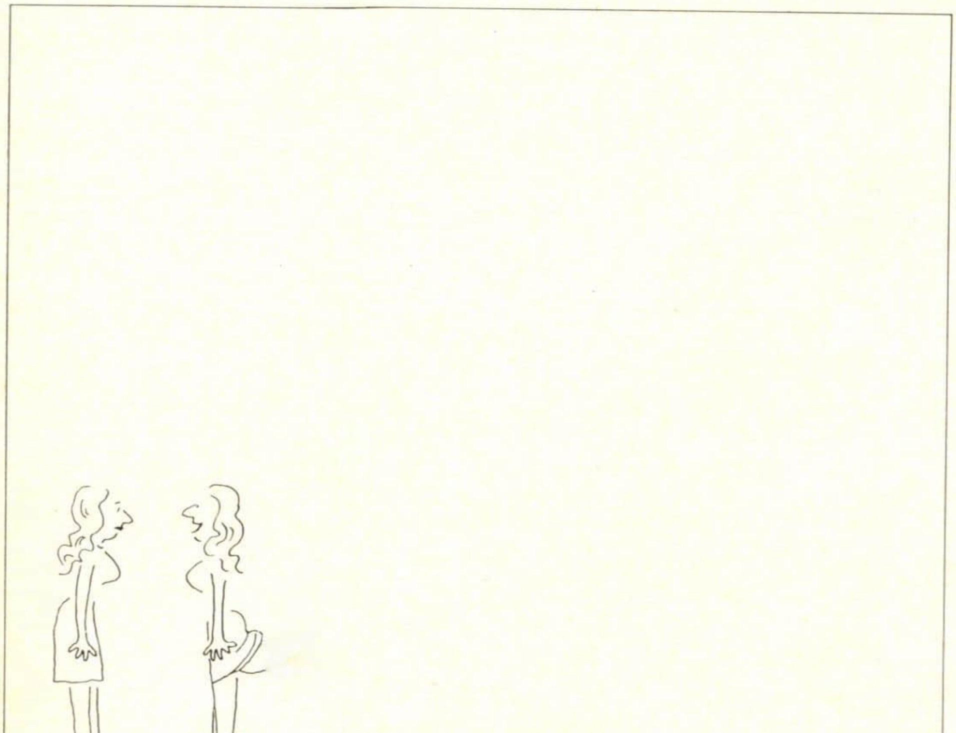
I would like to relate to you an experience that happened at school last spring. I'm a woman of twenty and have been told that I have a sexy personality and a good figure. I attend a large university in Michigan, and I find that sometimes, with such a large school, it isn't easy to be close to people. But there are exceptions!

There is a guy on my brother's floor, whom I'll call Roy. I had been trying to get into his pants for countless weeks. Finally, one night at a dormitory party, he asked me to come up to his room and get high with some of his friends. We all got another drink and proceeded to his room. We smoked a few joints of some great Colombian, and soon his friends, who had started partying considerably earlier, zonked out in their chairs. I was so high and so hot that I felt like jumping on him. From the looks he gave me, I could see that he felt the same way.

Finally, he asked me if I would like to go someplace more private, and I eagerly agreed. We went to the basement, where he used a comb to break into a storage room filled with mattresses and bedsprings and desks. Then we crawled to the top of a pile of mattresses, but on the way up I snagged my panty hose and scraped my leg on some bedsprings. I now have two small scars that remind me of the events that occurred next.

I was so nervous that it was as if it were my first time all over again. We talked as he unzipped my dress and started massaging my back. His hands soon found their way to my breasts, and my nipples became alive under his sensuous caresses. He turned me over and began kissing me everywhere as he slid my dress off. He sucked lightly on my breasts as he helped me out of my panties and panty hose.

Then he took off his shirt, and I helped him out of his pants. One look at his big, bulbous cockhead, and I was a goner. Finally, I was experiencing what I had wanted for weeks. My pussy was steaming now, and his rod was hard and straining. He returned his lips to my tits, and his hands zeroed in on my burning bush. He stroked my wiry pubes and then slipped a finger inside and started tickling my clit. He then moved up and started pushing his throbbing cock into my ready box. He started out slowly, but soon we were screwing furiously until we exploded. I felt his hot come coating me inside. I loved it! We got dressed and left, and his friends never even missed us. We still see each other often.—*Name and address withheld*



"Since I got him my life has been one continuous orgasm!"

Peter's piper

It was a cold, clear morning in January as I lay in bed in my room, leisurely playing with my hefty cock and looking at Dad's latest *Penthouse*, which he keeps under the mattress in the master bedroom. The rest of my family were either working or in school now as I continued to have the house to myself on an extralong break from college during the Christmas holiday.

I am a sophomore at a small, four-year college where I am a wide receiver on the football team. On-campus pussy, sad to say, wasn't too plentiful. The night before, however, I had socked it to an old steady who lives next door. This morning in my solitude I was hornily taking in the new stuff in *Penthouse*.

A phone call interrupted my stroking, and I mumbled a few appropriate four-letter words as I trudged through the house, sprouting a hard, bouncing cock. It was the lady next door, whom I'll call Mrs. Peters. She was wondering whether I could come over and help her replace some light bulbs in the den chandelier, which she couldn't reach. I knew she was home alone, because Nancy, her youngest daughter, and I had screwed up a storm during the late TV movie last night. Today she had gone back to school.

Mrs. Peters used to tease me when I was younger, saying that I was too pretty to be a boy. I wondered what she would say if she could see the big, prime-cut hunk of meat between my legs. She had just messed up my fun; so I figured that I'd jazz her up by showing off my bulge. I slipped on a pair of old jeans and a T-shirt and ran across the backyard to her den door.

Mrs. Peters is in her mid-forties and has gray hair, piercing green eyes, good legs, big hips, and big tits. She had been a hot-to-trot looker in her younger days and was also very adept at flashing. I had seen her panties many times, and she knew I had and always showed a lot of leg when she had the chance.

After I knocked on the door, she greeted me with a hot cup of coffee. Her face and hair were made up as if she were preparing

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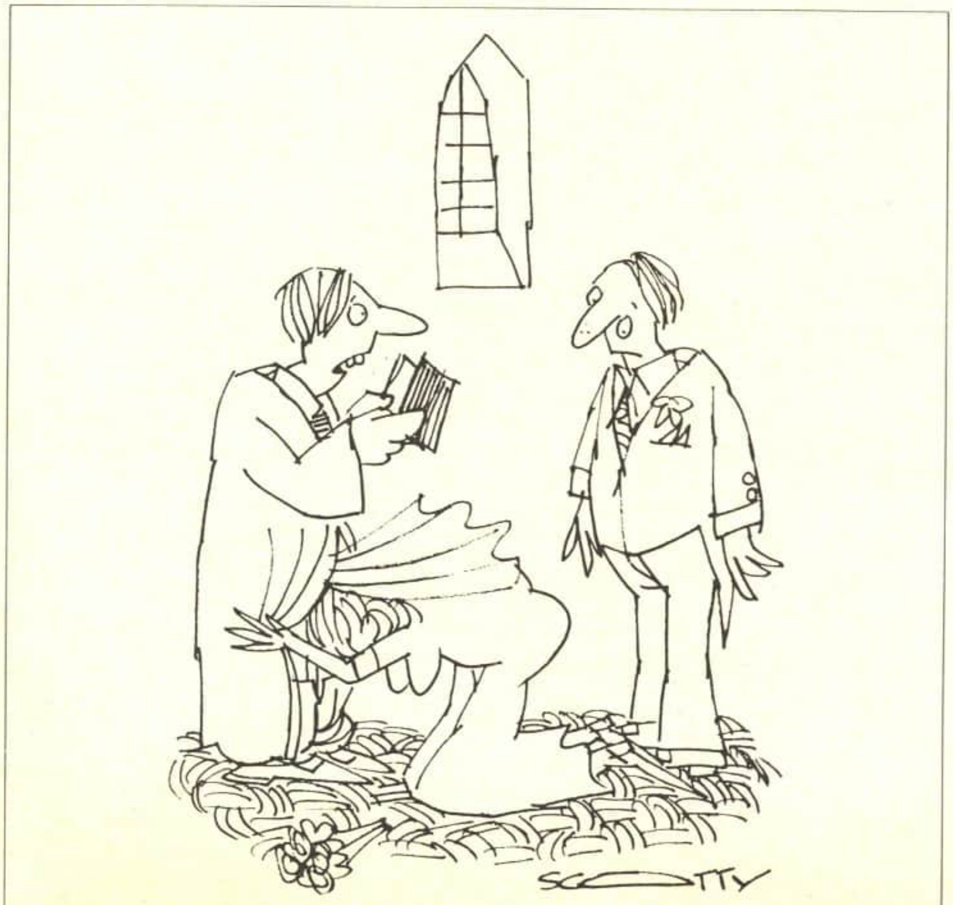
to go out, and she wore a bright, quilted houserobe gaped open in a deep V at the top, brazenly revealing that she wore no bra. She told me to sit down and enjoy my warm drink and sat opposite me, crossing her sexy legs. I almost splashed scalding coffee on my chest as I got a good open shot of her bare beaver, which the morning sun was shining directly on. By this time my hefty cock was inching down my leg as I realized that she wore nothing under her robe. I think she is slightly nearsighted, for she was squinting while staring at my bulge. It was getting thicker under her intent inspection.

She held her cross-legged pose, smiling sweetly over her cup brim, and told me that she had splashed a little rum in the coffee. It tasted like straight hot rum with a slight coffee color as the tingling sensation flowed down my throat to my stomach. We chatted and continued our game as she deliberately stared straight at the outline of my cock, and I in turn peered directly at her glistening cunt lips, flashing as she uncrossed and recrossed her legs.

Then she really startled me. She said, "For the past twenty minutes I've been trying to figure if you're circumcised. I'm very impressed with your endowment. What kind of cock have you been giving my daughter?" I couldn't stand it any longer, so I jumped up and unzipped and let my circumcised pole fly straight out. Then I moved across to her with my pants around my ankles while she held her arms up invitingly open toward me. "Oh, baby!" she uttered, "I'd sell my boobs to get that whopper. Fuck me!" She threw open her inviting legs and robe, exposing her large, football-sized tits. I dropped to my knees and with no foreplay gave her what she asked for.

She let out an agonizing hungry groan as I sank into her juicy pussy, then backed out almost all the way and rammed it all the way into her. This lady may be gray-headed, but she sure has a hot fire in her furnace! She has a nice cunt with a dark-haired mound, and it was a real turn-on as we fucked like two sex-hungry savages, hard and fast, as she seemed to want it that way. Finally, down on the carpeted floor she started to climax and moan as I pumped and pounded my cock into her. We slowly recuperated as I pushed my hard prick slowly back and forth in her contracting cunt.

We disengaged, and she rolled over and rose up on all fours and said, "Fuck my ass, big dick." I licked her puckered hole and fingered her cunt and lubricated her with our juices. Then I started a slow and deliberate penetration of her tight butt. After a few strokes both of us humped heartily at each other in my first whack at butt-fucking. She had a wild orgasm and slumped flat to the floor, and we came apart with a snap. I rolled her over and slid my rigid cock between her tits. In a matter of moments I came all over her face, and she tried to catch it all in her mouth.



"Are you sure *you take this woman . . . ?"*

I'll be coming home more often from campus now because of the allure of my mature neighbor. She's got me hooked.—*Name and address withheld*

Power tripper

I thought your readers might be interested in some of the ways my wife and I enhance our sex life. Normally, we make a weekend thing out of it and try to have at least one every three months or so.

First, we have an established set of ground rules. At the outset I become the master and my wife the slave. I give her a list of outfits she must wear at specified times. Usually, these are extremely revealing, but in any event no panties are ever allowed and only open-nipple bras. She must wear nylons with a garter at all times. Heavy makeup is mandatory with special care given to the lips. She must wear lip gloss at all times. The rules include such things as the following: the knees must never touch, the mouth must never fully close, all commands must be answered with a "Yes, master," and all commands must be followed without argument.

Since this ritual takes quite a bit of time, we often spend our weekend out of town. While we travel, I command her to turn where I can view her masturbating herself, first manually and then with one of the many dildos we have in our collection. When we arrive at our destination, I order her to bare her large tits and erect nipples to oncoming traffic. On the open highway I often tie her hands together behind the bucket seat to prevent her from being able to hide at all from the traffic passing us. I purposely drive slow enough to get other vehicles to pass. Some people take incredibly long to get by. I wonder why!

In our motel room I strap her to the back of a chair, bent over, with her hands strapped to the seat and her feet to the rear legs. Then I begin to work her over, massaging her tits and vibrating cunt. Then she blows me while I take pictures with my self-timer camera. After she gets really hot, I command her to mount a male blow-up dummy that we have and fuck its huge twelve-inch dildo. Of course, I photograph that scene.

Than I order her to fuck me while I lie on my back, playing with her large nipples. She knows that if she is to be allowed relief, she must gnaw on my prick and beg to be allowed orgasm. This type of activity continues during the whole weekend with such variations as forced masturbation in restaurants, shopping with a dildo up her cunt (and no panties!), and other wild and crazy and sexy things.

My wife is a phenomenally good-looking woman with a superb body, and these weekends are the closest thing to pure joy I know of. Do any other readers get off on this type of thing as we do? My wife is looking for new ways to flash her tits and cunt with relative safety from the law.—*Name and address withheld*

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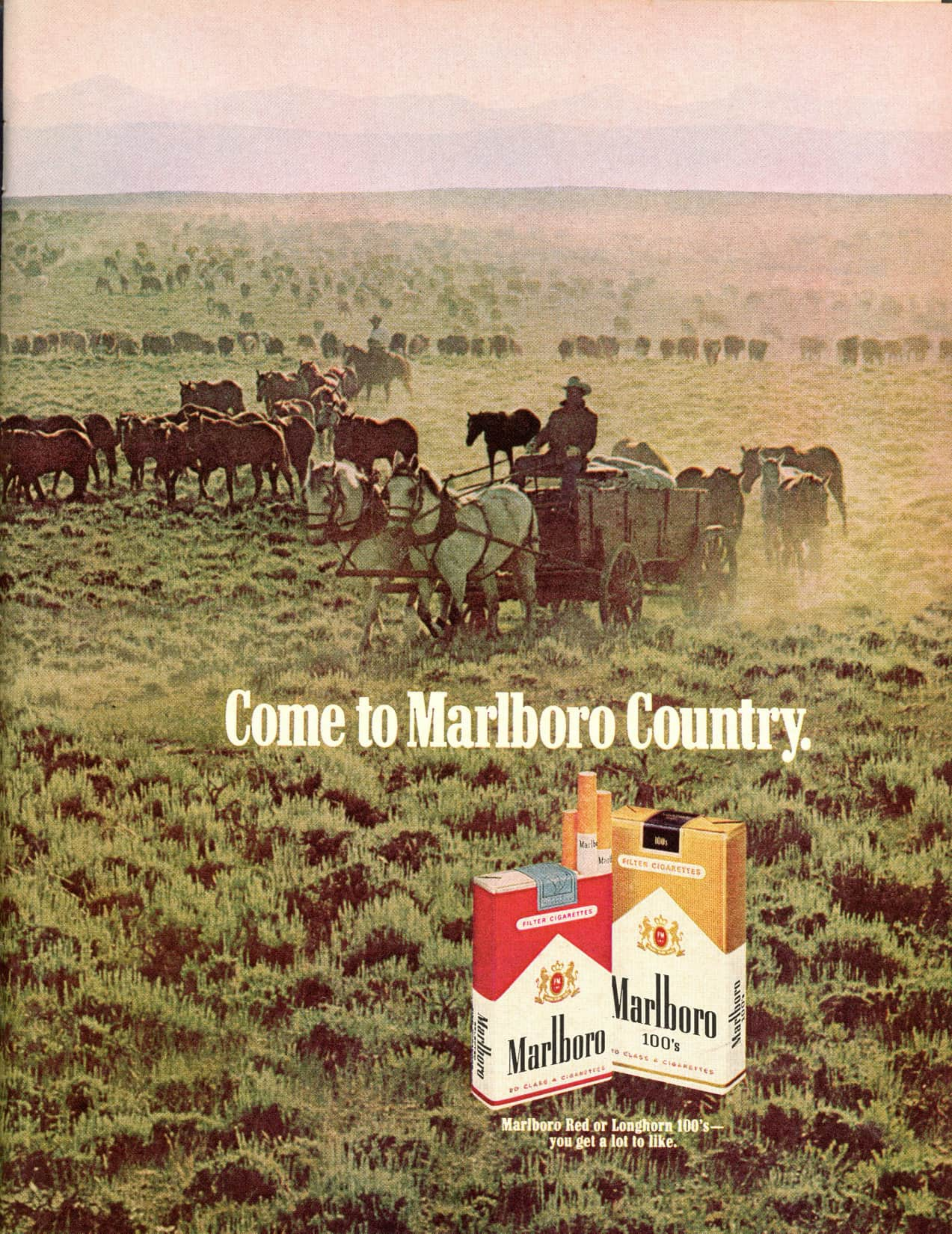
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Old girl friends

Several months ago a girl I had dated in school sent a letter to me, breaking a four-year silence. I had never forgotten her but no longer knew where she could be reached. Since we'd parted on less than friendly terms, I considered her a part of my past. The letter changed all that. She had grown up but had never lost the nubile charm that had aroused me when I first met her.

We wrote many letters over the next few weeks, each becoming less guarded and more emotional until at last we set a date to meet. She had gotten married, but her marriage was boring, and the thought of getting away excited her more and more. Her final letters were so detailed that they were pornographic. I set out to fulfill my promise to make her my slave.

When she arrived at the train station, my curiosity was satisfied. Marriage and four years had only served to make the eighteen-year-old girl I had known even more beautiful. Her upright body stood proudly on high-heeled shoes, and her suburban dress flowed smoothly over her high, firm breasts and tight, slim stomach.

We talked in the bus, going over everything that had happened to us. As we were about to get off, I lifted her expensive dress and stroked the smooth backs of her thighs. She was trembling. There was nothing she could do. When we arrived at my apartment, I poured drinks and we toasted our reunion. We melted into each other's arms. I removed her straight Middle America clothing and stretched her out on the king-sized bed. She resisted as I moved down to her stomach with my tongue, but I held her firmly and licked deeper into her body. She begged me not to take her and twisted and turned until her body was slick and shiny with her sweat. I searched for the nerve endings that would make her weak, and as I found them, one by one I explored their effects on this woman. Her thighs were firm and strong but trembled and lost control as she became engulfed in her own juices.

For the next two weeks I controlled that beautiful creature. I took her as frequently as I pleased, and seldom did we finish dressing for dinner without making love. She wiped spilled gravy from my lap in a Japanese restaurant, and we violated the sanctity of my office high over Madison Avenue by screwing late one night. She dressed without panties, and when she did wear them, I sliced them off with scissors or knife or tore them off with my hands. I made her blow me after she'd spent hours on her makeup and hair. I ravaged her with four fingers at once when she told me that she was too tired to make love.

During the night I awakened her with my erection and pushed it into her sleepy body. I smothered her with the finest moisturizing creams and bathed her in soft bath oils and bubbles. As we showered, I went down on her, forcing her to grip the shower rod to support her quaking body. We talked for hours and watched each other masturbate to learn even more about each other's feelings and desires. I drew pictures of her in bondage, and we shopped for soft, smooth nylon rope to restrain her and make her more my prisoner.

We discussed sex and food with equal excitement, and I feasted on her wet crotch as often as I did at the table. She loved my cock and would take me gently into her mouth at the slightest encouragement, asking me again and again if she was doing it right. Her tongue lapped up my semen as it spurted out, and she loved to be violated like a virgin princess.

Nothing gave her greater pleasure or more racking orgasms than watching my swollen cock inches from her face as it exploded toward her twisting head. She loved to reach orgasm only to find that I had no intention of letting her go. As I continued to stroke her crotch, she bucked again and again, slippery with the rushing cream that lubricated my long fingers as they reached deep into her body. I never let up until she collapsed, weak from exertion.

We'll see each other again. When we do, there are more things I've thought of. More excitement and more pleasures. All women should be eager to be loved.—*Name and address withheld*

Happy hot-wiring

Several years ago in July I was asked by my wife's brother-in-law to rewire their farm home; and since I was an electrical-engineering college graduate, I agreed to do the job. I estimated that the job would take four days; and since they lived seventy-five miles from us, he offered room and board plus my estimated fee for doing the job. My wife then made plans to spend those four days at her parents' home.

Her sister, Joan, had dated me for almost a year when I was in college, but she'd hinted that she wanted to get married. I was not about to do so until I'd graduated from college. So we broke up. We enjoyed our dates and we engaged in heavy necking but not sex, since I did not want to take any chances on messing up my education. As far as I knew, she was a virgin then. Actually, she'd given no indication that she wanted sex but had hinted about what would be available when we got married. I dated her older sister during my senior year and eventually married. After graduation, I landed a job. Joan married Bill, a farmer, about two years after we broke up.

After I arrived at Bill and Joan's home, he and I went over the plans for my work. She brought us refreshments, wearing a halter and short shorts that showed her nice figure. Several times during the day she would bring me cold drinks, and I admired her cute, bouncy ass as she walked away. After the day's work I was sweaty and dirty; so I took a very refreshing shower. I walked down the hall to my bedroom, and I dropped my towel in order to get some underwear out of the suitcase. Joan walked

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past the room and said, "So that's what it looks like." I replied that it was my pride and joy, and she laughed and walked away.

After a late supper, Bill and I went over the plans, the work I had done, and the work to be done. Bill, like most farmers, went to bed about 9:30; so I went into the living room to watch television. Joan, who had been absent for a while, walked into the room wearing a thin, pale-blue baby-doll pajama outfit that left nothing to my imagination. I could see her breasts jiggling and her ass wiggling, and my cock began to come alive. She sat in a chair across from me, and I was enjoying the view of her nice legs. Since one lamp was behind her, I could see her breasts outlined, which made my cock throb. She moved again and I could look between her legs and see the vaginal lips outlined against the nylon panties.

My cock was straight up now, and I decided that it was now or never. I got up out of my chair with my cock pushing my pajamas straight out and walked over to her and told her to stand up. She did so without a word, and I embraced her and began to kiss her and fondle her ass. I took my cock out of my pajamas and began to rub it against her. She began to moan softly and to move against my cock. So I pulled her panties down enough so that her pussy and my cock were in contact. After a few minutes of this, her pussy became moist and her moaning and motions were more pronounced. I led her to my bedroom, where I took off my pajamas and her top and had her step out of her panties. I laid her on the bed and began to finger her clit and French-kiss her.

After a few minutes she began to moan and groan; so I rubbed my cock against her protruding vaginal lips, moving it closer to her love hole. I moved it around the opening and inserted the head. She started to thrust; so I slipped the entire length in, and we began to thrust against each other. She began to thrust faster; and as the tempo increased, I knew we were going to come together. We both came at the same time, and I felt as if I had shot my balls off. We continued to move together for several more minutes, and she came again after about three or four minutes. She said that it was the best she'd ever had, and I had to agree: she was the best I'd had. We went to the bathroom and washed each other, and I told her that this was only the beginning.

Then she went upstairs to check on Bill and came down and told me that he was asleep. I began to lick her pussy. After several minutes she had another orgasm. Cunnilingus was new to her, since Bill felt that oral sex was "dirty." I asked her to suck me, and even though she was inexperienced, it didn't take long for me to come. After several more minutes of talking, we kissed good night and she went upstairs to Bill while I lay there, planning the next day.

This was the beginning of three sex-filled days. Bill's work kept him in the fields most of the day, so we sucked and fucked while he was absent. One morning Joan woke me by sucking my cock to orgasm. She would bring me cold drinks while I was working. One time, while I was standing on a stool, she pulled my shorts down and sucked me dry. Once, completely nude, she brought refreshments in, and we screwed on the floor, and then I ate her in a few minutes for my dessert.

We screwed once while showering and ate each other and fucked in every position we could get into. The last time, on the fourth day, we made love on the chaise lounge in their backyard under a hot July sun. Bill was on his tractor several fields away as we fucked ourselves silly. We tallied up our sexual encounters involving orgasm, and we found that we had fucked and sucked each other to orgasm eighteen times in four days. We agreed that we had married the wrong persons but felt that divorce was out of the question. So we decided that we would get it on whenever possible in the future. Since then we have managed a quick fuck or oral sex when we stayed at their house or at our house. Now, however, we both have children; so the opportunities are becoming less frequent. Last Thanksgiving Eve I ate her pussy in their bathroom, and she sucked me off in the barn on Thanksgiving Day.

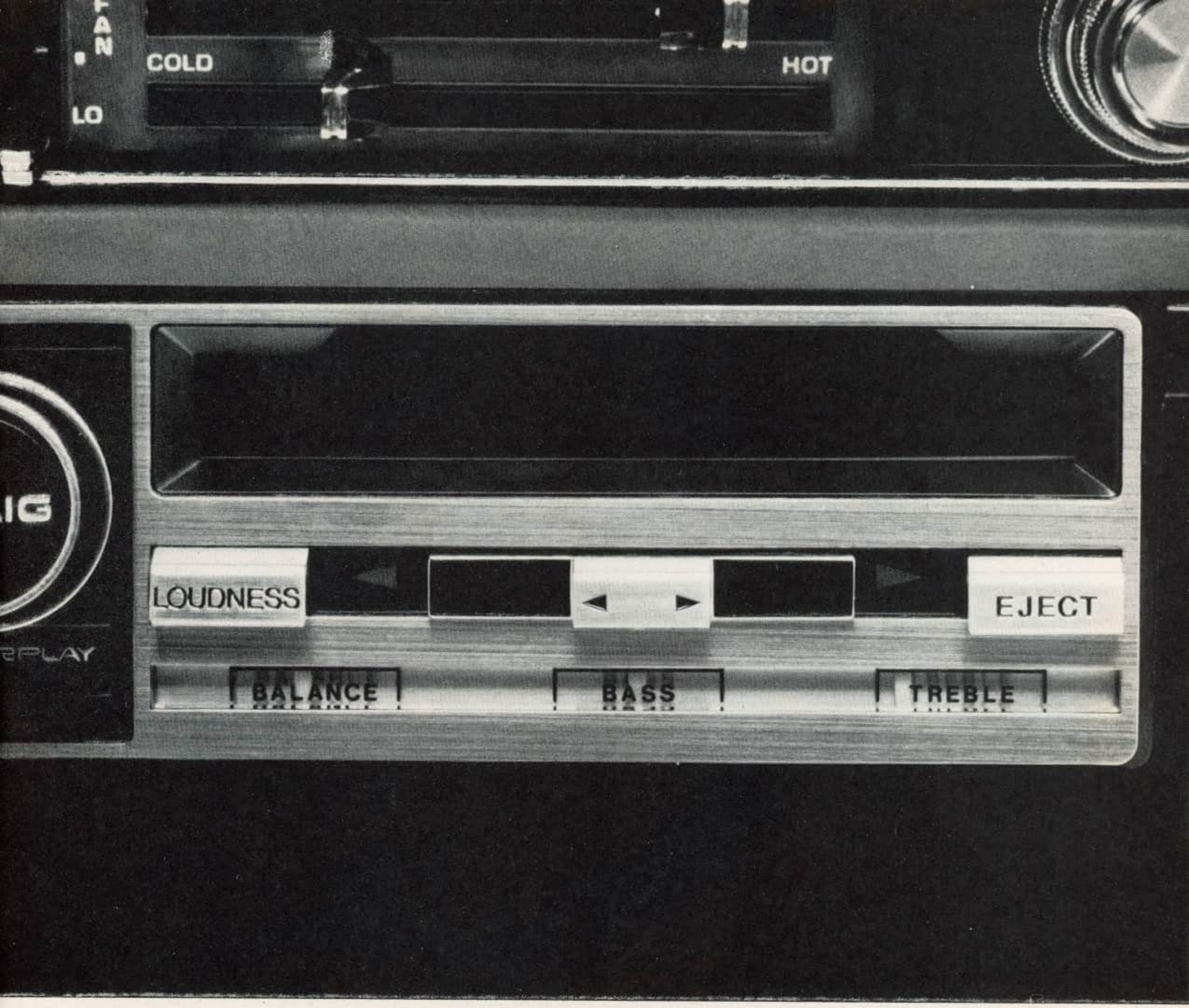
Our experiences were something that greatly added to our lives, since our respective mates have never given Joan and me the uninhibited sex that we enjoy so much. When I finished the electrical job, Bill gave me more money than I had asked because it was "a job well done." Little did he realize what the real payment had been. In fact, Joan says to this day that he never once caught on to what we were doing.—*Name and address withheld*

Wake up, l'il Susan

I would like to tell you about an experience that was one of the biggest turn-ons of my life. A few years ago, during the summer after my graduation from high school, I was cruising around in my brother's Volkswagen, which he had lent me for the day. It was one of those really hot, humid summer days in southern Ontario.

I stopped by a buddy's house to see whether he wanted to go down to the beach and noticed that his car was not in the driveway. I assumed that his mother (it was actually her car) had taken it for the day. I parked my wheels and went up to the side door and knocked. His little sister, Susan, came to the door and immediately opened it wide and invited me in. I had never really paid that much attention to her before. Frankly, she had always been annoying. I also couldn't help noticing that she was wearing a string bikini which couldn't have covered a baseball.

What really blew my mind, however, was what was in that sexy bit of cloth. As if overnight, Susan had blossomed into a dynamite little body! She had long dark hair that fell onto flawless little shoulders. That little bikini barely covered two small but firm little breasts and gorgeous hips that highlighted her flat tummy, covered with soft fine



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First-time fetishist

I'd like to add my vote for those men who enjoy watching their wives with other men and to suggest an alternate explanation to those advanced by your psychologists in the past.

I realized just the other day that my excitement derives from "first-time contact." Though I have watched and participated as my wife made it with someone the second or third time, my biggest turn-on was the first time. I ascribe this to a couple of factors: I know her body intimately after ten years of marriage and can easily feel what she feels as someone new fondles her for the first time. I can also remember what I felt as I discovered her breasts and cunt many years ago and can appreciate what the guy is feeling. I guess all these kinds of titillation stem from one's upbringing, but I feel that today's couples should just do what feels good, without a lot of analysis and worry.

In order to encourage more people to

write in to "Forum" about their experiences, I'd like to describe an evening that we both thoroughly enjoyed a couple of years ago. Lee and I had gone to a local bar for the evening to listen to a couple of guys sing and had just decided to split when an old navy buddy of mine came wandering in. Don was on his way to a new job in Oregon and had called our house, hoping to see us. The babysitter had suggested he try this bar, and as Don commented later, he was glad that he did!

The three of us swapped stories for a while, and I could see that Lee really enjoyed Don's company. When he turned to watch the band for a minute, she caught my eye and smiled broadly, running the tip of her tongue over her lips and reaching down with her right hand to stroke her pussy. I smiled and nodded okay at this silent request. Lee reached up and loosened the knot on her tie-top so that more of her voluptuous tits would show as we talked. I felt the familiar tightening of my balls and the first stirring of my cock. I love these seduction games, even as an onlooker, because I know I'll hear it all from Lee later.

Lee enjoys wearing sexy clothes, for both me and those nameless admirers who have enjoyed the view of her tits, pussy, and ass over the years. Though she's thirty-one, her 34D-25-35 body is extremely sexy, with full breasts, a lovely behind, and the sweetest pussy in the whole world! This night she had on a wraparound white blouse, thin enough to enable the beholder to see her brown nipples, and a long skirt with buttons all the way up the front and only half of which were buttoned. As the set ended and Don turned back to resume the conversation, Lee leaned forward to get her cigarettes, causing the gauzy blouse to pull taut over her hardening nipples. Don hesitated and swallowed involuntarily as he stared at her tits and tried to remember what he was about to say!

During the musicians' break, Don and I made meaningless conversation, both of us erotically aware of Lee as she moved from side to side, laughingly flashing her beautiful tits at us. After the guys came back and began a slow ballad, Lee asked Don to dance and he was quick to respond. Once on the floor, she maneuvered him into the dimly lighted corner near our booth, where she pulled him tighter and began to kiss his neck and press her pussy up against his jeans. Don and I alternated dances with Lee, and my own cock was growing hard as she whispered that he was getting bolder and softly rubbing the side of her tit as they danced. She said, "Watch this next dance!" just as the song ended, and I led her back to the table. The next dance was something, as Lee had promised. Since the floor was crowded and their corner was near our table, it was easy for her to lean away from Don and show me his hand inside her blouse, softly squeezing her left boob as they slowly moved to the music, crotches welded together. Another couple of turns and I was treated to the

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sight of Lee reaching down and running her fingernails along Don's bulge. Later she told me that she'd had a flash fantasy of stripping right out there on the dance floor and climbing on!

When the music finally stopped, Lee blew me a kiss from the floor and led Don out the back door. As she said later, they barely got out the door before Don put his arms around her from the back, slipping both hands inside her blouse to cup and massage her hardening tits. He pressed his hard cock into the crack of her ass, and she pressed back against it. She turned and lifted her face in a kiss, slipping the knot on her blouse so that her left tit popped warmly into his palm. He began to knead her boob, pulling the nipple and twisting it gently. She could feel the warm wetness between her thighs.

Lee suggested that they get into his van, but Don had other ideas. He led her around to the other side of the truck, where the light was dimmer and resumed the passionate kiss. As she sucked on his tongue, he unbuttoned her skirt to the waist, pressing his hand against her panty-covered cunt. She was so hot by this time that she was moaning against his lips; so she lifted her pussy up into his palm, rubbing the damp crotch of her panties over his hand. She had undone the blouse all the way, and his other hand was free to roam over her bare, swollen tits.

Don finally slipped her panties aside and slid his middle finger up into her pussy as her hips began to buck against his wrist. After about two minutes of this, Lee reached down and moved Don's hand away long enough to pull down her panties and slip them into the pocket of her skirt. His hand now had access to all of her slippery snatch and immediately began to take advantage of the situation! He stroked her cunt from top to bottom, pulling gently on the swollen lips and teasingly sticking his fingertips in. Suddenly, he slid two fingers into her moist hole and began to rub the flat of his thumb across her clit. Lee admitted that she was super-turned-on by this time and reached down to stroke his hard dick through his jeans. She slid down the zipper and remembers gasping as the hot, turgid flesh met her small fingers. She moaned against his mouth as she caressed his cock, its thickness and length dwarfing her small hand.

Lee described going down on Don there in the parking lot, where passersby could have seen, had they known to look. She said his cockhead was twice the size of mine and filled her mouth almost to the bursting point. In spite of the discomfort, she thoroughly enjoyed his moans as she laved the head with her tongue and licked down the pulsing sides. Finally, he'd had enough sucking and lifted her up, capturing her mouth in one more wet kiss. He began to bend her back over the truck fender but realized that the position was impossible; so he turned her around and pressed her torso against the fender instead. Lee says that the feeling of the bare, cool metal of the fender on her hot, swollen tits was magnificent. Don pulled the skirt up around her waist, exposing her rounded cheeks. He penetrated her cunt slowly at first, knowing that his size might be a problem to her five-foot-two frame. But once he was buried to his balls in her pussy, he began to speed up the strokes, encouraged by her wetness and moving hips. He would withdraw till just the cockhead was spreading the slippery outer lips and then slam back into her welcoming hole, his hanging balls slapping wetly against her thighs and behind.

Of course, I only learned of all this later and had been sitting patiently in the bar, only imagining the delights of what transpired. When Don and Lee came back in, he disappeared to take a leak. Lee slipped into the booth, kissed me wetly, and whispered that she now had a cunt full of come! My cock jumped in response and stiffened immediately. She cuddled up to my left side and grabbed my hand off the table, leading it to her lap, where she parted the skirt and placed my palm over her bush. She pressed my middle finger into her slit, and feeling the slippery warmth, I stuck my finger in her hole as far as I could, rubbing the tip around in the warm come.

Don came back and sat down, and the three of us talked quietly about what had happened. I explained my particular hang-up about enjoying Lee and other guys, and Don felt it was all cool. As we talked, I ran my finger in and out of Lee's wet cunt and told Don I was doing so. Lee told him that she had unzipped my pants and was playing with my hard cock. Don said that he was getting hard again, too, and wondered what could be done about it. Since the booth was dark, Lee suggested that he lean up next to her and she'd stroke him, too! We spent another half an hour in the bar, with Lee playing with our cocks under the table. Once, when the music was loud and everybody was looking at the band, Don leaned down and sucked on Lee's clit for a few minutes. She almost broke my prick in her excitement!

We ended the night by going to a porn movie a few blocks away, but I'll save that for another time.—*Name and address withheld*

School of life

I'm a nineteen-year-old college student, and I'd thought I'd experienced all there was that a guy could experience, but I was far from being right. My latest adventure happened at a pool party a friend of mine threw last week.

We'd had a hot spell, and everybody was searching for ways to cool off. My friend John had a pretty big pool; so he decided to throw a party that night. He and a mutual friend of ours, Judy, came over to invite me. Now Judy is a real knockout, and it was hard for me to keep my eyes off her. She had on a tube top that seemed to overflow with her big tits, and her hot ass was well defined in her tight cutoffs. To complete the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Taxing revolution

It may seem strange to you that we, an organization fighting for a pension system that would have the United States guarantee the full income (earned) of every individual at age fifty, should be more or less in accord with Jim Davidson's article "Stop, Thief" (April 1979).

Our most difficult task has been to educate the people to the fact that taxes are a chimera. Through a complex system that no one, not even the Internal Revenue Service, understands, the rich are guaranteed the right to become richer while the poor become poorer.

The elite who run this nation, or any other nation, have been incredibly successful in hiding their power behind a smoke screen of taxation. What we receive or pay in dollar terms is not all that important—the share each of us receives of the total production is the important point.

It makes very little difference whether or not we pay taxes to a local, state, or federal government or to the oil companies, the insurance trusts, the banking lords, or automobile moguls. The tax structure, meanwhile, sops up the 20 million or so persons who, if we had a rational distribution system, would be unemployed.

Various authorities have estimated that from 50 to 90 percent of us are now engaged in make-work; no matter which figure you choose, they are all in agreement that there is no way to provide meaningful work for 100 million people. As industrialization made work less and less necessary, we invented more and more meaningless jobs to keep up the facade of the puritan ethic. Now, with automation upon us, this trend will accelerate. More and more people will spend their lives juggling dollars or accounting for them. We will have even larger public and private bureaucracies writing more memos to each other. We will make more meaningless studies and write more meaningless reports. And no doubt, whether taxes are raised or lowered, there will be more lawyers, accountants, collectors, and auditors operating an increasingly complex tax structure.

The American Association of the Angry Aged has pointed out that a rational system would eliminate taxes completely. Whatever revenue is needed could be obtained by taking over those segments of the private sector that charge the most while providing the least social good. Opinions differ as to what those units would be, but the prime candidates would obviously include the oil, insurance, and auto industries.

Naturally, this suggestion is immediately labeled socialistic. What difference is there between the 500 government corporations that run the Soviet Union and the 500 private corporations that take in some 85 percent of the total sales in America?

Most gruesome of all is the growing idea that the age of retirement should be extended to seventy rather than sixty-five. Why not eighty? There is no limit to how much work we can create for each other.

If we understood taxes for what they are, an exercise in power, we would see that dollars are only a symbol. We will continue to point out that whether taxes are raised or lowered, it won't make a dime's worth of difference. The rich will become richer, the poor poorer, and the typical middle-class schnook will keep on running in circles.

Having been in the eye of the storm over Proposition 13, I have a strong feeling that all the large organizations that Jim Davidson quoted were very much in favor of all the hoopla the fight created. As long as they can keep us fighting about taxes, we won't be able to see the reality behind the vaudeville act.—*Bob Lunch, Executive Secretary, American Association of the Angry Aged, Oxnard, Calif.*

CORRECTION

In the March 1979 issue of *Penthouse* Mort Sahl was quoted as saying that E. Howard Hunt testified before the Ervin Committee that he and Anthony Ulasewicz were in Chappaquiddick the night of Sen. Edward Kennedy's car accident, in support of an allegation by Sahl that Chappaquiddick was a warning to Kennedy that he would be murdered if he sought the presidency. In fact, the proof was that Ulasewicz traveled alone to the scene of the accident the following afternoon on the orders of John Ehrlichman. Furthermore, it was not Hunt who gave this testimony.

Sahl was also quoted as saying that Hunt falsified 240 State Department cables attributing the death of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem to President Kennedy. In fact, Hunt admitted to having falsified two cables, which he then showed to a *Life* magazine reporter and later produced along with a series of genuine cables in a vain attempt to persuade the public that the Kennedy administration was responsible for Diem's murder—all at the behest of White House aide Charles Colson.

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I would like to thank you for publishing Jim Davidson's article. The Committee of Singled-out Taxpayers (CO$T) applauds the publication of any article or information that brings to light the dissatisfaction with the United States tax system. CO$T feels that taxes are too high and that several groups are singled out for tax discrimination (singles, working couples, and renters) and do not share equally in the tax benefits (loopholes) that are conferred by the Internal Revenue Code. To this end, we will shortly be distributing a news release that will announce CO$T's support for legislation to eliminate some of these inequities, which is again bottled up this year in the House Committee on Ways and Means. The legislation here referred to is H.R. 108 and H.R. 871.—*Lee Spencer, Director, CO$T, Baltimore, Md.*

Jones interview

As one of the survivors of the Guyana tragedy, I have read many articles about the events and circumstances that led to the death of many of my friends and members of my family. I have many doubts and ideas on the subject, but to date I have never read anything as honest, poignant, and sensitive as your interview with Stephan Jones (April 1979). Stephan and I shared many thoughts and feelings, and I know that your interview truthfully revealed his character. I would like to thank you.—*Name and address withheld*

Disco's unsung heroes

Congratulations to *Penthouse* and to Albert Goldman for a beautifully rendered article on the discotheque DJ, "Play That Funky Music, White Boy" (April 1979). It is the first time that I've seen in any major publication an article that gives attention solely to those hard-working souls who make disco happen.

As a professional club jock myself, I have followed the metamorphosis of disco from about 1970. Up until this time, disco as we presently know it was in a remote stage. Born and nurtured almost wholly in the gay clubs of New York's West Side, "disco" records initially were not spun by a DJ but were played on juke boxes that were modified to change records rapidly (a precursor to mixing) and to play them at ultrahigh volume. This infant of the late sixties and early seventies, which was to become today's disco culture, was born mainly out of necessity. Most rock groups would refuse to play the gay clubs; thus the modified jukeboxes and, ultimately, the use of multiple turntables and tape machines began.

The opening of New York's Le Jardin in the early seventies probably did more than anything else to "legitimatize" disco. It was around this time that disco began appealing to a wider, nongay audience. Le Jardin was one of the first discotheques to utilize the burgeoning technology developed for the disco industry by the numerous lighting and sound manufacturers who previously serviced the theater district and were now specializing in the highly lucrative markets opening up for strobe lights, chasers, mixers—electronics so sophisticated that an operator was needed who was as competent with a quarter-million dollars' worth of equipment as he was familiar with all the latest records. The latter-day DJ is a hybrid individual—as much a technician as he is an artist, and as knowledgeable about his equipment as he must be about the people on the floor.

Far more than a mere record player, the jock works relentlessly for up to ten hours a night, coordinating lights, music, and the responses of anywhere from 200 to 1,000 people. I can say from experience that, as with any other creative occupation, being a DJ has its ups and downs. I also believe that while most disco patrons are not aware of the true rigor of a DJ's job and may not always seem to have a full understanding of what kind of energy, knowledge, and dedication is required, the audience is almost always appreciative and respectful. It is, as Mr. Goldman pointed out, the club owners who need to be educated. I work on Long Island, in the very shadow of Manhattan, and I am constantly getting flak from club owners who know nothing about DJs, equipment, or services. I hope the *Penthouse* article is just the beginning of an attempt on the part of the press to educate the public about an occupation that is certain to play a crucial role in the entertainment-leisure activities of the next decade: the Disco DJ.—*Michael Meltzer, Rocky Point, N.Y.*

I have been buying *Penthouse* for about one year now and have enjoyed the "Forum" section and the pictorials very much. Albert Goldman's "Play That Funky Music, White Boy" is my favorite article so far. I am an unemployed DJ and am very glad to see DJs finally getting the credit they deserve for their part in the disco craze. Your article is by far the best I have read anywhere on the subject. Thank you!—*J.P., Berkeley, Calif.*

It was good to read Albert Goldman's article tracing disco from its developmental stages through its current status as a grand-scale phenomenon. If any of your readers had any doubts about this, your article should have dispelled them in short order.

However, as a disco DJ currently working at Illusions/Boston-Boston, one of this city's hottest clubs, and WBOS Radio, the first full-time disco station in Boston, I do have one criticism. Nowhere in your article do you mention the existence of female disco DJs. Women are, and have been, active and contributing participants in the growth and popularization of disco, and it would have been nice to see some acknowledgment in your article. Disco will be around for a long time to come, and so will women. Perhaps, in some future article, there might be mention of the fact that there is a connection between the two.—*Wendy Hunt, Boston, Mass.*

"Play That Funky Music, White Boy" accredited Francis Grasso with the invention of "slip-cuing" (holding the disc stationary while allowing the turntable to whirl beneath). This advance and the perfection of stitching records together in seamless sequences appear to have occurred sometime after 1970.

DJs (such as Jerry Blavat and Hy Lit) had been applying this technique of record spinning in the Philadelphia area for years. I encountered this method in 1965 at the weekly Friday night dances at the Beverly Road Firehouse. In 1966, while I was in my senior year, my friend and I emceed a dance at the township high school. We employed the services of two record players and applied the slip-cuing and stitching technique to keep music nonstop.—*D. Morales, Edgewater Park, N.J.*

Ugly chic

I am writing this letter in reference to Craig S. Karpel's article "Anyone Can Be Beautiful" published in the March 1979 issue.

Mr. Karpel mentioned that the "ugly" people of America are not being recognized. I would like him to know that in Kernersville, N.C., Forsyth County, we are recognizing the ugly people in this area. I'd like to present Mr. Karpel with the enclosed lifetime membership card to "The Ugly League" of Forsyth County, N.C., which boasts many proud members. The card states Craig S. Karpel has been found to be one of the ugliest men in Forsyth County and is declared a member in good standing.—*D.R. Wilkerson, Vice-President, The Ugly League, Kernersville, N.C.*

Squaring off

Your April 1979 issue was perhaps the most enjoyable I have had occasion to read in months. I particularly enjoyed the interview and the Baldwin excerpt. However, I feel compelled to correct a major flaw in the obligatory setup of Nick Tosches's April "Words" column.

Mr. Tosches should be advised that Cliff Arquette and Wally Cox did not occupy the same cubicle on Hollywood Squares. Indeed, they could not have, since they appeared on the program simultaneously, and Mr. Arquette's physical stature precluded his sharing a seat.

Wally Cox habitually occupied the *upper* left-hand position, immediately to the left of Rose Marie and two stories above Cliff Arquette. Mr. Tosches may argue that frequenting the left-hand side of the stage somehow contributed to both men's untimely demise, but I should hope not, for the sake of Charo and Jan Murray. As if appearing on the show were not punishment enough.—*W.H.M., Peoria, Ill.*

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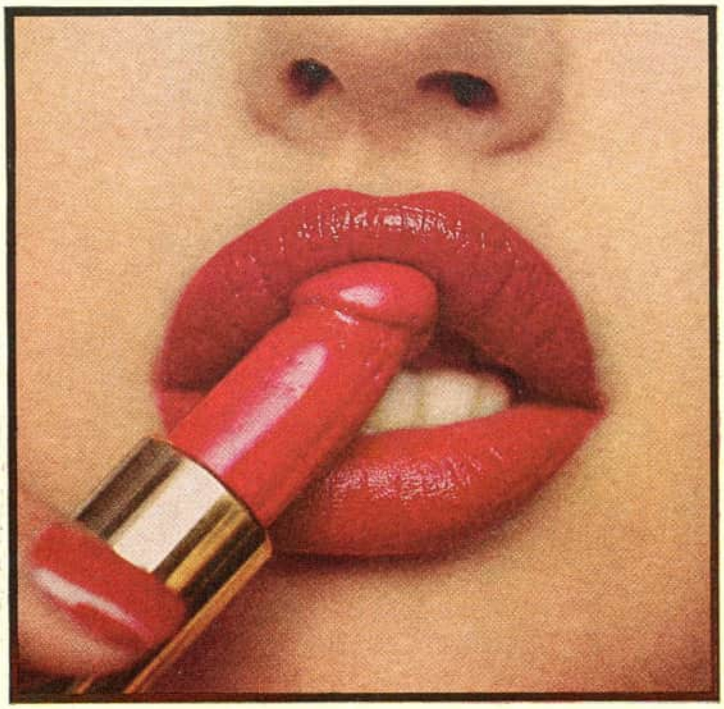

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

Recently, I have read much about cheating wives, and I thought your readers might find an account of my experience an interesting addition to your other letters.

Before we were married, my wife, Jenny, was a cocktail waitress in a plush nightclub. About a year ago, when Jenny decided to try to get a part-time job, it seemed natural that she try to waitress once more. She seemed delighted when she was hired to serve drinks at a city night spot, but I was outraged to discover that the club was notorious as a rendezvous for one-night stands. Jenny exclaimed over the salary and promised she would disregard any advances from horny men.

Jenny is a gorgeous twenty-five-year-old blonde with large breasts. When she dressed in her uniform, I loudly objected: short, gold shorts and a thin, scooped-neck halter that provided a clear outline of her nipples. I finally agreed she could work there—if I could come to the club myself from time to time, without warning, to watch her serve customers and see if she warded off their advances. She did, I was happy to see.

But about three months later, she was asked to join the go-go girls who performed on a lighted stage. She would have to undress to her bra and panties, and it would mean a huge raise. I told Jenny this would invite trouble, but she insisted that the customers were middle-class, family men out for a night of fun and that the management protected the girls from mashers.

Her first night on stage, I sat mesmerized in the audience as she strutted and swayed to the music, and I was actually proud of her fine legs and shapely breasts. The men enjoyed her act, and my jealousy faded when I realized it was merely a dance routine.

Then, two months ago, she came home and said that she had been chosen over all the other girls to do a "feature" routine. She said that by now she had lost touch with the audience and was concentrating on perfecting her sinuous movements as a form of art, and she wanted my permission to take off her bra and dance only in a black bikini. I agreed to it.

My first time there, I first watched the other girls strip while I waited nervously for Jenny's entrance. When the spotlight came on, Jenny writhed to the music with a sweet sensuality that had the audience captivated. When she unfastened her bra, I saw the erotic, pouting expression of lust on her face and realized she enjoyed playing the exhibitionist. She lasciviously caressed her bouncing breasts, and her nipples hardened while she bumped her hips frenziedly. She teased the audience by pulling down her panties to reveal glistening pubic hair. After her act, Jenny was surrounded by the other girls, who praised her style. I threw on her robe and kissed her affectionately, adding to the praise.

I guess I should have foreseen the inevitable and stopped her at that point. Soon Jenny began to join the single girls and circulate through the crowd, accepting offers for drinks. One night I caught her in a transparent robe at a table filled with men. When the robe fell open, it revealed her pink panties. She allowed these strangers to embrace her, and in the darkness I could make out pairs of hands creeping up her leg. Later, at home, I caused a scene, but my once-sweet Jenny only laughed and replied that touching was harmless and that she owed her appreciative audience the liberty of a few quick feels. She was into her own thing and was soon doing slow dances, letting her "fans" touch her pants and run their fingers over her nipples.

One night I made a fool out of myself dragging her off the lap of a

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young man who had his hands buried in her pants. I protested to the manager, who casually told me that the women enjoyed the attention and that it was a tribute to their beauty.

Now Jenny receives phone calls at home and goes out "shopping" at least twice a week. Worse, I just found some pictures in her bureau drawer showing her naked and fellating two guys at once. It seems she enjoys seducing men and watching them succumb. At home she is always after me or going down on me. I have thought of leaving her, but I love her too deeply. Maybe Jenny is just doing what other women would do if they had the guts. What do you think?—J.J.

Continue to love her, and by loving her let her learn. Which she seems to be doing quite well.

It surprises me that you object to her "going down on me." Is fellatio any reason to leave a woman? How many men wouldn't love to be in your bed! If your wife were screwing around and then not giving it to you at home, now that would be something to be upset about. But her extracurricular activities seem to be improving your sex life together at home. And what's wrong with that?

GREEN OVER BLACKS

I'm a thirty-one-year-old fellow who for the past several months has been dating a gorgeous, sexy lady named Jaime. She's twenty-five years old, five feet seven inches tall, weighs 127 pounds, and has 37-24-35 measurements. Jaime has beautiful blonde hair and long, shapely legs.

We see quite a bit of each other, and our relationship has definitely gotten more serious. Our sex life is spectacular and varied. She's easily the most exciting woman I've ever dated.

My problem is a bit complicated. Jaime is very honest and from the outset let me know she dated other men. I dated other women also—it didn't matter much to me. Now that we're seeing much more of each other, I find myself seeing only Jaime. On the other hand, Jaime still dates other men sometimes but says I'm the only man she really loves and cares about.

The other men Jaime dates are all black. She's been dating black lovers since her college days and can't get enough of them. One night Jaime asked me to join her and a black lover at her place so that I could better understand how she feels. When I arrived, she was dressed in a long, black, low-cut sheer nightgown with black stockings, garter belt, and five-inch strapped, open-toed high heels. Her hair was up, and her makeup and perfume were alluring. Her gorgeous tits, pussy, and ass looked great through the sheer black material.

Jaime and Carl (her handsome black friend) were having a drink when I got there. She evidently had explained things to Carl, because he didn't seem to mind my presence. After some small talk, Carl started kissing and fondling Jaime. I couldn't be-

lieve how excited I became watching Jaime suck Carl's tongue as she stroked his cock. Jaime had soft music playing in the background, and she and Carl started to dance and grind slowly. Carl's black hands caressed her soft white tits and ass as they moved and French-kissed. Carl knelt before her and started sucking and kissing her pussy. She turned around and bent over and grabbed her ankles, and Carl licked her ass and fingered her pussy. She shuddered and came violently. Carl then sat down on the couch, and Jaime knelt between his legs and began to fondle his balls as she nibbled his cock.

They finally moved to the bedroom, where Jaime sucked and caressed his member back to life. Carl then moved between her milky white thighs and slowly inserted his long, thick tool. She was beside herself with passion as they slowly fucked. She was yelling every four-letter word she knew. Carl came inside her, and she kissed him long and deep. He then turned her over on her knees and entered her from behind. Soon Carl dressed. Jaime thanked him, and he left.

She rejoined me in the bedroom, and by this time I couldn't wait to get at her. She tasted and felt so good that we spent the entire night making love. The next morning she told me how much she loved me for sharing that experience with her and how excited she had been fucking Carl in front of me. She said she hoped that we could one day get married and that I'd allow her to fuck black men whenever she wanted to.

I have to admit that watching my girl friend make it with a black guy was very exciting. But I don't know if I could stand sharing my wife with another man. I don't want to lose her, and I know she loves only me, but I wonder how long it would be before I'd become an insanely jealous husband.—G.K.

Not long, I imagine. Right now you sound like a sanely jealous boyfriend.

FANG FANTASY

For the past few months, after reading your books, I have noticed that you have a great deal of insight and have been able to help men and women either to fulfill or live with their fantasies. So, I'm writing to you and hoping that you can help me.

First, let me describe my fantasy. I'm driving along a winding, narrow road when my car breaks down. It's very late at night, and no cars are on the highway; so I begin to walk. After a mile or so, I come upon an old house sitting upon a small hill. There is a light shining in the window. I decide to walk to the house, hoping that there is a phone or other source of help.

When I arrive at the house and knock on the door, a tall, dark woman, with long, black hair comes to the door. She is wearing a tight-fitting black dress, which is slit in the front and cut very low. She is also wearing very heavy eye makeup, her lips are very red, and her nails are long and pointed.

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She smiles and says, "Welcome, enter my house freely and of your own free will." After a few drinks and an explanation that her phone is out of order, she offers to let me stay the night. She then shows me to a room, where I get ready for bed. I have been in bed only a few minutes when the door opens, and standing there in the light of the hall is the woman who let me stay. She moves slowly toward me with a slight smile on her face. As she approaches, her smile becomes even more gleeful, and it is then that I notice that her teeth are very white and that instead of normal canine teeth she has a pair of brilliant white fangs. She hovers over me and rips the covers off and then my underpants away.

By now my organ is as stiff as a rod. She takes my penis in her mouth, alternating between sucking and biting. I have an enormous orgasm. Then she lies down, and I begin to suck and lick her genital area. After a few short minutes, she comes. By now I am exhausted, but she is able to bring my furled penis to life and then mounts me. Her lips and teeth—especially her fangs—caress my neck. Suddenly her fangs sink into my neck, and I have an orgasm of pleasure and pain. With this final gesture, she leaves me.

In the morning, I barely remember the night before. As I leave, I notice a coffin sitting near the wall in the entryway. I approach it slowly and lift the lid. Lying there with her hands crossed in the form of an X and her mouth slightly stained with blood is the woman. I stand over her coffin and masturbate. Finally, I leave, knowing I will return.

How do I get my wife to let me live this fantasy? She knows that female vampires turn me on and has sometimes profited from this fantasy. However, I find myself more and more involved with this fantasy. I feel that if I could involve my wife, who—except for the fangs—is a twin to my Lady Vampire, this could be solved. I hope you can help.—T.R.

Next Halloween give your wife a vampire costume and mask. If she goes for it, you've got yourself a playmate. But beware: as lovers, vampires suck.

EQUAL WIVES AMENDMENT

I'm writing to try to clear up something you poor, misunderstood husbands need to know. I'm a wife who was old-hat enough to demand marriage. I did it after several years of playing around and getting the good-bye after having sex for months and even years with a succession of men I thought I was in love with. At thirty, I felt it was time I got married and lived like other girls I knew. John, my husband, fell in love with me the first night we met. He is of medium height, muscular, and fairly attractive. He was divorced and lonely. We spent lots of hours in each other's arms, but I made it clear that I was a lady, and it wasn't long until John proposed.

Our wedding night, in a motel, was a big disappointment to me. John giggled almost throughout the whole love scene, which didn't last all that long. I realized our two months of dating probably had him in a rushed mood; so I pretended I'd come, along with him. Time hasn't changed him at all. He's still a "rabbit" and will always be one. His idea of lovemaking is to kiss me, say "Let's go fuck," climb on, ride for two minutes, and then kiss me again. I'm left at the post, pretending.

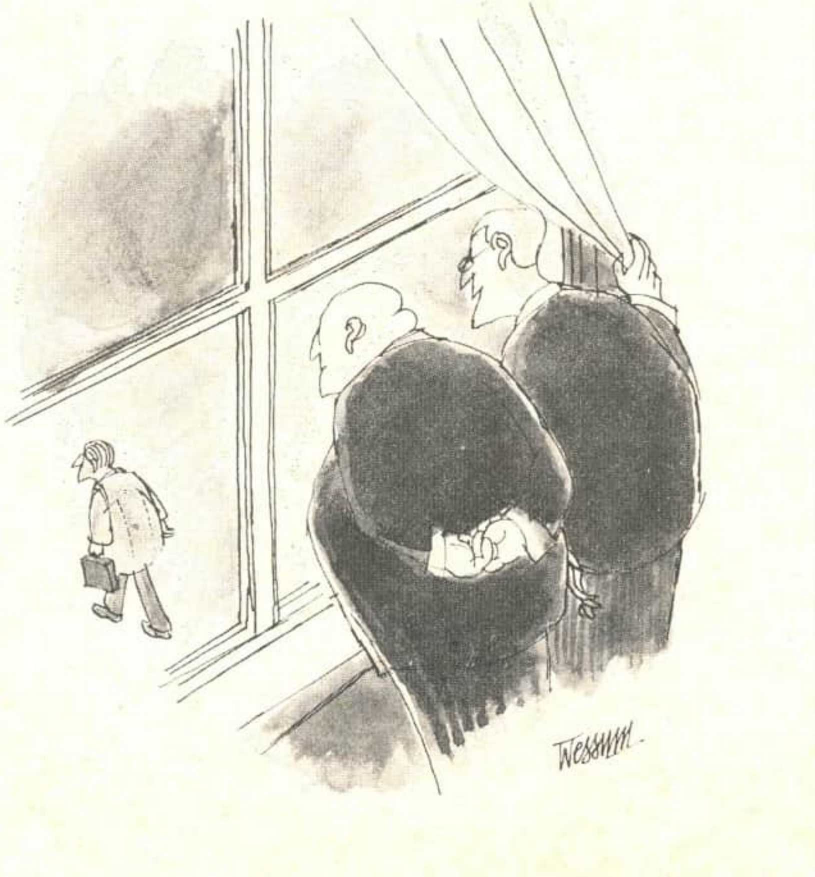
I suspect a lot of the men who read your column are exactly like John, yet complain that their wives are cold. Who in hell wouldn't be cold? This is whorehouse behavior, and any woman knows the difference. You claim you love your wife? Well, act like it! Take her to a drive-in movie and don't watch the movie. After the fried chicken and Cokes, take her in your arms and love her. Do to her what you would do to a strange woman. You'll find she's not cold at all. You might even get laid right there in the car.

John naturally became aware of my dissatisfaction, and it hurt him a lot. He has begun to resent me and now won't come near me. This came about after I suggested that he slow down and be more gentle. It was a last-ditch effort on my part. I was tired of being kissed twice, having my breasts massaged for two minutes and sucked one minute, and then climbed on and rammed in a flurry of elbows and knees. So now we have none of that. We have pouting and snide remarks about my not liking sex and being frigid, none of which is true.

In his off-time John goes fishing and leaves me alone. This gives me a chance to "go back in time" to my former lovers: I feel their arms about me, hear their words of love in my ears, and feel their hard, strong bodies against mine. It's exciting, and my finger does the rest.

I feel sorry for John and for myself. Contrary to his belief, I'm a very passionate woman, but a proud one. I feel no inclination to beg for his sexual favors, favors that I know will only frustrate me. Sex is beautiful if used properly. It can bring ecstasy if it is not shoved upon the woman. If John were to pull me down on the couch sometime and kiss me and feel me up for about fifteen minutes (without giggles), then open my blouse and caress my breasts slowly and gently, leaning down to suck them—all he'd have to do after that is stand up and lead me to the bedroom. He'd get the best piece of ass he's ever had in his life, believe me!

So, guys, wake up out there if you have "cold" women! Learn what it is to court a girl. I'm so sorry I didn't sample John's lovemaking before marriage. Only a few intimate trysts would have showed me that we weren't right for one another. His selfishness is shown in many ways, and being sexually selfish is unforgivable. I'm sure you'd like to comment on my letter—it would really help me and other wives in my rather distressing situation.—C.P.



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I hope your letter will help to fight the creeping conservatism that is truly beginning to creep across the country. Here in Europe, even, I hear rumblings of a virginity movement, of a down-with-premarital-sex drive that frightens me. I sometimes wonder how many mismatched couples could have been saved from taking those marriage vows if only they'd fucked once or twice before their wedding night.

With regard to your John problem, why don't you try swinging, as a number of other letter writers in this month's column have done to improve their married sex lives? It's worth a try, and after all, what do you have to lose—except John?

OUR LOVE IS INSANE

I'm a thirty-one-year-old woman who until this summer was very sexually frustrated. I was a virgin until I was twenty-three, when I met and fell in love with my husband, Eric. He taught me all I knew about sex for the next seven years.

For the last three of those years, I was very upset when Eric would climax before I was ready and then turn over and go to sleep. To compound matters, he would never hold me or kiss me except when he wanted me in bed. I repeatedly told him how I felt, but all he would say was that no man could hold off and make sex last until—I quote—"the cows come home."

It wasn't until after he started running around and we were divorced that I realized he was wrong in all his ideas of sexual pleasure. I am now with a man who has opened up a new world to me. He has a gentle touch as well as skillful hands, and we kiss, tongue, eat, suck, and fuck each other sometimes for up to three hours, with me having orgasm after orgasm after orgasm until we finally climax together. We have been experimenting of late, and with each new experience my sexual enjoyment rises. He has other women that he sleeps with occasionally, but he says he always comes home to me. He also tells me that I am the best piece of ass in fifty-three counties and that I give the best head in thirty counties.

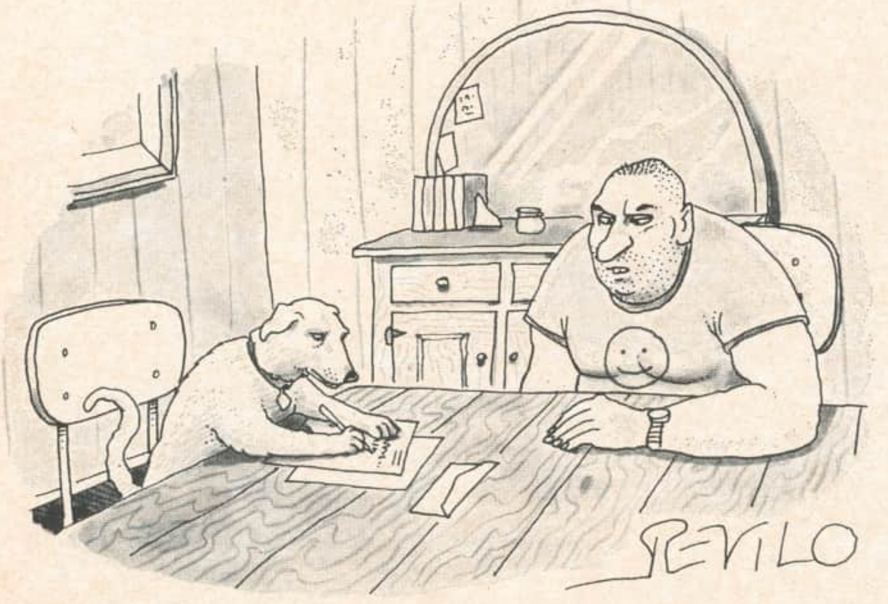
We are now trying to get a two-on-one going with another woman. I'm hoping to get some advice on how to go about it, as well as on how to recognize a woman who would be willing to have sex with us. Maybe she could take pictures for us. I thought you'd be interested to hear what a difference a gentle man makes in the bedroom.—N.B.

I'd leave finding the other woman to your new boyfriend. After all, he's the one who knows those women in all those other counties who also give head. That's a lot of women, honey.

SOFT TOUCH

I would like to ask your advice regarding a sexual problem that has been plaguing me with increasing severity throughout my postpubescent life. I'm unsure whether to classify it as impotence, premature ejaculation, or simple immaturity. I am an otherwise normal and attractive twenty-four-year-old male—with no sex life whatsoever. It wasn't until I was twenty-two that I so much as kissed a woman. My sexual initiation, such as it was, came when I was twenty-three in a rather abortive attempt at intercourse with a very kind and understanding young lady. Abortive because, after achieving erection with considerable difficulty, I lost it in the middle of everything and came flopping out like a fish out of water.

Since that time I have never been able to achieve sufficient erection for penetration. Reaching orgasm is no problem. It's just that, try as I may to prevent it, I invariably come long before I am sufficiently erect to penetrate. This, understandably, is quite frustrating, especially to my partners—so frustrating, in fact, that I more and more avoid sexual intimacy, believing that I have no particular right to waste the time of any more women in such a fashion. I was sleeping with one girl fairly regularly for the better part of a year, and although we usually had a good time in bed, we never successfully had sex. The relationship finally fell apart. The older I get, the more difficult it will become to find women who will put up with a problem you would expect to find in a young boy, not a full-grown man. As I said, my inclination is simply to give up, but there must be a better answer than that. I hope you have one.—D.H.



"Dear Xaviera, I am writing this letter on behalf of my Master Andre . . ."

Even my advice has its limitations. I'd suggest you see a psychologist. Your problem needs some in-depth examination, and no laywoman can give you that.

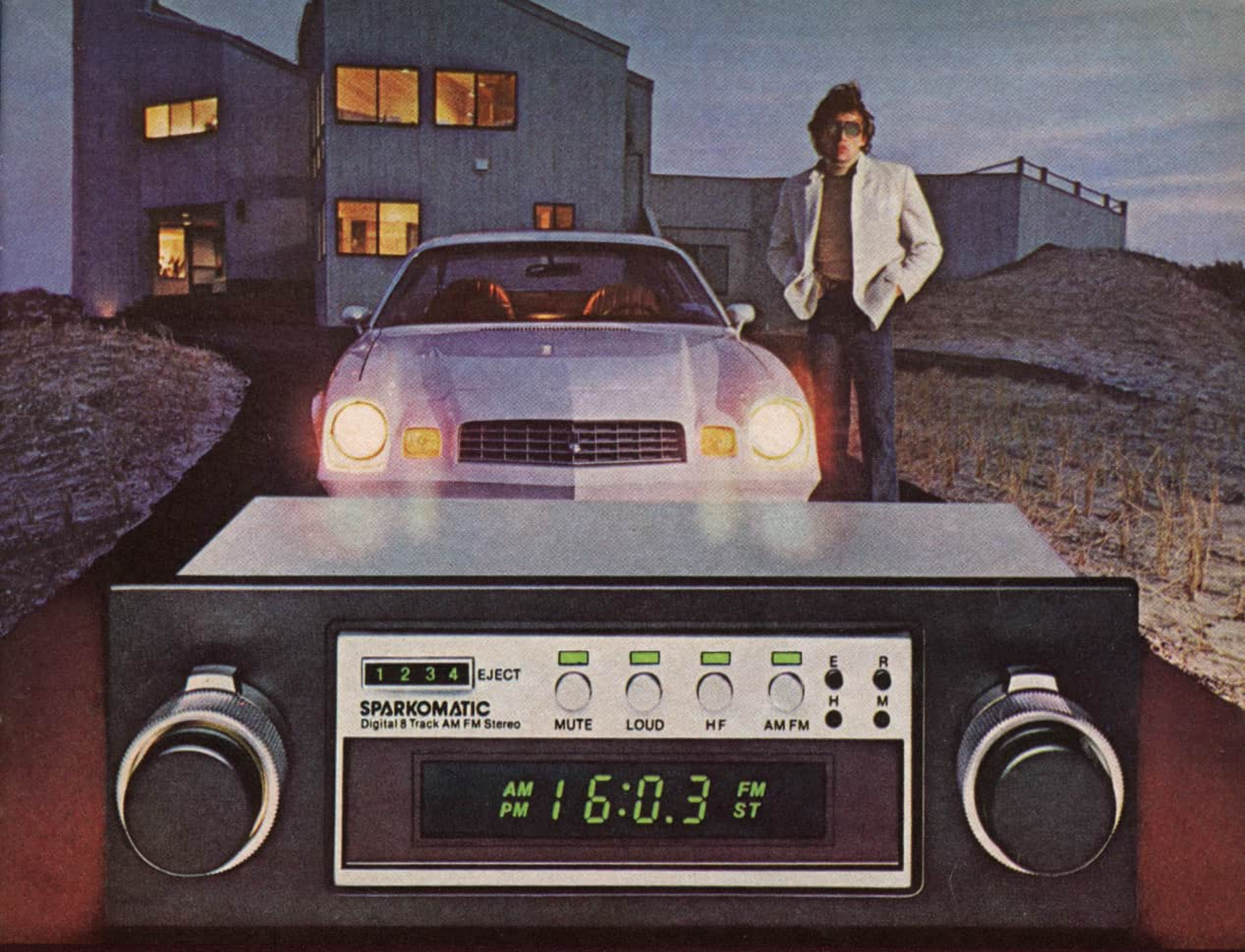
SO WE MEET AGAIN

I wrote you a couple of letters months ago about a fetish I have for women who use cigarette holders when smoking and about a beautiful albino lady from Germany whom I met in a Maryland singles bar. When I woke up in that Maryland hotel room and found the note she had left, saying that she had to catch a plane for Germany, I was crushed to think I'd never see or touch her again.

But about three weeks ago, I had to make a trip to New York City, and I was strolling around there, sightseeing, when I came across a tobacco shop and decided to go in and look around. I had gone only a few steps into the store when I saw her—the same lady*—buying two cartons of six-and-a-half-inch cigarettes and several expensive cigarette holders. She had on a black fur coat, which was open and revealed a black leather skirt and black silk blouse. She was also wearing black gloves and black leather boots. It was her, my mysterious Marty. She looked quite striking, all in black with her waist-length white hair and her ever-present sunglasses to shield her weak eyes.*

I felt my cock getting hard as I walked

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



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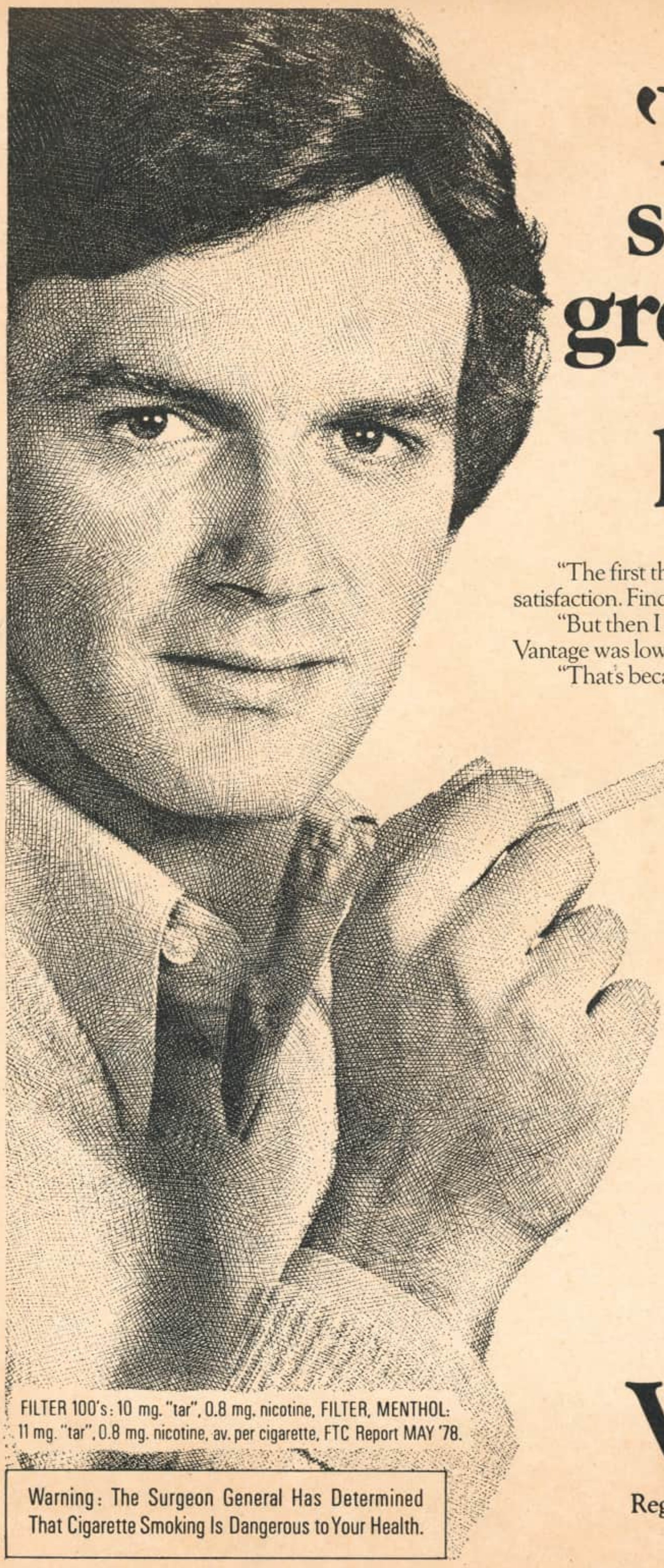

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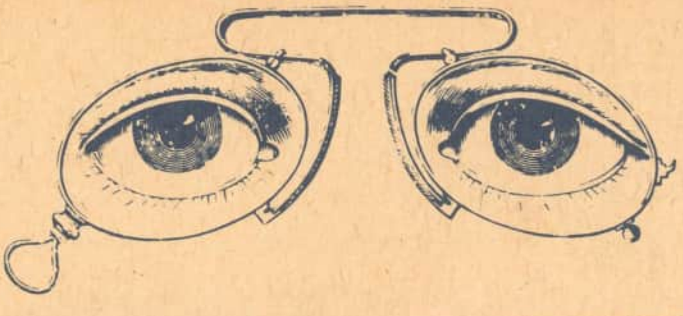


VIEW FROM THE TOP

JOGOLOGY

BY PATRICK OWENS

As people, joggers are mostly okay. Sweaty and smelly, I'll admit, and two-note talkers—if it's not their highs, it's their cramps. But okay all the same. It's not the joggers themselves that will not do. It's their politics.

Jogging is basically military, hence totalitarian. Nobody with any sense ever ran to a symphony, or a decently roasted goose, or a night of love, or a day at the races. People run to war, to divorce court, to hell in a hand-basket.

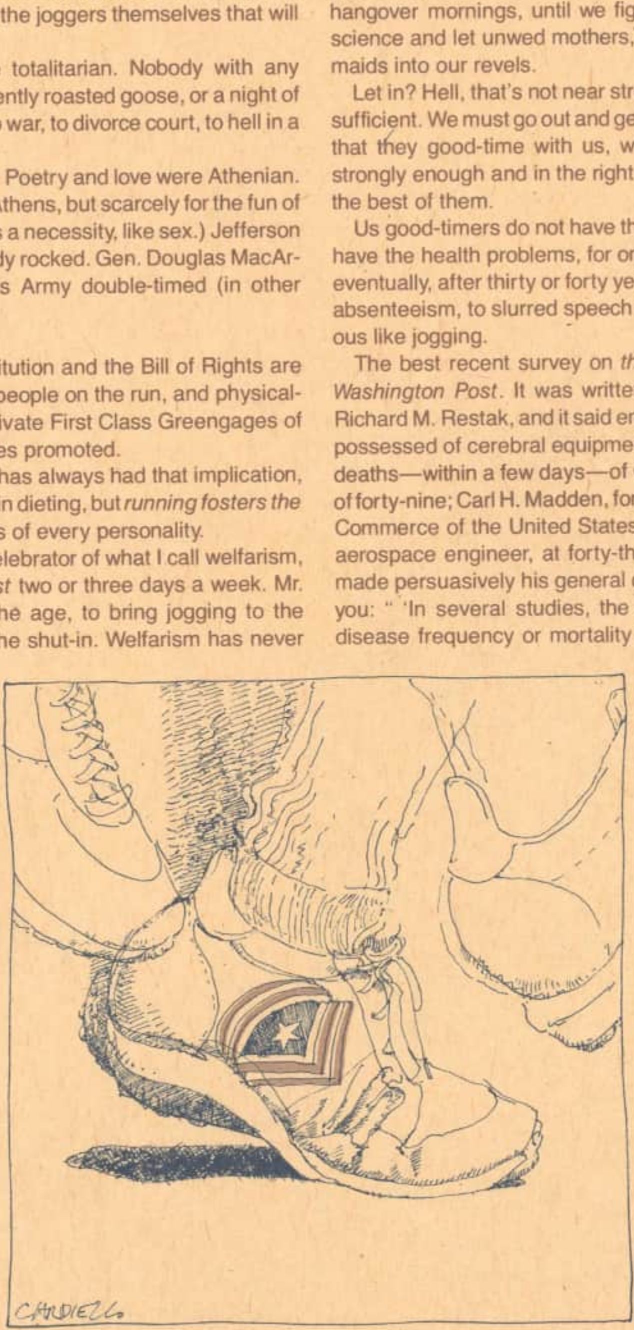
The distinction goes back a long way. Poetry and love were Athenian. Jogging was Spartan. (Oh, they ran in Athens, but scarcely for the fun of it. For the Spartans physical fitness was a necessity, like sex.) Jefferson and Franklin sauntered. John F. Kennedy rocked. Gen. Douglas MacArthur's troops that banished the Bonus Army double-timed (in other words, they jogged).

Jogging is not Jewish.

If—should I say *when?*—the Constitution and the Bill of Rights are taken from our shoulders, it will be by people on the run, and physical-fitness freaks in the bargain. By the Private First Class Greengages of this world, who want to hear themselves promoted.

But running is not *just* totalitarian. It has always had that implication, as bean curd always implies high-protein dieting, but *running fosters the worst in every ism,* dredges the depths of every personality.

Consider Mr. Colman McCarthy, a celebrator of what I call welfarism, who holds forth in the *Washington Post* two or three days a week. Mr. McCarthy proposed, in the spirit of the age, to bring jogging to the oppressed, the insane, the halt, and the shut-in. Welfarism has never found a more perfect subject. McCarthy's sentiments, as he summed them up some weeks ago, ran as follows:



"If we runners want to make the case that we are different, a course of action is available: we should begin sharing our sport with others by going into the prisons, orphanages, mental hospitals, and other places where the forgotten or scorned are found. These groups could benefit, first, from the delights of running, and second, from the personal attention of runners.... Until a social conscience is developed by the national running community, runners don't deserve to be taken as anything more than another band of hedonists. We might as well be a pack of good-timers in the beer hall for all we are doing for others."

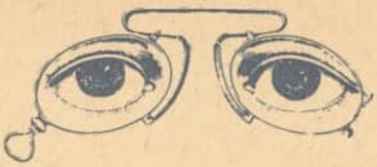
Meaning that we good-timers might as well be a pack of runners out cluttering the streets and highways of our beloved country, for all the good we are doing for others. We will be little more than another band of happy hedonists, except on hangover mornings, until we figure out how to develop a social conscience and let unwed mothers, peg-legged truants, and reverse mermaids into our revels.

Let in? Hell, that's not near strong enough. We do that already. It isn't sufficient. We must go out and get them. We must drag them in and insist that they good-time with us, whether they like it or not. If we insist strongly enough and in the right spirit, they will learn to good-time with the best of them.

Us good-timers do not have the same problems as joggers. We don't have the health problems, for one thing. Good-timing will get your liver eventually, after thirty or forty years. It can lead to social and vocational absenteeism, to slurred speech and rude belches. But it is not dangerous like jogging.

The best recent survey on *that* subject was offered in McCarthy's *Washington Post*. It was written not by a jogger but by a physician, Richard M. Restak, and it said enough to scare the wits out of any runner possessed of cerebral equipment. Dr. Restak cited the running-related deaths—within a few days—of Goodloe Byron of Maryland, at the age of forty-nine; Carl H. Madden, former chief economist for the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, at fifty-eight; and Keith P. Kerney, an aerospace engineer, at forty-three—all in or around Washington. He made persuasively his general case, which is that overexertion can kill you: " 'In several studies, the greatest difference in coronary heart disease frequency or mortality was noted among those classified as inactive and slightly more active,' reports Dr. Arthur S. Leon of the University of Minnesota Medical School. ... Another research group found that 'a minimum of thirty minutes of vigorous physical activity per week is associated with protection against coronary artery disease.' As for longevity ... in one study of 38,000 men ... athletes were found to live no longer than their nonathletic classmates. In fact, honor graduates, rather than athletes, were the longest lived."

Dr. Restak did not survey it, but the available literature indicates that good-timing, taken in moderation, contributes to health and longevity. (I don't know where the researchers find those temperate souls who good-time in moderation; doubtless among the honor graduates. They don't ever turn up where I am doing my own good-timing.) But the overall picture is clear enough: the healthy



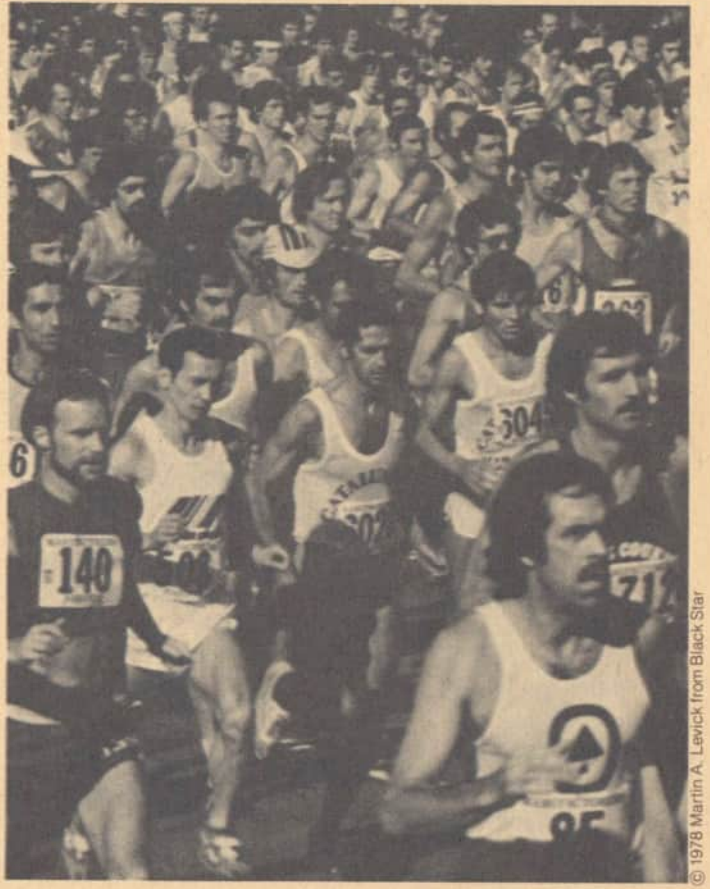
guy is the one who sprints at least six blocks to his neighborhood bistro at least three nights a week.

Which doesn't mean you should give up running. We all have to go sometime. If it feels good and harms no one else, then, by golly, go ahead and do it. That's my motto, and I'm sticking with it. Even if I am on the verge of genuine annoyance with these characters in fancy tenny-runners who keep darting in front of my new car like lemmings who've lost their sense of direction.

Running is every bit as legitimate as flogging with wet birches, or dressing up like a girl, or any of the other things we hedonists do to get our jollies. I don't even insist that it should be confined to the privacy of the home, but then I've always thought it rather merry to frighten the horses. Just keep out of the cars' way.

It follows that I heartily concur in McCarthy's schemes for gaining a social conscience for jogging. As for the practical difficulties, they can doubtless be got over or gone around. Jogging in the prisons may be objected to by stuffy wardens on grounds that the victims of societal oppression—and, quite often, really, of their own slow gaits leaving the scene of the crime—will only head for the hills. Let them run in place. Large numbers of the least fortunate, including some alcoholics and many who are obese, are quite unable to run for themselves. I see no reason why the socially conscious runner should not carry these folks piggyback, turning a selfish exercise into a shared experience.

What a beautiful thing next year's New York City Marathon would be if each of the 100,000 participants crested the Queensboro Bridge with an unfortunate on his or her back. And how much more beautiful still if each of them were then to sit down and shut up, leaving the care of the world in more sensible hands.



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The marathon men: running for their lives.

SCENES

VIDEO VÉRITÉ

Since its beginnings, television's dearest subject has been the family. Early shows, such as "The Goldbergs," "The Life of Riley," and "Make Room for Daddy," portrayed the family as a happy whole. In such series as "Father Knows Best," "Leave It to Beaver," and "The Donna Reed Show," the kids replaced the parents as the central figures, but the household remained whole.

Then a strange plague fell upon them, and the mothers began to die. Where there had been only one motherless show ("My Little Margie"), there now were many. The children in "The Andy Griffith Show," "My Three Sons," "The Beverly Hillbillies," and "Bonanza" were all cared for by widowers. The children in "Bachelor Father" and "Family Affair" were raised by uncles. (In both cases the original parents had been killed in car crashes. This did much to hasten the passing of seat-belt laws.)

A few years later, the fathers started dying off. The children in "The Lucy Show," "The Big Valley," "The Doris Day Show," "Julia," and "The Partridge Family" were all taken care of by widows. It is interesting to note that no widowers from Plague A or widows from Plague B remarried. This is best explained by Lorne Greene, who reportedly told the late Dan Blocker: "Son, a good wife is like a faithful dog. When she up and dies, you don't take in a new one, no matter how much Alpo you have left over."

Television has now reduced the whole and happy family to a mere historical curiosity, as in "Little House on the Prairie" and "Happy Days." The brats in "Good Times" and "Alice" are raised by widows. (Florida of "Good Times" was widowed by CBS after her husband, James, through the person of actor John Amos, tried to hold out for more money a few seasons ago. The man was not aware of how many husbands television had guiltlessly offed in the past.)

In "One Day at a Time," the kids are reared by a mother who is not a widow but a divorcée. Television considers this to be quite daring—more daring than the intimations of Alice Kramden's sterility. (There was an earlier divorcée-with-kid in television, in 1961—Vivian Vance, in "The Lucy Show." But La Vance was obviously beyond the point of sexuality. Bonnie Franklin of "One Day at a Time," however, is plainly willing and able to engage in all manner of lubricious and slurpsome deeds—deeds of which we shall speak no further, out of consideration for her ex-husband, who walks among us.)

The lone intact prime-time family to occupy the here and now is that of "Family." This family is produced for ABC by Mike Nichols, who, contrary to popular belief, did indeed have an original idea once in his life (but, alas, that was long ago and in

"Make Room for Daddy."

ree Sons" with the sons: soon-to-be-be soc.

a distant land). Doug, the father, looks much like Norman Mailer. Kate, the mother, looks much like Maureen Stapleton. The son, Willie, being not yet fully formed, resembles no one. The younger daughter, Buddy, is a virgin (but we detect a certain salacious quickness in her girlish eyes). The elder daughter, Nancy, has a baby but no husband. (Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. I shall not.) There is also a very small girl named Annie, who wasn't there last season but is now. Doug and Kate are obviously too Christian to question her presence in the household. I, for one, suspect that she is a runaway, escaped unnoticed from one of those short-lived McLean Stevenson series.

Unlike Chester A. Riley, Doug is a wealthy man. But is he happy? Would you be happy if you looked like Norman Mailer and people threw stones at your daughter? It is a ponderable truth that the only modern TV family uncleft by death or divorce has no laugh track. Let greater men interpret this.

The most revolting development of all is the recent video-vérité treatment of the family. The boring documentary is one of our most respected art forms. In the late thirties and early forties, in such movies as *People of the Cumberland* and *Valley Town*, such dull-film pioneers as Sidney Meyers and Willard van Dyke portrayed the hardships and joys of the common man in America. These bores inspired a new generation of filmmakers, who were in many ways more startlingly dull than their predecessors. There are many among us, I am sure, who have stared in benumbed disbelief at the Maysles Brothers' *Salesman*, or at Allan King's *A Married Couple*, or at Frederick Wiseman's *High School*. These cinema-vérité portrayals of the common man and of the minutiae of his common life seem to be vanishing from theaters and, like many tired trends, creeping into television.

First there was "An American Family," produced for PBS by Craig Gilbert, who is known more for his weight problem than for his talents. This twelve-hour series, broadcast in the first three months of 1973, followed the affairs of the Louds of Santa Barbara from May to December 1971. The first thing one noticed about the Louds was that they seemed to have been made by television for television. The parents, Bill and Pat, were of an exquisitely mediocre strain. There were five children. Three of these—Grant, Kevin, and Michelle—so teetered at the brink of nonbeing that no one remembers what they looked like. We remember the son Lance and the daughter Delilah. Lance was the faggot, and Delilah was the one with the tits. (And if you're reading this, Delilah, where are the panties I so sweetly requested of you in my letter of March 9, 1973?)

We watched the Loud marriage

Sada Thompson in "Family."

WNET/13

The epitome of video vérité: televising your average night with the Loud family.

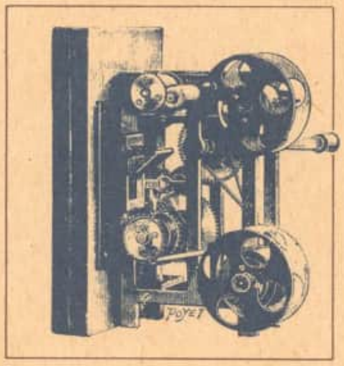
dissolve. Pat went on to write a book, which was called *A Woman's Story* and was unreadable. Lance went on to form a rock group, which was called the Mumps and was unlistenable. And Bill sits drinking with Ann Romano's ex-husband somewhere near L.A. Life is funny. Would that television were.

This past January, NBC broadcast "The American Family: An Endangered Species." The assortment of families here possessed an even greater made-for-TV quality than the Louds. None seemed to live a life less scripted than the Cleavers of "Leave It to Beaver." We were led into the home of a Catholic family that actually prayed together. We visited with homosexual parents whose philosophy of life might have been ghostwritten by Norman Lear. In short, we witnessed several "typical American families" whose lives were more realistic and less contrived than those depicted in any number of television series. The trend in television families seemed to have dictated which actual families were chosen to be treated in documentary fashion.

There will surely be more family documentaries. If television producers run out of nerd families, they can recruit game-show regulars. As for the other family series, I am told that Plague C may sweep over the land this fall. All those little caskets being carried through the rain . . . to see it is to weep. But life, like Fred Silverman, goes on. And on, and on.—*Nick Tosches*

NBC's "The American Family."

FILMS



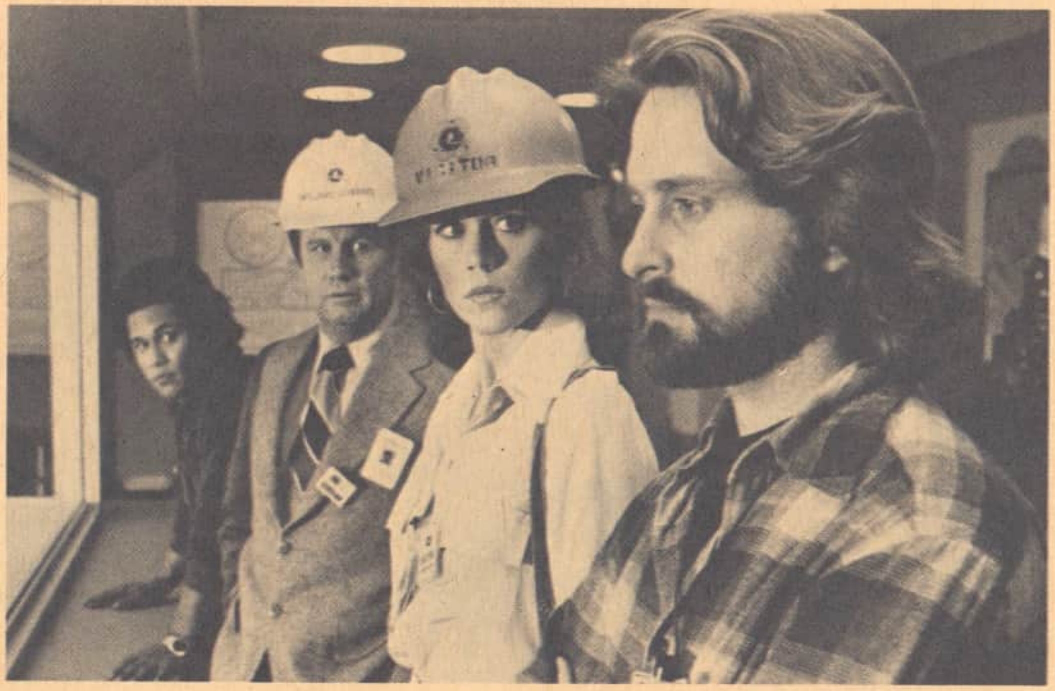
POWER PLAYS

They impaneled an Oklahoma City jury in the Karen Silkwood highway-death case the week before ***The China Syndrome*** opened in New York. The week it did open, a front-page story appeared in the *New York Times* announcing the temporary shutdown of five eastern nuclear power plants because "incorrect calculations" had been entered concerning their water-cooling systems. And then there was the Three Mile Island accident. So it's worth recalling that the anxiety content behind James Bridges's new movie has a solid basis in events: the accident befalling a witness carrying information possibly damaging to a nuclear installation, the faulty record keeping, even the pressure power conglomerates brought to hinder the film's being publicized. It's worth recalling all that while recognizing that this is at bottom a formula cliff-hanger that has been rendered relevant by happenings not entirely within its control.

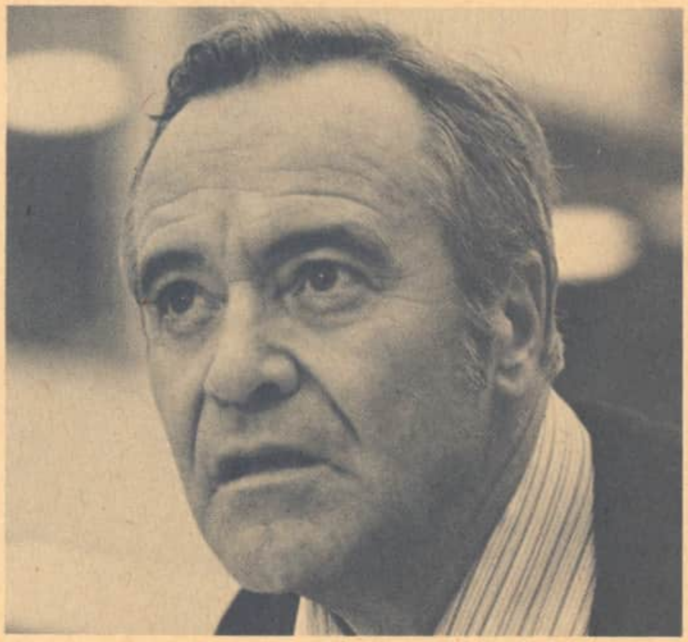
That doesn't mean that they don't matter or that the film isn't aware of them. Turning current affairs into suspense melodrama makes sense, potentially as much sense as turning ancient British history into Shakespearean tragedy. The conventional forms, or formulas, are always crystallizations of how we understand the world.

It so happens that *The China Syndrome* has a lot of actuality going for it. Even its silliest moment—when poor, unsuspecting Southern California faces imminent nuclear disaster because nobody monitoring a reactor thinks to tap the glass in a stuck pressure gauge—is apparently based on fact. But it also has a climax with the kind of edge-of-the-seat, race-against-time montage that dates back to the dawn of cinema and might have graced the pioneer work of D. W. Griffith. It's hard to say which counts for more. I *know* which is more fun. But I suspect that the fun, what sends chills up your spine as you watch the movie, may also be what most matters. Who ever learned anything important from studying the actual King Lear?

The movie generates its excitement partly because it moves between two centers. One is the power plant, where a control-room supervisor (Jack Lemmon) accidentally discovers a dangerous flaw in the nuclear reactor's cooling pump. The other is the Los Angeles television station where newscaster Kimberly Wells (Jane Fonda) and her cameraman (Michael Douglas) begin to investigate the power-plant story that they stumbled onto in the course of a routine feature assignment. Getting the power man and the television woman together, getting his story out from under the increasingly sinister bosses who run his company, getting her story aired despite the frightened managers of



The China Syndrome: *turning current affairs into suspense melodrama.*



Jack Lemmon as the company man: misplaced loyalties.

local television news—this is what *The China Syndrome* is all about. The "syndrome" itself? It's the tendency of an overheated nuclear reactor to blast its way through to China. Except it won't; it will reverse its direction at the underground water table and erupt with enough radiation to destroy us all.

In handling the logistics of all this, James Bridges manages a fine balance between popular science, human interest, and a series of plot demands that are roughly on the level of a Saturday afternoon serial. You can't do without the science; you have to know what you're getting so riled up about. The plot makes the riling-up passable. No matter that you can guess the outcome; you more or less know that the world isn't coming to an end. And the human interest—the people caught between these two great mechanisms of plot and technology—provides the depth of feeling that makes the excitement seem worthwhile. Bridges's previous films (*The Paper Chase* and *September 30, 1955*) have succeeded mostly in the care and detail of their portraits. In *The China Syndrome* the portraits achieve a special liveliness and efficiency—and pathos—precisely because they are subject to the demands of so much busy plotting.

In these conditions you don't expect depth or terrific originality. You expect serviceable accuracy, which is what you get from Michael Douglas and Jack Lemmon. Douglas plays a relatively strident supporting role as the film's political activist, with the restraint that in his past few movies has come to look like better and better acting. Lemmon, the middle-aged middle manager, simply revises a characterization that he's made very familiar—and now very moving—as the company man who finds his loyalties misplaced. But Jane Fonda begins to seem more and more a miracle, as every part she touches seems to grow into a part and a half. It's not that she's a great "presence," the way movie stars (sometimes) used to be. It's rather that she's a marvelous dramatic *intelligence*, with enough sense of what she's doing so that much of the continuity of her personality comes through, along with a superb realization of a role. This matters a lot in *The China Syndrome*, where Kimberly Wells isn't the most profoundly conceived character ever to wander through a film—but where Jane Fonda, girl reporter with cheery manner and flaming red-dyed hair, virtually spins the movie around herself by her beauty, her sanity, her energy, her gift for always knowing who she is and why.

Robert Altman: poetic comedy.

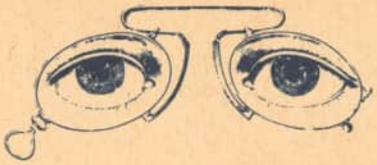
Like *The China Syndrome*, Robert Altman's ***A Perfect Couple*** is a Los Angeles movie, and it, too, makes its drama out of the meeting of two mutually mistrustful worlds. But all similarities end right there. A romance between the middle-aged son of a rich, tyrannical old Greek fine-arts dealer and a wistful, somewhat lonely girl singing with a struggling pop-music group, it never means to make sense except in the logic of its moods and feelings. If you give yourself to it, it's a lovely movie. If you don't give yourself to it, the loss may be yours.

Alex Theodopoulos (Paul Dooley) and Sheila Shea (Marta Heflin) both belong to stern, musical, slightly crazy patriarchies. His is ruled by his rigid, classical-music-loving father; hers, by the guy who leads her rock group, Keepin' 'Em Off the Streets. They meet via a videotape dating service (unlikely, given his money and her life-style, but then you don't go to a movie like this for verisimilitude), and on their very first date he takes her to a Los Angeles Philharmonic concert, where his kid sister is the orchestra's youngest cellist and the woman who is her lover is piano soloist. From then on the film never strays too far from its music, most of it performed by Keepin' 'Em Off the Streets (Ted Neeley, Heather MacRae, Tomi-Lee Bradley, Steven Sharp, and Marta Heflin—a very pleasant group) and much of it composed by Allan Nicholls, who cowrote the movie with Altman. Music backs and bridges the scenes, makes connections when nothing else does, and adds poignancy to what might otherwise seem like situation comedy.

Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley in A Perfect Couple*: family romance.*

So what you have instead is a kind of poetic comedy: gently, unassumingly nutty—the way some of the best Altman is, and a perfect antidote for his last movie, the absurdly solemn doomsday fantasy *Quintet*. I can imagine a failed version of *A Perfect Couple*, one in which all the precious sensibility runs wild. But in fact the movie is an object lesson in generally leaving well enough alone. It is always wonderfully easy to take, even when you might have reason to suspect that you're the one who's being taken.

Like virtually every good Altman film, *A Perfect Couple* lives in its



asides, its incidental bright ideas, and its vignettes. For example, the whole notion of videotape dating, a subject of greatly muted satire; or the exposition of everybody's screwed-up sex life; or the "imperfect couple," a glamorously romantic pair who wander through the movie, displaying extravagant affection for each other and all the time dropping off little hints and nudges to push Alex and Sheila on their incongruous, predestined way. That other pair, a sort of *dei ex machina* who keep things moving, accurately express the commitment of the film. They are the director's emissaries, his device, his admission that nothing in this movie really happens because it has to—and at the same time they signify his care, his affection, for his people and for the things he chooses to have them do.

In the long run, *A Perfect Couple* has as much to do with families as with romance—though the "families" extend beyond blood relationships to convoluted, fantastic environments for their people. Alex's family's mansion and the enormous cluttered space in which the family houses its fabulous antique business in a sense match the multi-family loft where Sheila lives with her fellow musicians and their husbands, wives, lovers, and kids. The movie spends a lot of time in "theaters"—from Hollywood Bowl to pop-music studios—but the most intricate theaters are those places where its people work and live. There is simply no separating anybody from his or her manner of self-presentation.

At one point Sheila Shea sings a song in a rehearsal session, and then she walks offstage while the camera follows her in a long, slow, gorgeous pan. She walks along the edge of a city-skyline diorama, its tall, painted stage-flat buildings lit against the artificial evening sky. I'm not altogether sure why that passage moves me so deeply. But it is at the same time both a mood's poetic evocation and a practical demonstration of show-biz paraphernalia—a heady mixture of airy fact and solid fantasy, which is what this odd and graceful movie is all about.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

READ HOT

If you're a fan of weird ritual sex, mass murder, vicious terrorist attacks, mindless physical brutality, savage rape, suicides, knifings, strangulation, adultery, Nazis, or Venice, then you'll love every book I'm about to mention and there's no need for you to go on reading this review. Really—you'd do much better to spend the time just copying down the names of the books and hieing yourself to your local bookstore to buy them before they all become best-sellers and sell out. Which they will, or I don't know the power of prefab.

Killer of Kings (Bobbs-Merrill, $8.95), by R. Wright Campbell, should be high on your summer reading list. Mass murder at the Academy Awards courtesy of one Harry Smiley, a Charles Manson/David Berkowitz figure, and his cult of low-mentality co-conspirators (led by a sadistic lesbian), who band together against morality after a torrid evening of group sex. Very steamy. And also very well written. In fact, the writing is of such high quality that the plot begins to pale in comparison. Massacre at the Oscars is a great selling point, but the characters are so well drawn that they don't need to be sold. You'd think Campbell's editor could see that, but then, I understand at Bobbs-Merrill they're still rioting about cubism.

Point of Honour (William Morrow, $8.95), by Alan Scholefield, is a spy thriller about a writer who wants to write his novel and how he narrowly escapes death because his editor wants him to write a book that will sell. Sound familiar? In this case, the selling point is the fortieth anniversary of Dunkirk. Since the writer's father posthumously received the Victoria Cross for heroic acts performed in defense of a small French village, why shouldn't the writer write about it? Dad the hero and the Dad he never knew because of his heroism. Sounds like a best-seller until the writer finds that Dad was shot in the back, Dad had a mistress, and possibly, instead of being a hero, Dad was a vicious child rapist and violator of the Geneva Convention. Many people try to kill the writer, and you'll simply have to read the book to see whether he dies, writes his novel, or sells out.

James Patterson's ***The Jericho Commandment*** (Crown $10.00) has a clever plot twist; and since that's rare these days, I won't be so crass as to spoil it for you. I will entice you, however, with some of the juicier elements: a Jewish revenge pact nurtured in the bosom of the Nazi death camps; a sudden spurt of anti-Semitism in America in 1980; a stunning fashion model-cum-Auschwitz survivor who turns terrorist; the bronzed Jewish doctor who courts her just weeks after his *shiksa* wife is blown to bits. A little *Marjorie Morningstar* here, a little Patty Hearst there, echoes of the Munich Olym-

Naked Came the

James Cherry

Wide World

Robin Cook, the surgeon: brutal murders and casual sex.

pics, *Exodus*, "The Holocaust." Put them all together and they spell a big, pro-Zionist war picture. They could call it *Hora, Hora, Hora*.

Shadow of the Wolf (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $9.95), by James Barwick, is an exciting historical novel chronicling Rudolf Hess's strange flight from Nazi Germany to Scotland in 1941. The plot centers around young Luftwaffe pilot Alfred Horn, who, thinking he has been chosen for a routine mission, suddenly and inexplicably finds that he and the deputy führer of Nazi Germany seem to be deserting to the enemy. When Hess breaks his ankle in the crash landing, he charges Horn to deliver a briefcase filled with top-secret Nazi war plans to an American isolationist politico, with whom he has contrived the following peace plan: Nazi Germany conquers and annexes Great Britain; America stays out of the war; and, together, the two ally against Russia and Japan. What happens to Horn when he reaches America? What does Roosevelt do when he learns of the Japanese plan to attack Pearl Harbor? Who is the American isolationist politico? I guess if you know your World War II, you can answer all these questions. If not, here's a clue to the politico's identity: his widowed daughter-in-law married a Greek shipping magnate.

What is it with these doctors? First it was Michael Crichton with *The Andromeda Strain*. Now it's Robin Cook, who last season gave us *Coma* and this year has topped it with ***Sphinx*** (Putnam's, $10.95). Robin Cook is a surgeon, for God's sake. How come he can write a best-seller and I can't? I mean, *Sphinx* is going to make a fortune. It's uncanny: perfectly timed. A sexy Harvard Egyptologist goes to Cairo to find herself and her professional worth. By accident she becomes involved in a black-market antiquities intrigue, and in doing so she manages to discover an ancient tomb of such opulence it makes Tut's look like a bargain basement. Love and death in the Valley of the Kings; flashbacks of ancient Egypt; colorful descriptions of Cairo, the pyramids, Karnak and Luxor; many brutal murders; and more than enough casual sex to keep you alert. My grandmother was right: I should have gone to medical school.

Well, it's official: Peter "Jaws" Benchley has definitely replaced Harold Robbins as the master of the broom-handle school of modern prefab literature. It says on the jacket of his latest opus, ***The Island*** (Doubleday, $8.95), that Pete conceived it while sitting in the dentist chair, or, as the young people would say, on nitrous. That accounts for the idea. The question remains: what was he on when he committed it to paper? A magazine writer and his son go to the Bahamas and are captured by what Pete romantically calls "pirates." I call them the most blatant excuse to detail sexual sadism and leering perversity I have read since I last visited the porno rack at my local dimestore. I get the feeling that Pete would like us to compare his book with *Lord of the Flies*, what with the island setting and the back-to-brutality theme. Tell it to the dentist, Pete, okay? And in the future, don't write when you're having root-canal work. It colors the mood.—*Emily Prager*

Peter Benchley (center) on *Jaws* set: broom-handle literature.

SOUNDS

PLATINUM REUNION

The **Allman Brothers Band** commanded a lot of respect back in the early seventies. The public made them one of the most popular American rock bands. Rock and soul artists as distinguished as Eric Clapton and Aretha Franklin featured guitarist Duane Allman on their records. Countless groups here and abroad copied the Allman Brothers Band's trademarks—jazzy but lyrical instrumentals, bluesy vocals, elaborate two-guitar lead figures, powerful drumming. The group became a kind of de facto house band at the Fillmore East in New York and enjoyed a string of gold and platinum albums.

But what goes up must eventually come down, and the Allman Brothers Band came down hard. The first blow was the death of guitarist and spark plug Duane Allman, the group's most distinctive and innovative musician, in a motorcycle accident in October 1971. A year and thirteen days later, bassist Berry Oakley met the same fate. But the group had a superb second-guitarist in Dickey Betts and went on from these tragedies to enjoy the zenith of its commerical success, with bassist Lamar Williams replacing Oakley and keyboard wizard Chuck Leavell added to the lineup. Gradually, though, problems began to surface. Several of the musicians developed serious alcohol and drug problems, morale sagged, and the music began to sound stale. In 1976 the group officially disbanded, with mutual recriminations flying thick and fast. Gregg Allman, Duane's brother and the band's gifted lead vocalist, reportedly gave damaging testimony at the drug trial of former Allman Brothers road manager Scooter Herring, and Dickey Betts told a newspaperman, "There is no way we can work with Gregg Allman again. Ever."

Larry Williams

After drugs, after booze, after Cher: the Allman Brothers Band back together again.

The two years following the split weren't particularly good years for most of the members of the band. Dickey Betts probably had a better time than the others. His band Great Southern was a strong unit with a pronounced Allmans flavor, and he enjoyed some success, but mostly as an opening act at stadium events or a headliner in nightclubs. Betts was playing magnificently, but he lacked Gregg Allman's vocal abilities, and without a hit single or a standout album cut for FM he was doomed—for the time being at least—to the rock-'n'-roll bush leagues. Gregg Allman moved to Los Angeles, kicked heroin, went through the end of his marriage to Cher, and finally left California to prowl around the South again. His solo career, which had a promising start, didn't really get off the ground. The original Allman Brothers drummers, Butch Trucks and Jaimoe, were working and studying in the South in virtual obscurity. Chuck Leavell and bassist Lamar Williams soldiered on as members of an excellent but only modestly successful progressive band, Sea Level.

Clearly, it was in almost everyone's interests to patch up the differences and reform the Allman Brothers Band. When it finally happened, in mid-1978, Leavell and Williams decided to stick with Sea Level; so Allman, Betts, Trucks, and Jaimoe added two musicians from Betts's Great Southern, Dan Toler and David Goldflies, on guitar and bass, respectively. There was much excitement around Capricorn Records, the Macon, Ga., company that had originally launched the Brothers, but it didn't filter out to much of the rest of the rock world. After all, it had been four or five years since the Allman Brothers were really fresh and contemporary, and "reunion" records have more often than not proved dismal disappointments.

Capricorn, though, knew something not many other people knew. In the late 1970s Phil Walden, the company's president, had looked at a detailed marketing survey, undertaken independently, on the probable commercial fortunes of music like that of the Allman Brothers. The prognosis looked very good indeed. And in fact both the first album and the initial concerts by the reconstituted Allman Brothers Band have more than borne out the survey's optimism. The album, *Enlightened Rogues*, went platinum—sold a million copies—in just two weeks. Tickets to Allman Brothers Band concerts in New York sold out in a little over an hour as the result of a single announcement on one radio station.

Clearly the rock audience, or a sizable portion of it, is more conservative than most rock critics and trend-setters would like to believe. *Enlightened Rogues* is positively archaic in terms of contemporary rock styles, which have changed dramatically since the original heyday of the Allman Brothers. The album doesn't include a disco cut. You don't hear a synthesizer, a horn, or strings anywhere on it. The songs aren't bored or minimal or alienated. Instead, the record fairly wallows in what made the Allman Brothers Band important and unique in the first place. Betts and Toler re-create the two-guitar sound with stunning fidelity, and Dickey's solos always go a little further than they really have to, throwing in an unexpected modulation, a textural surprise, or an especially creative turn of phrase, as Duane Allman so often did. The rhythm section thunders. Blues feeling and blues forms are abundant. And Gregg Allman's growled, bearish vocals are desperately eloquent.

There's an element of commercial calculation evident here. Sea Level's Leavell and Williams wouldn't have been at home in this version of the Allman Brothers Band; it's much closer to the sound of the original Allmans, before Leavell and Williams joined up than to anything that's now popular or trendy. But time has a way of playing tricks with how musical styles are perceived, and in mid-1979 *Enlightened Rogues* sounds refreshingly down-to-earth.

Ultimately, reunion projects like this one can't be faked. The players have to mean it, and the new Allman Brothers ensemble has shown, by making a solid, stirring album and signing on for an extensive tour to help promote it, that they do mean it. With old animosities out of the way and individual solo projects given due attention, all these musicians seem ready to make ambitious, first-class rock 'n' roll again; and in fact *Enlightened Rogues* handily eclipses anything any of them have done since the mid-seventies. They may have needed each other financially, but it seems they needed each other musically even more. Judging from the gratifying response to the album and to the group's ongoing tour, rock needs the Allman Brothers Band—*Robert Palmer*

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar",
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25 Myths of the ENERGY CRISIS

Before you agree to pay two dollars a gallon for gasoline or submit to rationing, read this.

BY JAMES DALE DAVIDSON

Put down your copy of Max Weber's *Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft*. Forget Parkinson's Laws and the Peter Principle. All you need to remember is Ringo Starr's first and only law of politics: "Everything government touches turns to crap." That explains all the problems of modern life.

Ralph STEADman 79

The demise of the shah's dictatorship in Iran has brought another proof of this fundamental truth, this time in the form of a further installment of the "energy crisis." By a kind of magic that only Ringo's dictum adequately describes, American politicians and diplomats have managed to engineer a famine in the midst of plenty. At a time when oil reserves are greater than ever before, you and other consumers face imminent shortages of petroleum products along with threats of rationing, mandatory business closings, and more. In fact, Washington bureaucrats are even threatening your freedom to drive your automobile when and where you please. Support is building in Congress for mandatory measures to see that you "sacrifice" and "do your part" to solve a crisis that the politicians created in the first place.

The proximate cause of the oil shortage was the closing, for several months, of Iran's oil fields, which in 1978 produced from 8 to 10 percent of the free world's petroleum. Now oil exports have been resumed—but at a much reduced level. The violence in that country and the overthrow of the shah frightened away a large percentage of the technical experts whose assistance would be needed to bring the oil fields back to full production. For that reason it is doubtful that Iranian production can be restored to previous levels at any time before 1980.

If you have stopped thinking at this point, you might indeed agree that Iran is another justification for those who cry about the "energy crisis." Don't. The real question is why other countries that have the capacity to take up the slack left by the Iranian turmoil have not done so. The closer one comes to answering that question, the nearer one is to realizing that there is not an "energy crisis" at all but a political and financial crisis that is reflected in a breakdown of international trade in oil. The real problem is that OPEC members doubt the value of the paper money, the U.S. dollars, in which they are paid for their oil. For that reason, they take every opportunity to raise the price to compensate for the expected future decline in the dollar.

The most serious aspect of the Iranian situation is in the financial and monetary area. Iran owes almost $15 billion and will soon be in default on many of these obligations, if it is not already. The prospect, therefore, is for further strains on an already overextended banking system. The Chase Manhattan Bank alone is owed $500 million; other big banks, such as Bank of America, Citibank, and Manufacturers Hanover Trust, may be owed $300 million each. These figures are the true indicators of the crisis that the politicians allege is an "energy crisis." In fact, it is a myth or, more precisely, a collection of many myths. Twenty-five of them are exposed here.

Myth Number One: The world is running out of energy. At first glance, this notion has a superficial plausibility: you dig a hole and find some oil. The hole runs dry. You dig another hole and find some more oil. It, too, runs dry. Before long someone adds up all the dry holes and announces, "The world is running out of energy." That statement makes snappy political copy, but it is knucklehead physics. You might just as well stand around a campfire, total up the logs being tossed on the blaze, and announce, "The world is running out of matter." The one proposition is as ridiculous as the other.

THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING
VgL

Because matter and energy are two configurations of the same thing, we can never run short of either—as long as the universe exists. The only challenge we face is an economic challenge: finding and applying the cheapest form of energy for a given purpose.

No matter what the politicians and inventory clerks say, the world is *not* running out of energy—except in a sense that they don't mean at all. To the degree that the sun is being exhausted, energy from this solar system is being scattered off into other portions of the universe. So in that sense we might have an energy shortage in another *5 billion* years, but not now.

Energy of stupendous power is unfolding all around us to such a degree that it is a challenge for the human mind to realize how plentiful it is. In one day enough sunlight falls on California to power the entire world for a week. And direct sunlight is only one of many virtually untapped energy sources. If you think for a moment, you can enumerate many others. There is gravity. As long as the moon revolves around the earth and exerts a pull on the oceans, the tides will ebb and flow with phenomenal power. That power could be harnessed and utilized. There is also energy in wind. There is geothermal energy deep in the earth. And there is the prospect for controlled fusion power, which would literally allow man to use water as a fuel to unleash the same mighty forces that are at work in the sun—with no danger from radioactive waste. All told, the sources that guarantee that the world will never "run out of energy" are practically inexhaustible.

Myth Number Two: The era of cheap energy is over. We do appear to be moving into a period when certain types of chemical energy will be more expensive than they have been in the immediate past. But there is a big difference between recognizing that fact and saying that energy applications can only grow more expensive. There is simply no evidence to justify such a conclusion.

In the first place, the long-range trend for energy prices has been down. Energy today is cheaper than it has been for most of the past century. If it should temporarily become more expensive, the change would be only temporary. The history of energy markets shows that rapid technological development has often led to price fluctuations. But when prices rise, they do so only on a temporary basis.

Consider the great "energy crisis" of the 1840s and 1850s. Whale oil was becoming more expensive, and there was supposedly a shortage of wood, which was then being used for making iron and for firing the boilers of steam-powered vessels and locomotives. Was the era of cheap energy over? No. As soon as coal became economically feasible, it came into widespread use. Coal gas supplanted whale oil

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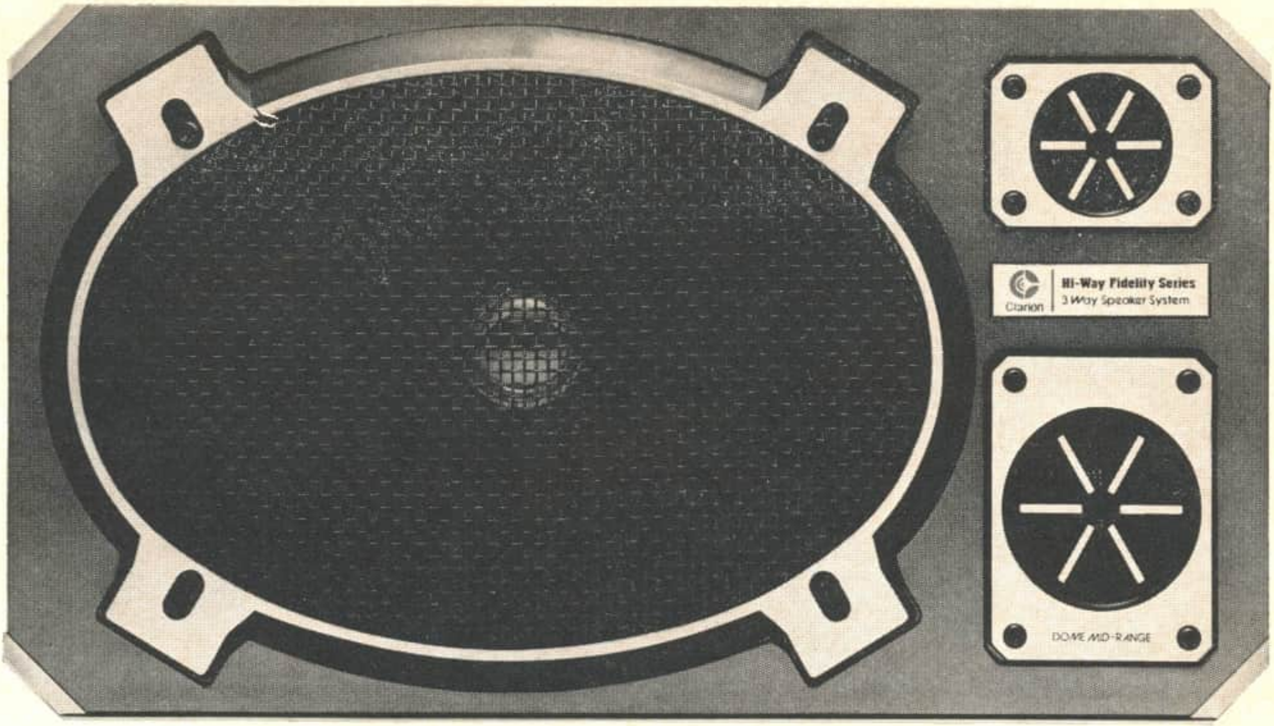
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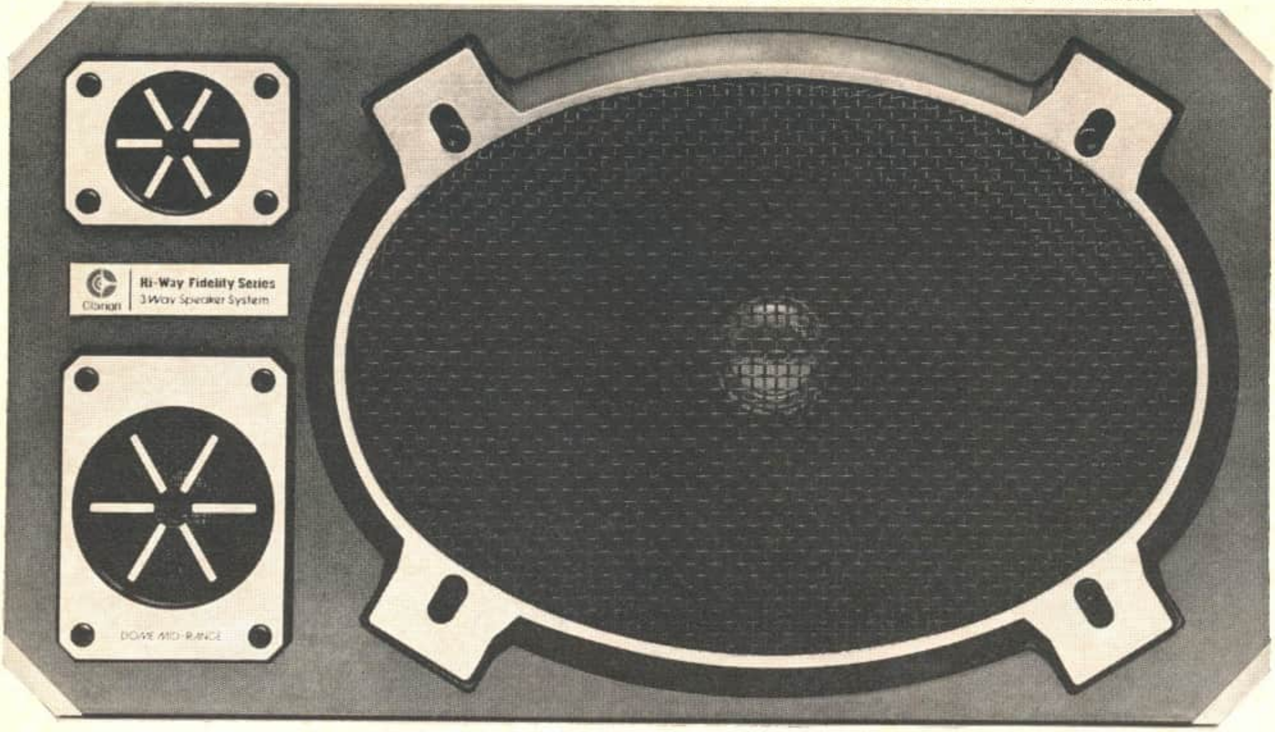

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for use in lamps, and there was a rapid conversion from the use of wood and charcoal to that of coal in the industrial process. Barely had the coal conversion gotten under way when a new form of energy began to be developed—petroleum, which originally sold for twenty dollars a barrel. By 1900, when petroleum had largely supplanted coal as the nation's prime energy source, the price of crude oil had fallen to about a dollar a barrel.

If petroleum has, in fact, become too expensive today, what will happen is what has happened in the past. New technological applications will follow to reduce the price of energy. As such thinkers as Buckminster Fuller have pointed out, we have more reason to be confident of cheaper energy than people have ever had, because our society has attained a higher level of technological competence and economic development. For example, fusion power and geothermal energy, which were totally beyond the capacity of people in the past, could make energy incomparably more abundant and cheaper.

Myth Number Three: All the experts agree that there is an energy crisis; so they must know what they are talking about. All the experts don't agree. Most of those who claim that there is an energy crisis are paid to say so. The current assertion that the world is running short of fossil fuels originates with reports from two of the most politicized oil companies, Shell and Exxon. The same statistics have shown up in one report or document after another, all of which prescribe that everyone must make great sacrifices in order to fend off the supposed crisis. As Lewis Lapham, the editor of *Harper's*, put it: "The documents raise more questions than they answer, questions about the political interests of the people promoting the crisis, about the tenuousness of the available statistics, and, most frequently, about the self-delusion of people."

Myth Number Four: We have only from five to ten years' supply of oil. That is what they said back in 1866 when the U.S. government first proposed production of synthetic fuels for the time when "crude oil production ended." In 1891 the U.S. Geological Survey again testified that America would soon run out of oil. Part of that prediction was that no oil could be found in Texas. In 1919 the U.S. Geological Survey once more warned that the world's supply of oil would be exhausted "within twenty years." Government experts dashed to Scotland to study a crash program for extracting shale oil.

In 1946 another "shortage" was purported to be on the horizon. The public was warned to prepare for the final exhaustion of petroleum supplies. In other words, we have had only a few years' supply of oil remaining for more than 100 years. And while we have been using more each year, proven reserves have not declined; they have rapidly expanded. Year in and year out we have discovered far more oil than we have consumed. Reserves today are greater than they have ever been—almost 700 billion barrels. They are nearly twice as great as they were in 1967 and three times greater than they were in 1957. Put simply, there is an "excess capacity"—almost 5 million barrels a day for the OPEC group alone. By 1980, when the North Sea and North Slope oil could be in full production, the excess capacity could double. Were it not for *politics*, we would be facing a glut on the market.

Myth Number Five: The price of gasoline is higher than ever before. Not so. The price of gasoline is higher than it was a few years ago, but a few years ago it was cheaper than it had ever been. In spite of the combined efforts of OPEC, Exxon, and the federal government, gasoline is still about the same price in real terms as it was back in 1957—when no one said we were in an energy crisis.

Myth Number Six: Gasoline will continue to get more expensive. Granted, it certainly lies within the power of politicians to increase the cost of gasoline—as President Carter recently proposed in suggesting a fifty-cent-a-gallon increase in the gasoline tax. But there is no economic reason why gasoline should continually increase in price. In fact, there are strong reasons why we should believe that it will be cheaper in the future. The fact that proven reserves of petroleum are larger in comparison with annual consumption than they have been in the past is reason enough for expecting a fall in prices.

> No matter what the politicians and inventory clerks say, the world is *not* running out of energy.

One can cite many additional factors: increased use of alternative energy sources should eventually slacken the demand for petroleum. Conservation efforts should greatly increase the mileage efficiency of automobiles and trucks, thus contributing to a decline in demand. And increased production of natural gas could lower the price of crude oil and thus gasoline. No one should be surprised to find that there is still some truth in the adage: "What goes up must come down."

Myth Number Seven: There are no alternatives to the gasoline-powered automobile. Gasoline is a great fuel. It is packed with power, and it remains cheaper than bottled spring water. But in spite of all gasoline's advantages, there are many alternative fuels that could be used to power automobiles. Diesel engines, for example, have been greatly improved in the last fifteen years. They are now smaller, cheaper, and more efficient than ever before. Some of these engines are so much improved that they no longer emit the loathsome smell that has nauseated so many pedestrians unlucky enough to catch a blast from a passing bus.

But diesel engines, whatever their merits, are fired with oil. Diesel fuel is less highly refined than gasoline, but it does come from the same hole in the ground. Many alternative fuels are not petroleum derivatives. For example, both methanol (or wood alcohol) and ethanol (or grain alcohol) can be used in internal-combustion engines. Ethanol (booze) is more expensive than methanol, but it has a higher energy content—about 70 percent that of gasoline as opposed to 50 percent for methanol.

In spite of its lower energy per gallon, alcohol does have some advantages over gasoline. Alcohol is almost nonpolluting, and it has a higher octane rating. It can be used in very-high-compression engines, which explains why almost all drag racers are powered by alcohol.

Myth Number Eight: Once the petroleum is gone, we will never be able to obtain more of it. In a sense, this is a double fallacy. In the first place, the petroleum will never be "gone," because as the supply diminishes its higher price would induce people to shift to petroleum substitutes. But even if one assumes that a wicked witch could wave a wand and drain the earth of petroleum, complex liquid hydrocarbons could be synthesized in laboratories. It is mainly a matter of supply and demand. Other rare and unique substances, such as diamonds, are already successfully produced industrially. At whatever point petroleum becomes scarce enough to justify its synthetic manufacture, it will no doubt be feasible to do so.

Myth Number Nine: Low speed limits are necessary to reduce national energy waste. That is not so. The amount of energy used by cars going faster than fifty-five miles per hour is trivial. In West Germany, where there are *no* speed limits and drivers regularly zip along the freeways at ninety-five to one hundred miles per hour, per-capita oil consumption is less than half of what it is in America.

America's big problem of energy waste arises in other areas. Antiquated production methods are partially at fault. Higher taxes in the United States have so diminished investment that in some respects our industry is becoming backward. Our metallurgical production, for example, is far less efficient than that in West Germany, where a ton of steel can be produced using 33 percent less energy.

Another major source of American energy waste is the moronic design of many commercial and residential buildings. In general, the newer the building, the more energy it swallows up, even though its tenants have little or nothing to show for the consumption. Year by year absent-minded architects simply load their designs with energy-consuming gimmicks, to the point where a single new high-rise building consumes more energy than does a fair-sized town. The new Sears Tower in Chicago, for example, is estimated to require more energy on an annual basis than does the city of Rockford, Ill. The twin towers of the World Trade Center in New York require as much electrical generating capacity as does all of Schenectady, with more than 100,000 residents.

Myth Number Ten: Big cars cannot get good gas mileage. The emergence of the alleged "energy crisis" has given nitwits of all descriptions an outlet to vent their hostility on the automobile. In particular, they have focused their wrath upon the "large, gas-guzzling car"—a machine that, for all its bad press, remains a symbol of the comfortable and independent life.

Undoubtedly, the gasoline efficiency of large cars has declined in the last fifteen years as a consequence of a steady decline in the real cost of gasoline. Now that gasoline prices have risen, so has the mileage efficiency of large cars. But the progress to date is only a fraction of what could be attained. Contrary to the general impression, one of the more important factors in determining mileage is the gearing of the car. Few cars on the road today have gearing setups that enable the driver to attain the maximum conservation of energy. Even the highest gears on most manual transmissions require that the engine revolve once for each turn of the wheels. That means a car must always accelerate—even when it is going downhill. Mileage could be appreciably improved through wider uses of "free-wheeling" mechanisms that keep the engine from slowing down the car at times when its momentum and gravitational energy would otherwise keep it moving without additional power from the engine.

Another way to increase gasoline mileage is to learn how to operate a manual transmission. The so-called stick shift is far more energy-efficient and can be more easily designed to accommodate additional gears. Many automatic transmissions have only two forward gears, thereby assuring that much of the gasoline consumed is wasted.

Myth Number Eleven: The government is trying to stop the waste of gasoline. The government is certainly trying to tax drivers in order to discourage them from owning large automobiles and driving them as fast or as far as they please. And gasoline rationing has been openly advocated by the so-called energy czar, James Schlesinger. Yet while the government is squeezing car owners, supposedly to save 700 million gallons of gasoline a year by 1985, the politicians have done nothing to halt the waste of vast amounts of fuel that are needlessly consumed each year because of their rules and regulations.

For example, from 250 to 500 million gallons go up in smoke because of the inadequate programming of traffic signals. In most urban areas traffic lights predominate at every intersection. These lights force drivers to stop unnecessarily and impede rather than facilitate the flow of traffic. Late at night and early in the morning drivers in many communities must ritually stop at each intersection and waste fuel.

A 1976 study by the House Public Works and Transportation Committee showed that even the most modest of reforms, coordinating traffic signals so that the lights work in conjunction with one another, could save almost 2 billion gallons of gas over ten years. That savings would reduce the output of carbon monoxide by 3.65 billion pounds and take 7.3 million pounds of hydrocarbon pollutants out of the atmosphere.

Myth Number Twelve: Oil cannot be recycled. Each year millions of gallons of dirty motor oil are needlessly poured down the drains of service stations and irretrievably lost in America's underground water table. This oil could be reused. In the past dozens of firms were profitably cleaning and recycling dirty oil, thus proving that oil can be used over and over. Today, in spite of the alleged "energy crisis," most of those firms have been put out of business. Why? The government, acting at the behest of the big oil companies, levied high taxes on crude-oil-recycling firms. Within a few years the new taxes sent most of them packing into bankruptcy court.

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> Gasoline is still about the same price in real terms as it was back in 1957—when no one said we were in an energy crisis.
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Myth Number Thirteen: Large oil companies oppose government domination of the energy industry. In fact, as the fate of the oil-recycling companies demonstrates, some big oil companies welcome government intervention and regulation. In the early days of this century, the big oil companies, which dominated the Texas Railroad Commission and other government regulatory agencies on the state and national levels, instituted policies of government intervention to eliminate independent producers, to keep the price they paid for crude oil low, and to keep the price paid by the consumer as high as possible. In the 1930s troops were actually called in to the fields to close down independents who refused to curtail production and thus increase the price of oil.

In more recent times, oil import quotas have prevented potential competitors of the major oil companies from importing foreign oil and bringing it to market at a lower price. In spite of appearances, much government intervention and regulation is actually preferred by the giant oil companies as a means of obtaining privileges that they could not attain through economic means.

Myth Number Fourteen: Price controls on domestic crude oil lower the cost of gasoline. It doesn't happen that way. Price controls at the wellhead work primarily to reduce the amount the oil companies pay to the original owners of crude oil. While the theory of pricing is too complicated to take up here, the fact is that the prices the consumers pay for refined petroleum products are determined by the cost of the most expensive barrel of oil employed in the refinery process; that is, by a fourteen-dollar barrel purchased from OPEC. As proof of this, consider that the pretax product prices in America are the same as those in Europe, where refiners buy *all* their oil at the OPEC price.

So the price controls on domestic crude oil (which Carter will start phasing out on June 1) do not mean that one pays less for gasoline and may even make one pay more—by limiting the supply coming into the market, thus helping to spare OPEC from competition that might break the cartel. As the *Wall Street Journal* put it, the giant oil companies "have been in the business long enough to sense that, contrary to the popular impression, deregulation would not allow them to collect higher prices in the marketplace."

Myth Number Fifteen: The world is running out of natural gas. In fact, natural gas exists in mind-boggling plenitude. Again, the only problem we have is a political problem of artificial rigging of natural-gas markets by government regulation. The minimum estimate of proven gas reserves is 216 trillion cubic feet at a price of fifty-two cents per thousand cubic feet. At a price of $2.25, experts estimate, the supply would be increased by 1 quadrillion 600 trillion cubic feet, because it would then be feasible to produce gas from Devonian shale in Appalachia, from western "tight sands," and from the coal-seam methane deposits. At a price of between $2.50 and $3 per thousand cubic feet, it would be economically feasible to produce geo-pressured methane in the Gulf of Mexico region, where estimated deposits are as high as 50 quadrillion cubic feet—enough gas to last for 2,500 years at current rates of consumption.

Myth Number Sixteen: Natural gas is too expensive. In fact, natural gas could dramatically increase in price before it became as expensive as alternative forms of energy. One thousand cubic feet of natural gas equals 1 million British Thermal Units (BTUs). Americans currently pay an average of $2.05 per million BTUs of natural gas

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

Wardrobe and jewelry Deco Flash, Los Angeles and Sherman Oaks, Calif.

A MOVEABLE FEAST

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

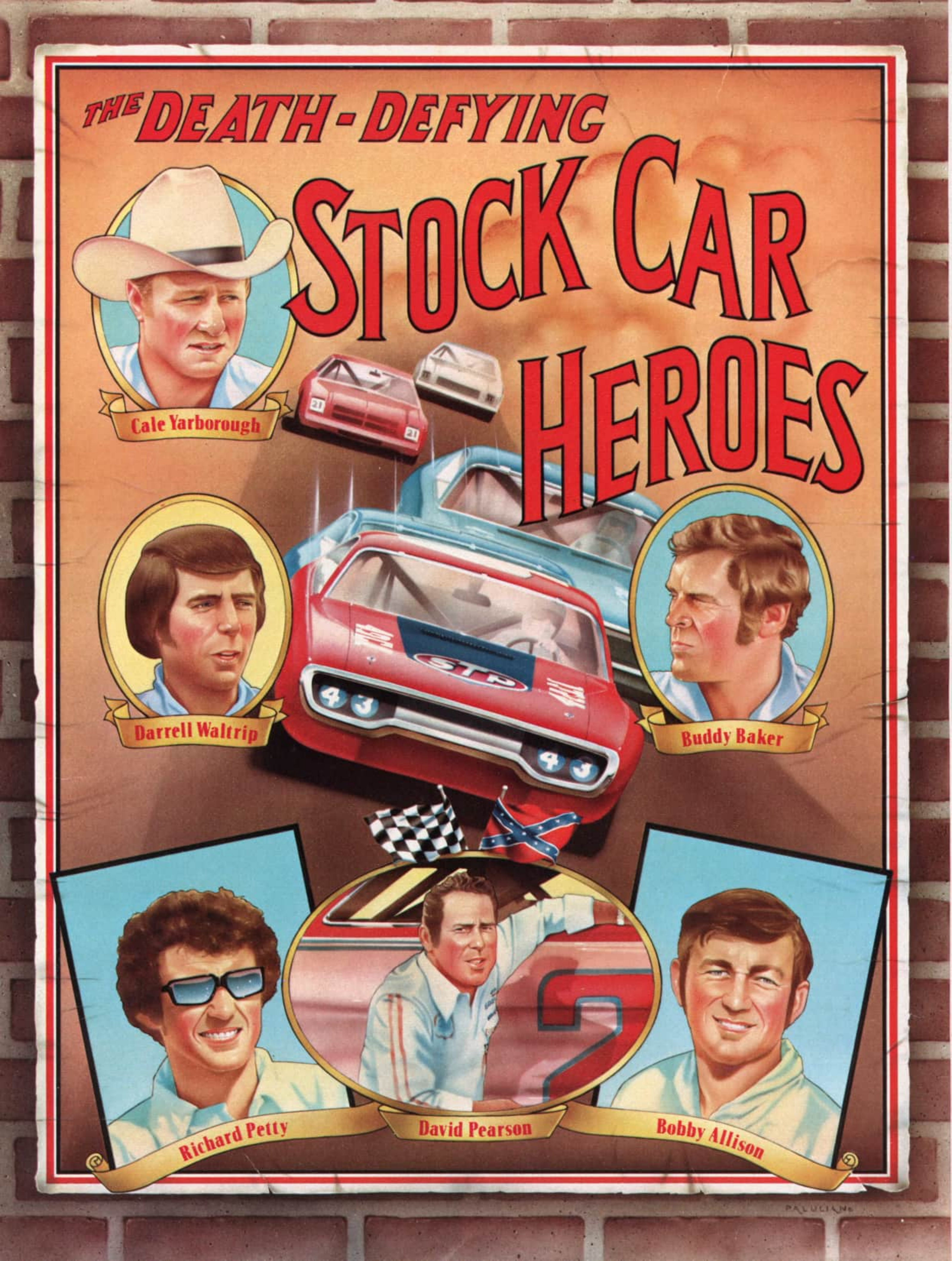
They were highly unflappable flappers; he was a producer with a Gatsbyish gleam in his eye. They dazzled him with their beauty; he dazzled them with his Rolls. "I'll make you starlets," he promised. They were packed in an hour. When they got to his mansion, they raced to the lawn for a coquette's round of croquet. As they teased the balls with their mallets, he felt his appetite grow.

Cocktails were served at seven; they'd let their hair down by eight. "Are you sisters?" he probed when dinner was served. "No, just kissing cousins is all," one replied. "We were named for the Gish sisters—Lillian and Dorothy—and we're just as devoted as *they* were." They giggled, squeezed hands, and began their audition. "This knockwurst is lovely," sighed Dorothy, lapping its juice with her tongue. "But not the real thing," answered Lillian and ventured a delicate bite. "This *isn't* a dress rehearsal," he prompted. In seconds they'd taken his cue.

Casting his make-believe kin-flick, he played the impromptu director. "It's *The Beautiful and the Damned*," he suggested. "Commit a beautiful sin." Dorothy left Lillian's breast, tongued her way down her belly, and found waiting, in this opulent setting, a moist and dreamy lap of luxury. Dessert never came—but they did, of course, with furious first-night abandon. His hand in his own lap was busy; his eyes were fixed on his guests until, gasping, he tabled his motion.

They'd bid, it seemed, a farewell to arms. Buried between each other's legs, they had tasted forbidden cuisine. It was, from his viewpoint, a moveable feast. Their tongue kiss was tender as the night, as they shared the taste of each other in a more than "cousinly" way.

Undaunted by stage fright, the ingenues came, with mysterious multiple tremors; their loud and heated outcries put cool silent-film stars to shame. Only an X-rated talkie, he knew, could ever begin to do justice to their wild, roaring twenties debut . . .


THE DEATH-DEFYING
STOCK CAR HEROES
Cale Yarborough
Darrell Waltrip
Buddy Baker
STP
43
21
Richard Petty
David Pearson
Bobby Allison
PALULIAN

Like the world's fastest freight train, the six greatest stock car racers drift in a pack, bumper to bumper, at 200 mph.

It has been a terrible, tough haul, babe, but my kidneys are working again. The starboard one came back yesterday. I'm not exactly restored yet: I still give off a faint smell of Seven and Seven on hot days at the speedway. But I'm feeling better. There was a time when Steuben would have paid big money for my liver. The doctors figured that it had turned into a chunk of absolute crystal from hanging out with the stock car racers.

Hanging out with NASCAR (National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing) drivers was my job at one time. They raced; I did public relations for Goodyear. And now it can be told: there was a bit of drinking. We partied on occasion. We had been known to look with kindly southern tolerance upon fallen women, even those who were just teetering a bit.

These guys were a different breed of men. There were Fireball Roberts and Curtis Turner and Joe Weatherly and Darel Dieringer and many more. They'd race all day and then get to the real competition at the Heart of Charlotte Bar, the Darlington Motel, Robinson's, and Mac's Famous Bar in Daytona—the whole circuit.

These guys had once driven a car into a swimming pool after they had consumed a few gallons of "white lightning" and another time had raced backward to Charlotte Airport. There were times when they had to stop partying because the sun had come up—not that the sun coming up made all that much difference, but they had to go racing. And they did. They went out and drove like madmen. And then they went back to the bar and said, "Now where was I?"

I thought of those guys when I rolled into Charlotte, looking for somebody to party with. I knew that a lot of the really wild ones were gone, but enough old-timers had to be left for a shooter or two. David Pearson and Richard Petty and Cale Yarborough and Buddy Baker and Bobby Allison were still around, winning races as they had been doing for nearly twenty years. They would be good for a party. And the new kid in town, Darrell Waltrip. He had to be wild; otherwise he wouldn't be winning races. That is the unwritten rule.

It seemed odd that there were no race drivers in the old Heart of Charlotte Bar (now a Holiday Inn) on the night before the Charlotte 500. Or any fans. Or fallen women. It was just like any other Saturday night on North Tryon Street. I went to bed.

But the next morning was just like the good old days. Traffic was backed up to East St. Louis, and the infield was filled with campers and pickups and '57 Chevys. Wisps of campfires were bluing the morning air, and exactly half the people were throwing up.

Forty race cars were neatly lined up along the pit road, looking as menacing as ever. The same air of toughness was there—a blend of mechanized tension and ballsiness. All right, then. We would catch up on the partying at the next stop. The crowd had just changed bars; they were getting drunk or laid somewhere else.

The rest of the scenario was the same: Bruton Smith, the Speedway's president, drawled the magic words, the engines roared, 42,000 fans roared even louder, everybody in the infield quickly sobered up, and the cars began to move around the one-and-one-half-mile oval.

As the field came out of Turn Four, the starter waved the green flag and all hell broke loose. Pearson went screaming into the first turn at 170 mph, with Yarborough right beside him. Neither of them backed off as they headed for the same spot on the track—the "groove," that line around the turn where everybody can go through faster than on any other place on the track, the only place, in fact, where they can go through at that speed without breaking their cars or their asses. Or both.

Yarborough's red, white, and blue racer bobbled slightly as he flashed under the GN Tower, going into the corner. But he kept his foot to the floor and deftly tucked his racer in behind Pearson's with about two inches to spare. Everybody in the stands instinctively hunched up their shoulders a little bit in order to give him room. Up high, about three inches from the wall, Petty zinged past two cars that had started in front of him.

Now Bobby Allison and Darrell Waltrip began to weave their way up front, driving like madmen. By the time the field reached the start/finish line again, the leaders looked like the world's fastest freight train coming down the track. The first fourteen cars were in single-file, close-order formation. All were neatly tucked into the high-speed parade, each about a foot apart, running in the common airfoil they had created. They call it drafting: the car in front does the work of splitting the air, while the ones behind it go faster because of the reduced air drag. It takes balls to do that at 175 mph, but maybe that sums up the character of the race driver.

After eight laps Richard Petty had moved his Chevy from ninth place to third and was riding in the draft, which was down to six cars. Skill had brought him through the pack. Courage was keeping him in the draft.

BY WILLIAM NEELY

Lap after lap they hurtled down the straightaways at more than 170 mph and roared through the turns at 160. Petty took the lead. Then Pearson. Then Yarborough. Then Waltrip. And Petty again. Then, while everybody else pitted, Allison whipped out front.

If you were to stop the race at this point and pull out six of those rascals and stand them beside their cars, here is what they would look like and here is what they would tell you.

Richard Petty: They call him King Richard because he has won twice as many stock car races as anybody else in history, and made $3 million doing so. Petty is forty-one. Tall, thin, and handsome, he leans casually against his blue and red Chevy. His hair glistens as he pulls off his crash helmet; he fishes around in his pocket for the stump of a cigar he put there before the race began. His broad smile reveals a set of teeth that would make an orthodontist wave a checkered flag. Petty has the largest following of fans in auto racing. Can he catch Yarborough, who is leading at the moment?

"I reckon I can," he says, "but I'm not *real* sure. He's goin' fast all the way around. There's one thing about Cale: you know what he's going to do. You know he's gonna run just as hard as he can. With a fellow like Pearson—or me sometimes—you don't never know when he's runnin' hard or not. He might just be keepin' up and not even runnin' hard. But if Cale's just keepin' up, you know he's runnin' as hard as he can. Otherwise he'd be in front of you.

"There's a world of difference between being fast and being quick," he adds. "Being fast means you can outrun all them other cats down the straightaways, but being quick means you can get all the way around the track quicker than anybody else. Which would you rather have: a car that runs like crazy to the corner, then goes all over the place, or a car that runs down the straights pretty good, then goes through the corner just as fast? If you're smart, you'll take the car that runs as good in the corners as it does down the straightaways."

But most of this season Petty didn't have a car that ran all that well in the corners *or* in the straightaways. In midseason he switched to a Chevrolet Monte Carlo and became more competitive, but he still remains winless for the year.

"I'm not runnin' any *worse*. All them other cats is just runnin' *better*. But once we get this new suspension figured out, we'll be back there in the winner's circle," he said, with the same note of confidence that runs through all the drivers. In fact, in this sport, where the idea of being "competitive" is a two-lap lead at the start, they are surprised only when they *don't* win.

Cale Yarborough: There is not a tougher driver anywhere. As he leans against his car, his right elbow on the edge of the windshield and his chin resting in his cupped right hand, you can tell that he is planning to stay in first place. He is built like his Chevy—low and muscled. In the last two years he has won the championship and nearly $1 million.

"What's it like out there? Well, for one thing, it's pretty fast," he says. "But, man, I love that sensation of speed. I've been in this business twenty years, and I love it as much as I did the first time I ever raced. But I'll tell you one thing: if I ever lose that love for speed, I'll be the first to know and I'll quit. I'll jump off on top. 'Cause I couldn't stand to be out there if I didn't feel I was going to win every race."

David Pearson: Nobody uses his head as much as David Pearson does, on or off the track. His cool good looks and charm make Pearson the most authoritative of the drivers. He is sitting on the fender, running one hand through his wavy, salt-and-pepper hair. Pearson has won 103 NASCAR races and $2 million. He is a grandfather. Like Yarborough and Petty, he speaks with a soft Carolina accent.

"Am I nervous before a race? Naw, you get used to it. Aw, I used to get tensed up right before the race and have to run to the bathroom—which I do now—but it's not on account of I really have to go; I just know it's gonna be three or four hours before I can go again.

> ‘I hit flat against the wall with the driver's side of the car. Damn, did I hit *hard*! It's weird to hear your own bones breaking.’

"I don't think about how dangerous it is. After it's over, I just go home and work on my garden. Hey, did I tell you about my watermelons? Hell, I put so much fertilizer around them that the vines is growin' so fast they're wearin' the melons out just draggin' 'em around."

Bobby Allison: One-third of the "Alabama Gang" (the other two-thirds are brother Donnie and Neil Bonnett), Bobby Allison has the sharp, chiseled features of an Indian. Allison has pulled out of his "hard luck" period and is again winning races after a year's drought. With a polite, easy manner, the slender veteran of seventeen years of NASCAR racing reluctantly talks of his fifty-one career victories:

"The whole thing boils down to the personal satisfaction of being able to control this big piece of machinery, being able to push it to its limit. You just have to recognize the limit and stay right at the edge of it, right on the brink of disaster. And you have to maneuver yourself into a situation that puts you in front of the other guys. You get a feeling of accomplishment when you win—even when you run well."

Buddy Baker: He is another member of the exclusive millionaires' club, which, as his daddy, former NASCAR champion Buck Baker, says, means "you've won a million dollars, but you've also spent a million getting there." Baker is competitive even when his car isn't. He became the first man in the world to complete a 500-mile race in less than three hours (Talladega in 1976). The six-foot-five-inch, 225-pound Baker also was the first man to drive a stock car over 200 mph (again, at Talladega).

"My worst crash? That's easy. At Daytona in 1968. I was runnin' laps of 197 miles an hour in a Firestone tire test. I came down out of the front chute at about 215 when something up front broke, and I did a 180-degree turn. I hit flat against the wall with the driver's side of the car. Damn, did I hit *hard!* It's weird to hear your own bones cracking. There wasn't nothin' left of the car, and I went to the hospital for a while.

"But havin' a bad one like that helps. You get to feelin', 'Well, what can be any worse than that?' That's as nasty a wreck as you can have. So I got that out of the way.

"But I'll tell you something about today's race: I sure could use a little more horsepower. I mean, I'm tired of swingin' on everything out there. I'm playin' the kite system, just hangin' on everything movin'. If I lose the draft, I'm done. I'm plumb wore out from tryin' to keep up. Hell, I was tired walkin' to the car this morning."

Darrell Waltrip: The fact that Darrell Waltrip wasn't around for the good old days of NASCAR doesn't seem to make one bit of difference to him. He has already won nearly $1 million in just seven seasons and, at thirty-two, is clearly the hottest "young" driver on the circuit. It is all relatively new to him, and so perhaps the suave, impeccably dressed Waltrip can take a more objective look at the top drivers and can tell who is the hardest to beat, day in and day out:

"Cale's awful hard to beat. Cale's a driver. He drives a car for all it's worth, from start to finish. And Richard and David are smart. They'll wear you out and beat you on the last lap. Cale will just run off and hide from you. He'll just drive the car into the ground. I saw him at Martinsville, where he backed the car into the wall so hard it drove the sheet metal all the way up into the backseat, and the rear end was just jammed in there. And he went on and finished second. And at Rockingham he tore the car all to pieces and went out there and drove like there was nothing wrong with it. Now that's a competitor! If I tore my car up that bad, I'd probably look at it and say, 'Hell, we better park this thing before somebody gets hurt.'

"Cale is probably the hardest driver of all. And, like I say, Pearson and Petty are supersmart. They work you. They're like two old sheep dogs. They herd you around all day; then they get you up in the corner and *bite* you."

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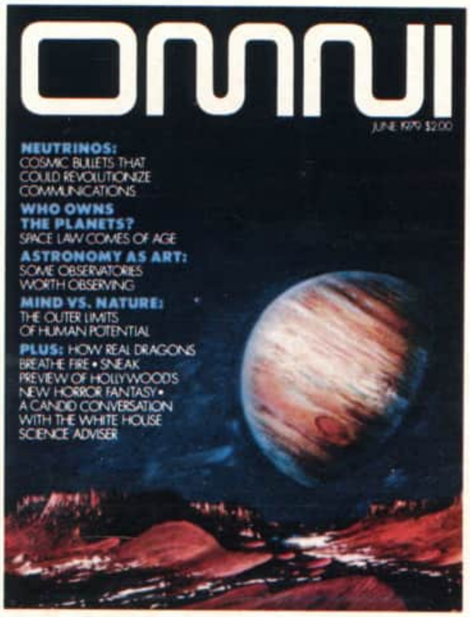

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But who is *really* the hardest to beat? Waltrip says that it's Cale or maybe David or Richard; Petty says that it's David; David says it's Petty; Buddy says it's Cale or Richard; Cale and Bobby say it's all of them. So we'll just put them back into their cars to see whether we can find out.

Petty—good old quick-in-the-corners Richard Petty—takes the lead near the halfway point as Cale Yarborough's engine gives out, but Yarborough doesn't even have time to get out of the car because, even before it stops rolling, Junior Johnson and his crew start to perform the miraculous task of installing a new motor in twelve minutes.

As they approach the 400-mile mark, Petty is forced out with ignition problems—which had also removed Buddy Baker from the race earlier. The rest appears simple: Allison takes over the lead at 411 miles and stays out in front to win. But the lead had changed hands forty times up to that point. At the end Waltrip was in second place, less than thirty seconds back.

After the Victory Circle ceremonies I looked around for the drivers. After all, I had to find out where the party was being held that night. But instead of playing the usual post-race grab-ass games in the garage area, the drivers had disappeared into the motor homes or buildings in the infield. "Gotta check on my stocks," said Yarborough, glancing at his gold Rolex. "There's a *Wall Street Journal* in the Union Building. Didn't get a chance to read it before the race."

"You mean they got the *Journal* in there?" Petty asked.

The *Journal*, indeed.

I was beginning to wonder whether there was going to *be* a party.

The crews loaded up the cars and headed out. The drivers went home for a few days before the Ontario race. None of them stayed over the extra night for what used to be the well-we-got-through-another-one party.

Two weeks later in California it became apparent that there wasn't going to be any big party. Good Lord, the drivers have become businessmen, and the sport has become a profession. There is too much money involved. The drivers have become such national heroes that they wouldn't go out and raise hell even if their sponsors didn't demand a better image from them. Which they do.

Why has it all changed?

"Professionalism," says Bobby Allison. "There was a time when the sport was so unprofessional that all a lot of the drivers did was raise hell. But I think we've realized that we aren't just the idols of some little South Carolina town or a little Alabama town—or even a big Alabama town—but someone who is recognized all over the country. This would sober almost anyone up."

"I don't think the good ol' days were *that* damn good," says Baker. "My daddy ran a race one time where the winner was supposed to get a ham and a bottle of whiskey, and do you know he won that race and found out that it was a bottle of wine."

"You have to be so damn discreet," Waltrip says. "As your popularity grows, you find you can't even go into the local tavern and have five or six and start getting a little rowdy, because somebody will recognize you and it usually ends up in a fight. I mean, some people dislike you even if they don't know you personally, and they say, 'Well, that guy's a smart ass; listen to him.' Whether you are or not, it doesn't make any difference at that stage."

Waltrip's eyes narrow slightly as he talks of the good old days.

"I'm sorry I never knew Curtis Turner or Fireball Roberts or Joe Weatherly, because they were legendary. But at least I know Richard and David; that's some consolation. But, damn, Curtis and that bunch must have been some kind of wild. Curtis used to drive some for the Wood Brothers, and they really liked him, in spite of how straight they are. They liked him because he just drove the car. It didn't matter if it handled or not; he just *drove* it. They told me about Rockingham one year when the track was still flat and it took five or six hours to run 500 miles.

> ‘Pearson and Petty are like two old sheep dogs. They herd you around all day; then they get you up in the corner and *bite* you.’

"Well, Curtis had been up to Charlotte, partying all night before the race, and when the Wood brothers got to the track, they found ol' Curtis asleep on the creeper, half under the race car. Well, Leonard Wood was just havin' a fit and callin' Curtis a scoundrel and all that, but do you know that sumbitch won the race that day? Leonard said Curtis had to be the toughest man he had ever met. Hell, it's bothering me today, and I didn't get *that* drunk last night."

What do the *old-timers* say about the good old days?

"It used to be a roughneck sport," says Junior Johnson, former NASCAR great turned car owner. "We used to beat on each other out there on the track and then go out and party all night. Now it's a business operation, and if you're not a good businessman, you're not in it long. As far as today's racing is concerned, my driver, Yarborough, is just as good as any driver I run against in the past. But we didn't have what we call good-handlin' cars. All the drivers that I drove against knew how to drive if a car didn't handle good. *They* made the adjustments.

"Today, if you don't have a good-handlin' and good-runnin' car, you're out of it from the start. Used to be, if we had a car that was too loose—say, you couldn't hold it and the back end tried to get out from under you—we knew how to compensate for that. In the old days it was the driver more than it was the car," Johnson says.

"There's no way a driver coming in today can envision how hard racing was when I started back twenty-five years ago," says Darel Dieringer, who won the Southern 500 in 1966. "If you tried to keep somebody from passin' you, well, hell, that sumbitch, he'd just run into you. And the tracks were worse then. It used to be at Darlington that we would have to brush against the wall coming out of turn four so we could get the right line on the straightaway. Damn, you'd come out of that turn and hit that wall, and it sounded like someone had dropped an armload of kindling inside your car.

"One year I had the car ground down to the roll bar because I'd lost my brakes and I was slowin' it down on the guardrail. My car caught fire three or four times, and I had to keep going into the pits to get the fire put out.

"And it used to be that, if you went to bed the night before a race, you weren't much of a race driver," Dieringer added.

"We used to have to run those old dirt tracks," says Buck Baker, "and it was so damn dusty you couldn't see anything. One time I was followin' this car, and he drove through the fence. Well, hell, I didn't know it, and I followed him right out in the parking lot and hit him. He was just madder 'n hell. 'Why'd you hit me, Buck?' he asked. 'I mean, goddamn, I'm in the *parking* lot.' And I told him, 'Hell, I thought we were on the track.' "

They may have calmed down somewhat, but don't get the impression that today's heroes are soft. They are still tough. And as brave as Dick Tracy. Grand National stock car racing is one of the toughest sports in the world. The stress placed upon a driver in a 500-mile race, where the temperature reaches 140 degrees in the cockpit and where they are drafting at 200 mph, is one of the most physically and mentally demanding things a man can hold up under.

"It's a full day's work," says Allison. "It isn't hard to drive a stock car one lap, or even two or three, but it becomes worse as the race goes on. It's like rowing a boat. You have to learn to get the pace going for you. It's a four- or five-hour continuous journey with no time-outs and no defensive teams, and things begin to pyramid on you. The wide-open lap is demanding, and the wide-open lap with just one car you're trying to beat is even worse. Compared to a lot of other sports, it's a whole week's work in one day."

"Sometimes it gets so hot on the steering wheel that it will burn your hands if you

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move them, and you have to put them back where they were," says Petty. "Your lips blister, and the floorboard gets so hot that the heels on your shoes melt, and you have to keep lifting them so they won't stick."

"At times I've won and been so tired I couldn't get out of the car," says Yarborough. "I've played every sport there is, and I don't know of one that takes more out of you physically and mentally than a 500-mile race. You can lose fifteen pounds in a race."

"It'll wear you out," says Waltrip. "But it's also tough on you mentally. Running bumper to bumper with a guy at 170 or 180 miles an hour takes total commitment; the whole race does, every inch of the way. If you're not beaming in on the guy directly in front of you, you're checking your gauges or talking on the two-way radio to your pits. You can't take your mind off it for a split second. And when the race is over, my ears ring for two days, and at times I have a headache for days. The helmets weigh seven or eight pounds, and drivers end up with pinched nerves and calcium deposits and all sorts of weird things.

"I've been out there when I couldn't even concentrate on driving the car," Waltrip adds. "My neck was hurting so bad, and my back hurt worse. Boy, when your neck goes on you with that old helmet on top of your head, you just have to get out of the race car, because you never can straighten it up when you're running through those turns. The force pulls your head over to the right, and all the muscles in the side of your face, down your shoulders, and in your back throb. You can't drive a race car all that good when you're hurtin' like that.

"That's why the more physical drivers do a better job. Cale's terribly physical. He don't have a neck. His head just sits there on his shoulders. *His* neck never gives out, and he's big up in his shoulders. He can lay up on top of that steering wheel all day long and just grind away. Me and ol' Richard, we've got these old long, lanky necks, and it's a lot harder on us."

Yarborough says, "If you're leading, you don't feel tired at all. I don't notice the headache or the ringing in my ears until I get out of the car. Your back can be breaking and you'll never notice it on a good day. But it's terrible when you take all that punishment and you end up running fifth or sixth, two or three laps behind. That's when you get in the shower and say, 'Damn, I need to find me a different job.' "

Another peril lies in concentration.

"It gets so boring that there are times I lose where I'm at," says Petty. "If it wasn't for my crew, I wouldn't have a clue. It's not as bad as it used to be, because the competition is better now. It used to be I'd get a six- or seven-lap lead and just naturally lose my concentration. All I had to do to win the race was just *miss* everybody, and that took the thrill out of it. Everybody likes to win, and you think you'd like to be out there all by yourself; but when it's all over, you'd rather beat somebody by a foot than by a whole lap. You just feel more satisfied. I haven't felt satisfied much lately."

"It's *not* boring," Yarborough says. "I have never seen the same thing happen twice. Every foot of the race track is different, and every lap is different. You can't let your mind wander for one second. I mean, this sport takes more concentration than any other sport in the world. Anything that takes that much concentration can't be boring."

Waltrip says, "I've been in some races where I couldn't wait for them to get over; the car wouldn't work, and there was nothing you could do about it. You know, you get used to racing with David and Cale and those guys, and if you find yourself back there racing with some of the guys you don't want to race with, well, there's an old expression: 'When you mess with squirrels, you get your nuts busted.' "

One thing for sure, the drivers never get bored on short tracks, because too much is happening. If they are running badly, they still have to spend every second staying out of the way of the other cars. It is one big mess, with no long straightaways where you can scrunch down in your seat and relax your shoulders, and there's never a break in the traffic. Hell, they start forty cars on those half-mile, high-banked asphalt tracks.

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>
> Your lips blister
> and the floorboard gets
> so hot that the heels
> on your shoes melt, and
> you have to keep lifting them
> so they won't stick.
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But on a short track the drivers can take out some of their aggressions. There, if you get mad at a guy, you can wale him a good one, and it doesn't hurt a thing. It's much tenser on a superspeedway: you can't take it out on the other guy, because you certainly don't want him to crash at 200 mph.

"The nice thing about a short track," says Waltrip, "is that a guy might do something to you on a superspeedway and the next week you can take it out on him on a short track and knock hell out of him."

"There are people all the way around at those short tracks," says Yarborough. "It's like being in a big bowl. You drive down in the first turn, and it looks like you're gonna run right into the crowd. You could pick out your own mother. And there's never a straight body panel on any car when the race is over. There are black tire marks all over the sides, and the grills and trunks are all mashed in. Damn, that's racin'!

"Somebody goes into the corner, and he gets on his brakes quicker than you do, and you bump into him. If you had a mind to, you could stay mad all day on a short track, but you've got to give a little and bump a little. That's the way short-track racin' is. It sure is fun."

If 4,000-pound Dodg'em cars traveling at 120 mph is fun, what about the dangers? The drivers agree that crashing is way down on the list of things they look forward to. They don't think much about the hit-the-wall-and-limp-into-the-pits type of crash. They think about crashes like the one Petty had at Darlington when his car flipped end over end half a dozen times. Crashes of grinding intensity get their attention.

But what actually goes through their minds? What are they doing as the car hurtles through the air?

"When you're out of control and you know it, you still keep thinking of what you can do to make the situation better," says Baker. "Sometimes you can direct the slide with the brakes, or you can turn the wheel a certain way to keep the car away from the wall. You're thinking the whole time through. You don't just close your eyes and hold on. I've been upside down and still mashin' the brakes."

"No one thing goes through my mind when I'm spinning," says Petty. "It's just reflex action. It all happens so fast . . . I just react. Or times I guess I don't react—I don't really know. The real bad wreck I had at Darlington is a good example. The last thing I remember, I was still turning the steering wheel when I got knocked out cold from hittin' the wall the first time. I had lost control for sure. But I've never thought much about that one, because I was plumb unconscious when I done all the flippin' and crashin'. It just tore the car all to pieces, but, in my mind, I wasn't even involved in it. When I see the films, it don't do nothin' for me. It is just as if it had happened to someone else.

"I don't remember anything between hittin' the wall and wakin' up in the hospital. So I just tell myself, 'That wasn't me out there.'

"But most of the times you're conscious, and it all happens superquick. You're always turnin' the steering wheel and hopin' that something else will happen or that you're not gonna hit the wall at the angle you think you are. I'm on the brakes and steerin' or doin' something. I've never had time to get down on the floorboards and cover up my head.

"No, there's no one thing I can remember ever flashin' through my mind," Petty recalls. "Because I'm consumed with gettin' out of the trouble I've already gotten into. There's no use steerin' when you're upside down. But we do. We do everything we can to land it."

"You don't think much while it's happening or even after it's over," Allison reveals. "Oh, later you think about the hurting, but either you're working on the race car all night so you can run the next day or you're laying in a hospital bed, wondering when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978.
Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
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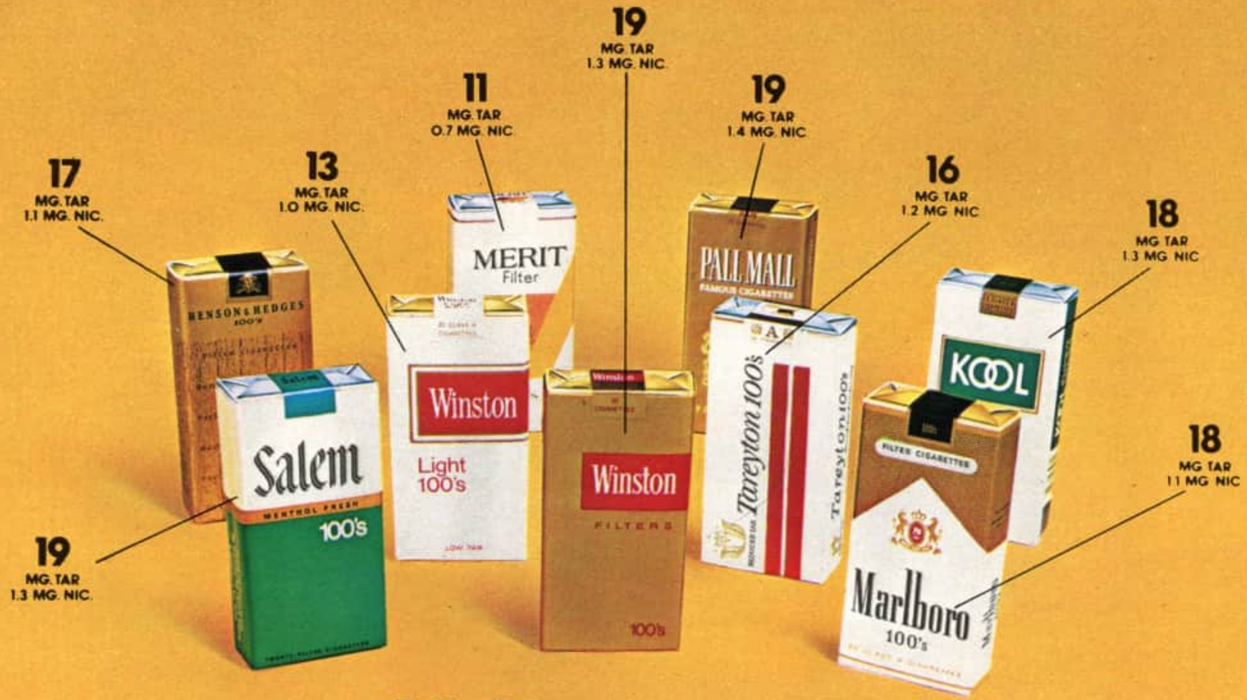
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A privileged encounter with the most spectacular businessman in the Arab world. Adnan Khashoggi flies 60,000 miles a month in a private Boeing 727 to oversee companies in thirty-eight countries. His friends range from Richard Nixon to the king of Saudi Arabia.

The Khashoggi Phenomenon

BY ANDREW DUNCAN

The telephone call came through to London just before midnight on Saturday. "This is Bob Shaheen. Would you be able to see the Chief tomorrow morning at about ten o'clock?"

"Yes. Where?"

"In Cannes."

For Adnan Khashoggi, Saudi Arabia's most visible multinational entrepreneur, distance and time are irrelevant. He travels 60,000 miles a month in his green-and-white Boeing 727 (gold-colored—*not* gold-plated—bathroom fittings, Telexes, six color televisions with videocassettes, separate wardrobes for Cifonelli suits and gold-embroidered *thawbs*), an updated bedouin flitting from one continent to another, arranging deals, smoothing problems, allegedly bribing government officials, and surrounding himself and his clients with conspicuous symbols of status like yachts, expensive cars, beautiful women, and hospitality on a scale that impresses the most dour bankers as much as it alarms their blue-rinsed wives.

His uninhibited life-style, the basis for Harold Robbins's novel *The Pirate*, is financed by a reputed $500 million in profits over the last few years ($200 million in 1977 alone).

"People are hypocrites," he says. "They don't know how to live. Many of them would like to live as I do, but they don't dare. They are afraid of what others would say. I enjoy living pleasantly. I can afford it. I have worked hard for it. Why should I deprive myself? In the beginning there was hostility in Saudi Arabia because they thought I was exposing myself too much. Now they have become used to it. I'm not afraid. I have nothing to hide. Whatever I enjoy others enjoy with me."

As I flew to meet Khashoggi, he was reported to have "abducted" his five children from his wife, Soraya (née Sandra Jarvis-Daly of Leicester, whom he married when she was seventeen), and another newspaper disclosed, "London's newest nightclub, Le Privé, designed to become the capital's most exclusive joint, opened last year. Fabled Arabian 'Mr. Fixit' Adnan Khashoggi is said to be one of the names barred from membership. This might be because he is a flashy Arab!"

Illustration by Mike Presley

It was mid-afternoon in September, the best time for the Riviera, and Robert Shaheen sat in his room at the Majestic Hotel in Cannes with all the curtains drawn and shutters closed. He wondered aloud, yet again, about the criticism that always envelops his boss. Once he searched for a comparison: "It happened to Caesar, to Jesus, and it happens today when a man has great visions and dares to be different."

Five identical black briefcases with combination locks were stacked on a dressing-room table. He used to travel with twenty-six—one for each letter of the alphabet. In spite of the reduction, he claims that within minutes he can provide any relevant information to Khashoggi, whom he calls "the Chief." "It sounds more pleasant than 'boss,' less authoritarian, and reveals his character. The Chief is the most wonderful, kind person. He is wise and a true believer in the golden rule. Quite a guy—as you will see. But you will have one problem. You are going to like him."

Shaheen is tall and immaculate in a three-piece, pinstriped suit, which he wears everywhere, including the desert. He feels such formality indicates that he is always on duty—thus allowing the Chief time to relax. "I try to be never in the way and never out of the way."

An American of Syrian descent, he has been Khashoggi's amanuensis since the early days, and he gives a deceptive impression of being an old-fashioned courtier who stretches hyperbole about his boss into the realms of fantasy. He is a yes-man only in public, disagreeing and giving shrewd advice in private.

Like others in the Khashoggi entourage, he exudes B-movie bonhomie, but for all the apparent openhandedness, he is cautious about publicity. Employees now have to sign a closely typed four-page contract agree-

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From the forthcoming book *Money Rush*, to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.
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ing not to disclose any information whatsoever about the company—even the existence of the contract.

Shaheen, making telephone calls to all parts of the world from his Cannes bedroom, taped some of them on a pocket recorder "so the Chief can get the full measure of the conversation and not just a summary," and glanced through a book he was reading, Robert J. Ringer's *Looking Out for Number One*. "He hits home in a few places."

He does not really need guidance on the subtleties and gestures that separate winners from losers. He has picked up a number of tips over the years. When Khashoggi is entertaining at a restaurant, Shaheen excuses himself toward the end, nips round the back to settle the account, and then returns nonchalantly to the table. Lo, there will be no embarrassing rustle of paper money, no signing of credit cards or checks. It is a scrap of etiquette he learned from the governor of Mecca himself, Prince Fawwaz ibin Abdulaziz. "That's elegance . . . class," he explains. "That's what separates us from those who believe we are merely ostentatious."

The telephone rang. It was the Chief, checking on a few details, fixing appointments, and making arrangements for a dinner party on board his yacht that evening.

"Go back to your room," said Shaheen. "You are now in a holding pattern."

The Saudi answer to the American dream was about to be revealed, for Khashoggi sees himself as spiritual successor to the pioneering hucksters of those long-lost days before uptight investigative journalists and messy international restrictions began to destroy the incentive of entrepreneurs. "We have the same opportunities now that the Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, and J. P. Morgan had in putting America together," he says. "But we don't have 10 percent of the corruption that went into the United States at that time."

Well, now . . . his heroes may have been egomaniacs, not too fastidious about the finer ethical considerations in life; they may have been into extortion (for profit) and bribery or blackmail (for profit) and art (for tax reasons) and public relations (for transforming profit into charity), but . . . Khashoggi is hardly the Cinderella of the Middle Eastern money rush, cruelly exploited by the ugly stepsisters of American capitalism and international big business.

His millions have been accumulated largely because arms manufacturers value his close friendship with members of the Saudi Arabian royal family. It is said that he has bought influence in the United States by political contributions of doubtful legality and accepted money which was meant for bribes. But he is at least prepared to defend his actions and is far less squeamish about his image than Sir Shapoor Reporter or Iraj Sabet in Iran, or Mohammed Mahdi al-Tajir in the United Arab Emirates, or the phalanx of self-seekers serving the Sultan of Oman.

Khashoggi anticipated and set some of the rules of the money rush. "If someone says to me, 'I love you,' I am more suspicious of him than of the guy who tells me, 'I hate you.' But for the guy who says, 'I just want to make money'—God bless him. That's the guy I want to deal with. We want profit-orientated thinking. With Western technology and Middle East money, we can go places in the new world that is coming."

As for sentiment: "We sell projects, but we try not to fall in love with them."

The family fortune was started by his father, Mohammed, who as personal physician to King Ibn Saud imported the first generator to Mecca in order to run an X-ray machine. He rented out the generator, which became the basis of an electrical company that still exists.

Adnan was sent to Victoria College, a British-style boarding school in Alexandria, where the "character-building" system of cold showers and early-morning runs did so much to inspire—or kill—the puritan spirit in those members of the Arab elite that it enriched, including King Hussein and Hisham Nazer. He learned the art of buying popularity and spent half his pocket money on entertaining classmates, thereby discovering information that led quickly to his first entrepreneurial success. He introduced the father of one classmate who wanted to import towels to the father of another who owned a textile factory. He received a gift of $400 "for doing practically nothing."

"People are hypocrites," says Khashoggi. "Many of them would like to live as I do, but they don't dare."

After Victoria College, he was sent to study petroleum engineering at the Colorado School of Mines but arrived on the East Coast during a blizzard, hated the cold, and disappeared to San Francisco, where he enrolled in an economics program at Chico State University, lived in a cheap hotel room (which he divided in half with chairs and called a "suite"), and taught his friends that the essence of obtaining credit was to create confidence. Usually, they learned this valuable lesson with their own money. Once he borrowed five dollars from a classmate to buy a pack of cigarettes. "Keep the change," he told the shopkeeper to the horror of his friend. Adnan explained, "My bill is due tomorrow, and I don't have the money. If I tip nearly five dollars, it means I have plenty of money, and they won't ask for immediate payment."

Traditional education was of little use to a man of such imagination. He left Chico State, went to Stanford for a term, and then returned to Saudi Arabia. "I was very excited about the possibilities. I wanted to industrialize Arabia overnight but found it difficult. No banks would talk to me. A local entrepreneur lacked credibility and experience in what is called 'packaging.' "

Nevertheless, through friendship with Prince Mohammad ibin Saud, then minister of defense, and contacts made in the United States, Khashoggi was asked to supply Kenworth trucks for the army. His commission of $245,000 helped him win a contract to service Dhahran air base. He denies that royal connections are of any use. "Royal princes have many friends and personal relationships, as in any free, civilized society. However, these intimacies are never the basis of personal benefits or grants to privileged friends."

Later, to Pentagon officials, he was even more emphatic. "Prince Sultan does not need Adnan Khashoggi. If he wants $10 million, all he has to do is take it from the government. Adnan Khashoggi will never offer Prince Sultan money—that is like a beggar offering riches to a king."

His first company, however, the Alnasr Trading and Industrial Corporation, was backed financially by King Saud, who also gave him a fifty-year monopoly to develop Saudi Arabian gypsum deposits.

Foreign firms, impressed by Khashoggi's contacts and anticipating the money rush, scrambled to be represented by him. They were not always successful. In 1962 he became an agent for Marconi. "If anyone wants to do business in Saudi Arabia, he must have first-rate contacts; otherwise you can spend an awful lot of time just hanging about, waiting for appointments," says S. E. Clark, Marconi's director of overseas operations. "However, we never got a penny piece out of him. We found that he was so busy, and so great were his ambitions, that we could never get hold of him."

Khashoggi's typically Saudi reply conceals more than it reveals. "They failed in the most important virtue of business—patience."

Meanwhile larger companies were on the horizon. Two years later, when he was twenty-nine, Lockheed paid him $2,000 a month "to research the market" and, as chairman Don Haughton explained, "teach them the customs." It was an association that was to lead to Lockheed's acute embarrassment and fees of $106 million for Khashoggi.

Ironically, the arrangement was initially dismissed as futile. "I met the American ambassador, and he told me I was wasting my time being Lockheed's agent because Saudi Arabia would never buy any sophisticated weapons. He said that all Ministry of Defense contracts were mere show to satisfy the pomposity of Saudi officers. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DONNA SUMMER

> ‘
>
> I sang a song,
> you bought my record, I got
> the money. That's the
> bottom line, and that's not cold.
> I sold a record,
> but I didn't sell my soul.
>
> ’

Twenty-nine-year-old Donna Summer became a millionaire largely on the strength of a seventeen-minute record she cut in 1975, in which she repeats the title, "Love to Love You, Baby," in infinite variations. The song was adopted as the anthem of the newborn disco phenomenon, and Donna Summer was hailed as disco's "sex goddess."

Born LaDonna Andrea Gaines, in a conservative, churchgoing Boston family, she has a background that is an unlikely one for that role. Her father was a butcher, her mother a schoolteacher. She has five sisters and one brother. She can't remember a time in her life when she didn't want to sing. She grew up singing gospel in her local church, listening in her spare time to Mahalia Jackson, Janis Joplin, Dinah Washington, the Supremes, and Dionne Warwick. In high school she became part of a rock group, stumbled into fairly heavy drug use, and then, at eighteen, pulled herself out of it and auditioned for the Melba Moore part in the Broadway musical *Hair*. She won a part in the company's European touring company, dropped out of the twelfth grade, and joined the *Hair* cast in Munich, Germany.

She stayed in Munich after the show closed, singing in productions of the Vienna Folk Opera, where she met and married Helmut Sommer, an Austrian member of the cast. (They are now divorced.) She did German stage versions of *Godspell*, *Porgy and Bess*, *Showboat*, and *The Me Nobody Knows*. She also sang backup vocals at Musicland Studios, where musicians and producers were creating the sophisticated, synthesizer-dominated sound called "Eurodisco," which first caught on in the United States with the East Coast gay community.

In Munich she met Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte, owners of the Oasis label. She wrote and recorded several songs for Oasis, including, in 1975, the three-minute "Love to Love You, Baby." The Oasis label was subsequently leased to Neil Bogart's Casablanca Records, based in Los Angeles. Bogart asked for a seventeen-minute version of the song and went on to promote it by encouraging radio stations to play it after midnight. Bogart then aimed it at the discos, and Donna Summer became a winner. Within a week the album sold 40,000 copies in New York, mostly to discos. Six weeks later, 400,000 albums had been sold.

That same year Summer returned to America, after an absence of eight years, and was shocked when screaming crowds met her at the airport. She didn't know that the album *Love to Love You* was already number one on the charts. (It later became "gold.") The sudden, explosive fame almost precipitated a nervous breakdown. Traumatized by the frenzy and the new identity imposed on her, she went through periods of forgetting her name, developed a chronic ulcer, and occasionally checked into hospitals for a week at a time. To this day she admits that her greatest fear is of losing control of herself, mentally and emotionally.

She went on to record two gold singles—and five gold albums on the Casablanca Records label: *Love Trilogy*, *Four Seasons of Love*, *I Remember Yesterday*, *Once upon a Time*, and *Live and More*, which became "double platinum." Her latest album, called *Bad Girls*, was released in April. She made her film debut in a collaborative film venture of Motown and Casablanca Records, *Thank God It's Friday*. In 1978 Donna Summer collaborated with a group called the Brooklyn Dreams on a concert tour of the U.S. Summer became romantically involved with the lead singer of the group, Bruce Sudano, and has lived with him for almost two years.

She now spends most of the year touring the United States under the management of Susan Munao. Her popularity has expanded, encompassing everyone from the easy-listening Vegas crowd to the rock-oriented young. She is now at a crossroads in her career and is uncertain about its future course. She is considering doing a Broadway show—a stage version of *Once upon a Time*, her urban Cinderella album—and she could be lured again by a film project. But her most immediate task is to break out of what she considers her confining image as disco sex goddess—the product of the Munich disco machine.

For this exclusive *Penthouse* Interview, Elliott Mintz interviewed Summer in Los Angeles during a brief respite from her touring schedule. They began by talking about her image—the myth versus the reality of Donna Summer.

Photograph by Harry Langdon/Courtesy of Casablanca records; Hair by Lewis Veglia

Penthouse: Your image is that of a supersexed, highly erotic seductress. Is there any relation between that image and the "real" Donna Summer?

Summer: I wouldn't say so. I think I'm undersexed, actually. I am sensual and very physical. I'm very erotic. But my sexuality exists on a sort of a fantasy level.

Penthouse: What are your fantasies?

Summer: Hey, wait a minute, this ain't a free show!

Well, I'll say I have an incredible ability to fantasize—I really do. I don't have to have things tangible to be able to see them, and therefore I enjoy so many things, because they're in my mind. I believe that most people don't realize or utilize enough of their potential for fantasizing. I think people go out looking to make their fantasies real—they can't just enjoy them for what they are. But in trying to make them real, they overextend themselves, and as a result it all becomes a nightmare for them, not a joy. There are just certain fantasies that cannot be acted out with another human being. I am talking about fantasies for the sake of fantasies—things that you could never, ever do in your lifetime.

Penthouse: What are yours?

Summer: How can I possibly give you one that I wouldn't mind seeing in print? Well, let me say it this way. Let's say that, in reality, I'm basically very shy when it comes to men. I haven't been with a lot of men in my life. Now I can get off on my thinking what it would be like if I were really like the person that people fantasize about when they think of Donna Summer. I get all kinds of letters which stimulate *that* fantasy. I get letters telling me about people's fantasies and dreams about me—people have sent me paintings and pictures. You can't imagine what these people say to me! One guy had this obsession with seeing Raquel Welch make it with me—oh, and Ann-Margret, too. I would have a whip or something, and they would be completely at my mercy. He went on for four or five pages, telling me how he found my album in his son's room and took it, and how he plays it when no one is home and just thinks about these things. It's amazing.

Penthouse: If a fantasy is something that is never really going to happen in one's life, what is an example of one of your fantasies?

Summer: I could imagine myself in a situation where I'm walking down a dark hallway, going to do my show, and somebody sexually overpowers me, attacks me.

Penthouse: Isn't that supposed to be the male-chauvinist version of a woman's fantasy?

Summer: Oh, I don't believe so. This secret fantasy of being raped is a part of women because we've been raised that way. I'm not saying that it's necessarily every woman's fantasy, because I can't really relate to every woman. But I like to know that someone is stronger than I am. I want to be able to know that if I get tired, somebody is there to hold up the fort. I like knowing that I can't pick up a refrigerator alone. God did not make me strong enough to do that.

Penthouse: You prefer to be physically dominated by men?

Summer: There are times I do—absolutely, 100 percent. And there are times when I don't want to be mentally dominated. When I think of aggression, I think of being aggressed upon rather than being the aggressor.

Penthouse: Have you ever had a female lover?

Summer: Never, and I don't really plan to. I must say I've been hit on by a lot of women in my life. But I found that that was not one of the things I wanted to participate in—outside the realm of fantasy.

Penthouse: Does it bother you to have a woman whom you think of as a friend attracted to you sexually?

Summer: No, it doesn't bother me as long as she doesn't touch me. It's a strange thing about me, like a tic or something, but I don't like to have people touching me at all. I find it an imposition on my person when people put their hands on me.

Penthouse: Where do you think that phobia comes from?

Summer: I just don't feel secure around women. I guess it comes from the time when I started in show business, when I was around eighteen years old. I was dancing and singing, and it put me around older women a lot—not girls, but women, around thirty, thirty-five. When I was younger, I was very physical, always moving. I was very, very thin and moved around with sort of a snakelike movement. It was obviously very alluring for women. At one point I started worrying, "Am I putting this vibe out to women?" I talked to an analyst about it and realized that it wasn't me. It was them and what they envisioned me to be. It was my mystique.

Penthouse: Is this same kind of mystique at work in your relationship with your current boyfriend?

Summer: Well, my boyfriend is Italian. I think of him as my Italian stallion, and I'm sure I'm his sex goddess. But I don't think his feelings about me have anything to do with the myth that surrounds me. It's because our chemistry works.

Penthouse: Does the chemistry have anything to do with the fact that you're black and he's white?

Summer: I'm sure that he's been with other black women and the chemistry didn't work like it works with us. I've certainly been with other white men, and the chemistry wasn't like this.

You know, what people consider erotic or beautiful has to do with what they've been told for twenty or thirty years. I had a problem with one of my boyfriends once. At the moment of the ultimate encounter, he became absolutely frantic and couldn't get it together, and all of a sudden I became a color to him and not a person. I stopped and said, "Wait a minute. Forget what

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you've learned in the past. You don't have to prove anything to me—I am me, not a myth. Look me in the eye and deal with me, not with a myth, because I'm not a myth."

Penthouse: What do you think about the fantasies some white women have of black men making the best lovers?

Summer: I don't know ... it's certainly more than the fact that black men put it somewhere and it feels good. It's the color, the hair texture, the smell, the difference in the feel. It feels different to make love with a black man than it does with a white man. It's just a different touch. It's aesthetics. I suppose for a white woman to imagine a black-skinned man pouncing on her bones ... well, the contrast is a stimulation, I think. I know I attract blond men like flies. One of my record company people who was traveling around Europe with me once said, "My God, I never saw so many blond men flock around anybody in my life!"

It's the contrast, the look of it. But, purely sexually speaking, there's no difference having to do with race. It's just a fantasy that a black man's penis is longer or bigger or more potent or anything like that—excuse me for being so technical. And I can't really say that black women sustain longer. I mean, I really don't know.

Penthouse: Do you have any idea why you're so popular in the homosexual community?

Summer: Not really. It's funny, but one of my very first boyfriends was homosexual. He didn't know it at the time, but I had always felt he was very sensitive. I've always been attracted to homosexual men—I mean physically as well as in other ways. And sometimes I think my attraction for them is that I'm motherly.

Penthouse: Donna Summer is motherly?

Summer: I think I have a strange kind of earthiness that might be alluring for a man who isn't really into women sexually.

Penthouse: What kind of emotions do you go through when you're recording or performing your songs and having to exude all that sexuality?

Summer: "Love to Love You" was approached as an acting piece, as what I imagined it to be like for a man seeing his wife for the first time, or for a woman seeing a man for the first time. I've been in that situation. There wasn't anything to say. I was in ecstasy without even being touched. I was breathing heavy just from the thought that my dream was right there, in front of me. Ecstasy comes in many forms; it's not just physical. But my song conjured up physical fantasies for people. My acting was done well, and people believed the story I was acting.

Penthouse: You did all that heavy breathing, faking that orgasm, without thinking any sexual thoughts?

Summer: I know it sounds funny. During the recording of the record, I had much more romantic thoughts than the record led you to believe. You know, there are ecstatic moments in life that are physical, that are like an orgasm. For a mother, I should think, there are moments—touching her child, realizing that this miracle is hers—that are ecstasy.

You know, that record flopped twice in Europe. I was a clean-cut, funny American girl who was in Europe doing top European music. That was my image. They didn't even acknowledge that record. It fell off the charts twice before it was released the third time and hit. It was hysterical. I just made up the voice for that song. I found a hole in the market. I found a loophole, and that's how I got my foot in the door. That was a big foot, I'll tell you that—not your basic, ordinary foot. And it boosted me up a long, long way from my Boston roots.

Penthouse: What kind of family do you come from?

Summer: I was one of seven children. I came from a lower-middle-class black family in Boston. My mother and father worked real hard. My father worked three jobs. He struggled like hell to keep our house. He was a real dominating father but a very good father. He was a butcher during the war; so we always had meat. He was also an electrician and a janitor, and in his spare time he took care of buildings. There were times we didn't have anything, but my parents just never let us down.

> My first sexual experience was *quite* disappointing. Reminds me of the song lyric that goes, "Is that all there is?"

There were times when my girl friends would all be going to school with new skirts, new this, new that, and I didn't have anything new. But I never envied them. I was always a little different. When everyone else was thinking about getting married and talking about the debutantes' ball, I'd be thinking, "Why am I different? Why don't I care about those things?" I didn't care, because I knew I was going somewhere in my life.

Even as a child, I knew I was going to be something. I mean, I've got to tell you that I got credit in my neighborhood store just because everyone believed that one day I'd be successful. I could go down and take anything I wanted, and they'd write it down on a bill and say to me, "You're going to be famous one day. You can pay it then." I think I grew up with a very good outlook on who I was, who I was supposed to be. I lived in a very mixed neighborhood: Irish, Italian, Catholic, doctors, teachers, students, regular families—a real melting pot.

Penthouse: Did you ever get involved in drugs when you were young?

Summer: When I was about sixteen, I went through a pretty heavy drug scene. That was the Janis Joplin part of my life. I was in a rock-'n'-roll group, the only female and the only black person in the group. I was the lead singer. It was that whole psychedelic period when everyone was trying and testing new things, and I just went overboard. I finally went so far that when I was eighteen I said, "Enough! God did not intend me to live my life this way!" And so I quit, abruptly, after two years, and I really haven't indulged in drugs since. Now I'm unusually sensitive to any type of drug or medication. I have a hard time taking Tylenol.

Penthouse: Was your introduction to sex during this period too?

Summer: I first had sex when I was eighteen or nineteen. It was *quite* disappointing. Reminds me of the song lyric that goes, "Is that all there is?" It was really a mistake. You see, I was in Boston at the time, and I fell madly in love—was just infatuated with a man who was very special. He was sensitivity personified. He was poetic, and I was just more than in love with him—I would've committed suicide at thinking that I couldn't be with him.

In any case, we finally broke up, and most of the reason was because I wouldn't have sex with him. I said I didn't want to until I was married, blah, blah, blah. So then I was so disappointed, and I thought that maybe that's what you had to go through to hold on to somebody you loved. So I had sex with the next man I went out with after the first fellow went away. I wasn't as much in love with him, but I thought maybe I just had to do it, that it was what growing up was about. My heart and soul weren't in it—I was just afraid of losing him. But I was real disappointed.

Penthouse: How happy are you with your life now?

Summer: I'm always slightly depressive. My whole life is work, and it's always been work. Even when I'm home relaxing, I'm playing the piano or singing. I've always got to be doing something creative or constructive. I hate the feeling of doing nothing. I was on tour for eight months last year and for about four months this year. I started getting so speedy that I couldn't sleep at all anymore. I was in a state of permanent insomnia. I would go from filming to recording, to this, then that, then something else.

Penthouse: What compels you to be this way?

Summer: I think it comes from the fear of dying, in the sense that I feel that God gave me a reason to be here. I'm very religious in the sense that I think there is life after death and that everyone has a karmic debt to pay back; and whatever that is, I want to pay it back before I go. I want to do things for other people—and I'm getting to be in a position where I *can* achieve things for others. I believe that money talks. Everything else is okay, but money speaks, and if I can save X amount of dollars to build a

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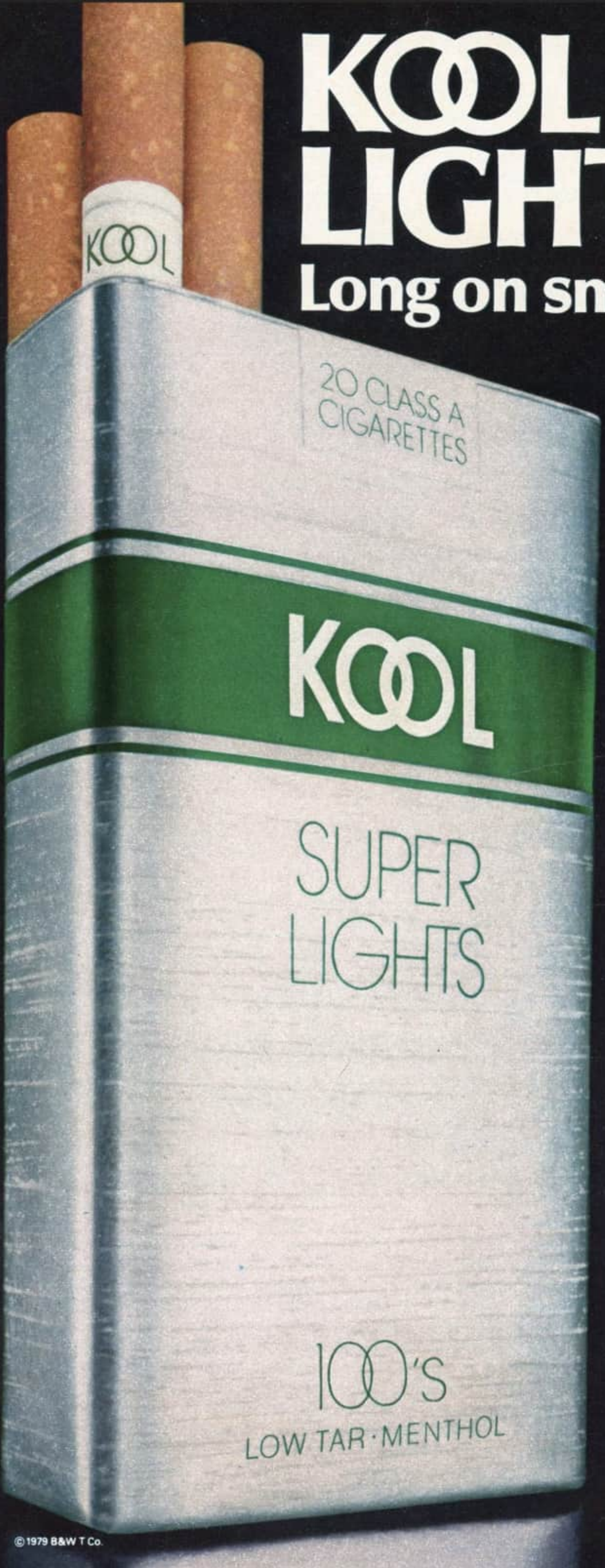
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community center, for example, I am really doing something.

Penthouse: What would your long-range goal be?

Summer: I've always said it was to set up a community in South America. I don't know why it's got to be South America; it could be anywhere in the world. You see, I believe that we, as Americans, as well as the British, the Germans, the French, have always *taken*. We've gone to other countries and taken, taken, taken, castrating the people, making them second-rate citizens in their own country. I'd like to go into a country where it isn't expensive to do a lot of things and just *give*, let the people of this other country retain their sense of themselves. I'd like people without any advantages or abilities to be trained so that they could then use that training in their own country. It's almost a communistic theory—utopian, perhaps—because there are certainly a lot of people who are going to be greedy and people who are not going to want to do certain things. But I don't mind giving up what I have.

My accountants are always telling me, "You're spending too much!" And I tell them, "Tomorrow will come whether I have a penny in the bank or not." I'm not afraid of tomorrow, and I'm not afraid to be hungry. I can risk whatever money I have because I know that with my own intelligence, with my strength, I will get back to where I was.

Penthouse: Would it be fair to say that you made a million dollars in l978?

Summer: If you go on tour for eight months, you can estimate what you're going to earn. I think the potential of what I could possibly earn in a year would be—God, who knows? Anywhere from $2.5 million to $5 million a year. I don't know if I earn that, because when you go out on the road it costs a bundle of money.

This was brought to my attention only recently, and I nearly choked when I heard it. Think of just the cost of flying to do a show. Say you're taking thirty people. Five or six of those people have to go first-class, and the rest fly tourist, and the cost is enormous. The amount of money that you gross on a tour is really not that much in the end, because by the time your fees are gone for your agent and your management and everyone else, you're not left with so much for the hard work you put out.

Costumes alone last year cost me $70,000. There are high start-up costs when you get ready to go on the road. You have to pay for four weeks' rehearsal. You have to get in sound equipment. You have to take out lighting. A tour is a multi-multimillion-dollar business, really—and not necessarily for the artist. Most people can't go on tour, because it's just too expensive. My very first tour was a European tour. I was supposedly offered a certain amount of money for the tour, but it didn't come through, and I came back owing close to $200,000. *Owing*—not having made a cent.

Penthouse: Now that you're constantly on the road and in demand, do you ever feel like just giving up and enjoying yourself?

Summer: Once a week. I swear to you: once a week! Every time I come off the road, I'm so exhausted for the first week that I swear I'm never going on the road again as long as I live. I don't want it anymore, I've had it, my life has been too erratic, I want to live a sensitive and sensible life, I want to be with my family . . . Then, about a week and a half later, I'm bored to death, and I'm off again. It's a masochistic business. It's in your blood. It's like people who have sea fever. They're driven to go to sea all the time. They always say that they're going to go dry and go back on land, but once the sea calls them again, they're off. They love it and they hate it.

Love and hate are what this entertainment business is all about. People hate you today, and then they love you tomorrow. They let you down, and then they build you back up. You're in, and then you're out again. There's this constant struggle for admiration, love, and respect that is a strange kind of love-hatred and a constant attempt at trying to prove yourself.

> ‘It feels different to make love with a black man than it does with a white. . . . But purely sexually speaking, there's no difference having to do with race.’

Penthouse: What is it you're trying to prove?

Summer: I don't know. Generally, I think it comes from a sense of my desperately needing to be understood and desiring to effect change through something that I have to say. I question myself all the time. Why am I doing this? I could just get married and be rich . . .

Yet I could never settle for that. It's not even the money. At some point it's just a madness. I don't know why I have such a drastic need to be understood, but I do.

Penthouse: Is performing the only way you feel that you can communicate?

Summer: Not really. I'm always on stage, though—I mean, my life *is* a stage at this point, whether I'm at home or whether I'm at the office or whether I'm on the road or on television or shopping. I'm always on stage. At this point there are very few moments in my life when I don't feel I have to be quote Donna Summer unquote. I can't just be a little black girl from Boston. It's very funny how people make you jump into being the person they want to see. But I manage to stabilize myself.

Penthouse: What frightens you most about what you're doing?

Summer: Not being in possession of my own abilities and faculties. And in this profession it's easy for that to happen. I never want to lose sight of who I am or what I'm here for, and I think that's probably my biggest fear. When I say "going insane," I mean becoming so much a part of the machinery that I no longer see the reality of what I have to do in this lifetime. And what I have to do is develop my talents and my ability and the ability of others as best I can.

I believe there is a structure to the whole thing. First, before you can help someone else, you really must help yourself. Second, you should help your family or people who are close to you. That is why I feel that some of my greatest achievements have been my work with the Brooklyn Dreams and with my sister, Sunshine, whose first album I'm producing. And then you should really do something for the world. When you've indulged your ego in the things that you've wanted, then it's time to give it all back. And this is basically my whole philosophy about what I'm doing, one that I've had since I was a girl.

Penthouse: Do you feel a need to do things for people so that you will be remembered by them?

Summer: This is a strange thing, but I really don't care if they remember me. I hope they remember my philosophy, as opposed to my person, because I'm actually quite insignificant. People remember Jesus, or they remember disciples. But to remember them as people is not enough. You must remember what they taught you. That's the important thing to me.

Penthouse: What do you wish your public would understand about you that they don't now?

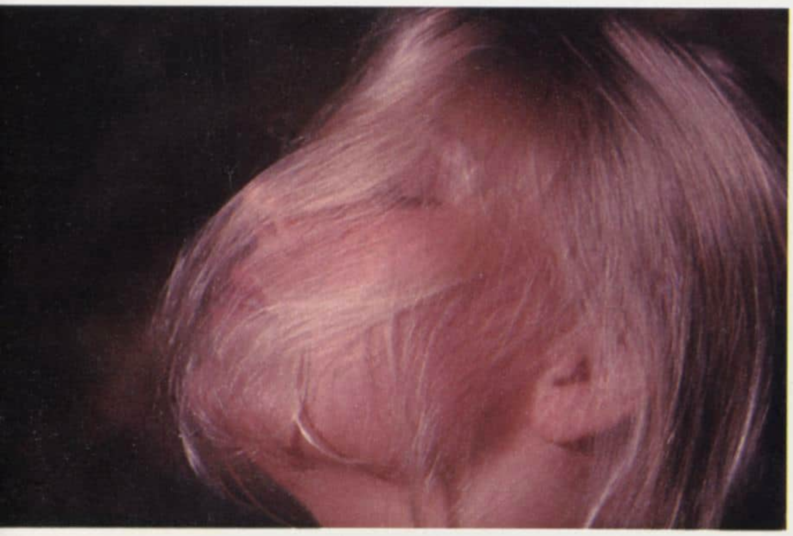
Summer: The only specific thing that I think people need to understand is that I need to be free. I think the thing that bothers me the most about this thing called success—it *is* a thing, a monster—is that it changes your life-style so drastically. There is no longer any privacy in your life, and you have no choice.

Really, I'm a very regular, normal person, and I want to relate to my audience, to the public, to let them know that I love them or I wouldn't be doing what I'm doing. At the same time, I want their love and respect and understanding. They're my fans, and they want X, but they have to know that there are millions of people chewing away at this one person, saying, "I want this and I want this and I want that." And it's impossible to accommodate all of these people. When I say "I can't" to people, I want them to understand that I can't and not to feel put down by it. It's the one thing that disturbs me: that people feel they deserve more, and that I can't give it. I even would if I could, but I can't.

And then they say, "Well, we buy your records." Yes, I sang a song, you bought my record, I got the money. That's the bottom line, and that's not "cold." I sold a record, but I didn't sell my soul.

‘I hate games like tennis. They require too much coordination. I'm really only graceful in bed.’

JAYCEE



❛I like big, strapping men. Why settle for a little piece of the rock when you can have a whole hunk of it?❜

Incredible Voyager

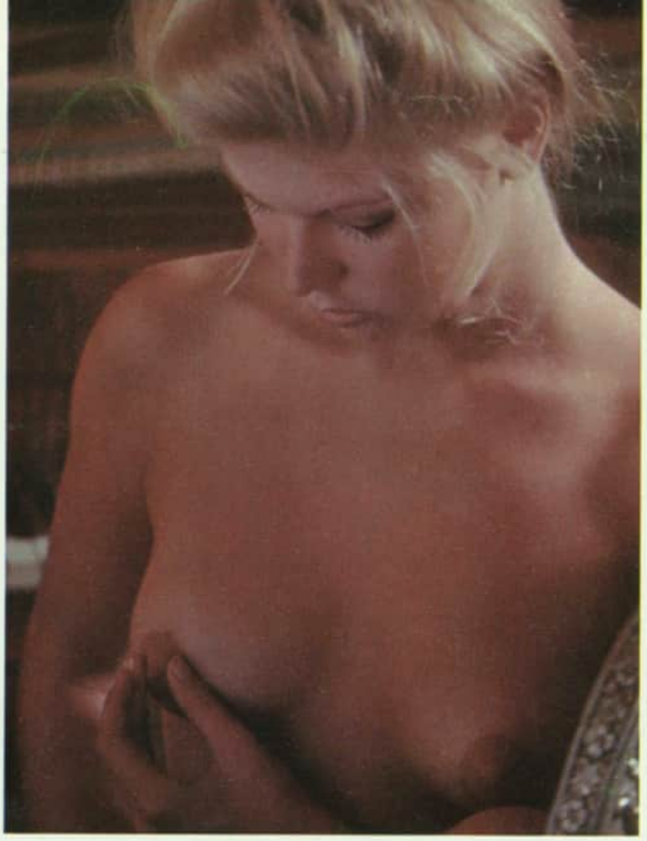
"Being shipwrecked on a tropical island, living on coconuts, and sleeping on palm leaves would be unbelievably sexy," sighs Pet of the Month Jaycee West, "provided that the natives are restless!" They would have to be, to keep up with 37-24-36-inch Jaycee, who claims that "a sense of adventure is as much a part of me as my five other senses are. That's why I'd rather do anything on the spur of the moment than plan even a week ahead!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

‘Being shipwrecked on an island would be unbelievably sexy—if the natives are restless!’

"I'd love to get hijacked, ride a UFO, or take a trip to the twilight zone. The most erotic drug, after all, is adrenaline!" We couldn't agree more: Jaycee's flossy spun-gold hair, buoyant breasts, and provocative, blue-eyed gaze inspire an adrenaline rush all their own. "I'm a beast in the jungle," she teases. "I'll gobble up all the attention I can get." At the ripe young age of twenty, Jaycee hasn't decided on a long-term career yet. "All I know for sure," she tells us, "is that I wouldn't be caught *dead* at a desk job. Maybe," she says, grinning, "I'll become the first lady pirate."

Makeup by Linell Curtis; location courtesy of Sepi Dobronyi, Coconut Grove, Fla.



Despite Jaycee's penchant for high adventure, she isn't much of an active sportswoman. "My idea of a day outdoors is to lie in the sun a while, go for a leisurely swim, then fall asleep in a hammock with a good book—or a good man. I hate games like tennis. They require too much coordination. I'm really only graceful in bed," she says.

Speaking of bed, Jaycee explains that the men who bring on heat waves for her are tall, blond, and well built. "They don't have to be the Bionic Man," she assures us, "but a muscular male makes me feel protected. Why settle for a little piece of the rock," she slyly asks, "when you can have a whole *hunk* of it?"

Jaycee admits to a fondness for spontaneous outbursts of passion: "I made love in an open field last month, and it was fun, but it wasn't quite splendor in the grass. I was scratching mosquito bites for days!" When she learned that she'd been chosen Pet of the Month, her outburst was equally passionate. "I feel like I've just won an Academy Award!" If sex appeal were a category, we have a feeling she would.

MISS JAYCEE WEST/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS JAYCEE WEST / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Penthouse USA - July 1979

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Vietnam veterans are at a major crossroads. As with any group, no matter how loosely organized, there comes a point at which external events force a change or modification in original organizational purpose. Such a point has been reached by the so-called Vietnam veterans' movement.

Up to now, the movement has been spearheaded by the Vietnam veterans' self-help organizations, which have led the drive to make things easier for veterans to receive their benefits, upgraded discharges, and so forth and to deal with the Veterans' Administration. Focus on these important issues has dominated veterans' self-help organizations' interest and concern for more than ten years. Today, however, though these tasks still need doing, there is an added necessity for Vietnam veterans to assume a much wider role in our national life and to make their opinions heard on the various matters that affect them and their fellow citizens in the United States.

Who, for example, is better qualified than Vietnam veterans to comment on and diagnose the ills besetting America's armed forces? These ills have reached serious, if not crisis, proportions. Admittedly, other problems—such as inflation and the precarious availability of fuel supplies to meet our energy needs—command the lion's share of public and media attention. Lurking behind these and other related problems, however, is the alarming fact that the ability and capacity of the armed forces to do their job is suspect. This situation has prompted Sen. John Stennis (Dem.-Miss.), chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, to call for a new military draft system. Bills to this effect have already been introduced in both the House and the Senate. Stennis has said that the existence of at least standby draft machinery could spell the difference between victory and defeat if a war broke out. His remarks were underscored by the Pentagon's announcement that all four military services were unable to meet recruiting goals in the closing months of 1978—the first time that this has happened since the draft ended in 1973. Other senators and representatives have said much the same thing by contending that the U.S.'s military decline raises the likelihood of increased international violence, such as that which besets Iran, Afghanistan, Angola, and Southeast Asia.

> “Not to heed the counsel of Vietnam veterans is tantamount to saying that those who actually fight our nation's wars can be taken for granted.”

To be sure, the idea of "no more Vietnams" is still the prevailing national mood. Nevertheless, as conditions worsen in one area after another, it's unlikely that the U.S. can continue to stand aside and passively accept events that adversely affect all Americans. But for the U.S. to act to protect its vital interests requires not only a changed national will but also a military force able to carry out its missions. In serving this end, the Vietnam veteran can be expected to play an important role. This is not to say that Vietnam veterans will be recalled to the colors, but rather that in any attempt by the government to "resell" the draft and future military intervention, the present plight of the Vietnam veteran—and his past treatment—will be a major issue in the expected national debate.

Put simply, because Vietnam veterans are close enough in age to the present generation, which may conceivably be drafted to fight in any of a number of trouble spots, their attitudes about such a situation will have an important effect on those of their "younger brothers." In this regard, President Carter's precedent in pardoning those who went to Canada rather than to Vietnam is likely to be a compelling argument in a future draftee's personal decision not to—for example—die for Saudi Arabian oil. Similarly, there is no way for the government to insulate today's eighteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-year-olds from reflection on what happened to those who most recently answered their nation's call and went to Vietnam. The personal experiences of Vietnam veterans who are brothers, cousins, or family friends—as well as those expressed through novels and stories, magazine articles, films, and television—constitute the ideological basis of a potential antiwar movement, one which would be far greater and more effective than that which erupted over the Vietnam War.

If Carter and the aging politicians who stand ready to shout "Go out and fight" ignore the Vietnam veteran, they will do so at their own and the nation's peril. There is no way the Vietnam veteran can be "paid off" by a frantic governmental effort to remedy the failures and inequities in veterans' programs and benefits. It's much too late for that approach to work.

If the mistakes and failures of the Vietnam War are to be avoided in the future, President Carter must involve Vietnam veterans in the problems facing the armed forces and open real lines of communication with ex-servicemen.

So far, President Carter has failed to enlist Vietnam veterans' assistance in seeking solutions to veterans' and other problems affecting our national security; nor has he placed a Vietnam veteran on the White House staff to provide advice and liaison with Vietnam veterans' organizations.

Not to heed the counsel of Vietnam veterans is tantamount to saying that those who actually fight our nation's wars can be taken for granted, that their singular experience lacks relevance in a search for solutions to today's and tomorrow's problems. This is a dangerous kind of arrogance.

Wolfschmidt Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

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GENUINE
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It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

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He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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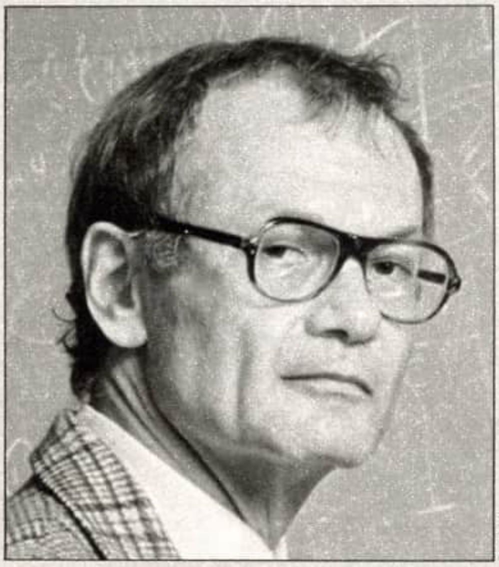
ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



Pat Hill

BY DR. ROBERT JASTROW

The author, the founder and director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies for NASA, formed the first U.S. lunar exploration committee in 1959. He is the author of several books, most recently *God and the Astronomers* (Norton).

TEN YEARS AFTER APOLLO XI: THE PROBABILITY OF LIFE IN SPACE

Midnight, July 20, 1969: a chiaroscuro of harsh contrasts appears on the television screen. One of the shadows moves. It is the leg of astronaut Edwin Aldrin. Men are on the moon. We watch, spellbound. The earth watches.

Another scene is engraved in my memory: November 1957, on the eve of the anniversary of the Russian Revolution. We came out of the Vanguard control center—the heart of America's ill-fated satellite project. The moon was full. Two days before, the Russians had launched a dog into orbit. Rumors flew; they would hit the moon and mark it with a splotch of red dye. Red and white—could we add a patch of blue? Nobody laughed. We couldn't reach the moon; we couldn't even get our rockets off the pad. The Russians had captured high ground; we could not follow.

Many people have forgotten the feeling of dismay that swept over America in the aftermath of those events of the fall of 1957. December 6, 1957, marked the lowest ebb: the first U.S. attempt to launch a satellite. The Vanguard rocket rose four feet and fell back on the pad in a sea of fire while the news cameras ground away. Newspaper headlines around the world shouted "Flopnik" and "Kaputnik."

Those were trying times. The United States had been humbled by the Russian achievements, and the world tilted perceptibly toward the Soviet Union. The Russians drove home the point in the spring months of 1961. In rapid succession they launched the first man into space and sent two interplanetary ships to Venus. At home we had the Bay of Pigs. Americans felt a paroxysm of humiliation and self-doubt.

By then NASA was spending about a billion dollars a year in space, but that was only the entry fee. An all-out effort was necessary. The moon beckoned. Men on the moon! The idea gripped the imagination. Seven hundred million people were riveted to their radios and television screens on that July night in 1969. What can you do with the moon? No one knew. Still, a feeling in the gut told us that this was the greatest moment in the history of life since the fishes left the water 300 million years ago. We were leaving the planet. Our feet had stirred the dust of an alien world. America had brightened its tarnished image. That was the lunar landing.

In 1979 our fortunes are at a low ebb once more. In 1961 it was the Bay of Pigs; today it is the shah and the murder of our ambassador to Afghanistan. Thoughtful people call for an assertion of American leadership through a more vigorous space effort, in the tradition of the great maritime explorations of an earlier age. A manned landing on Mars springs to mind; it is the obvious follow-up to Apollo. But with the American economy in such trouble, it seems unlikely that a national consensus would be obtained for this expensive undertaking, which would run to many tens of billions of dollars. In any case, 1979 is not 1961; the same fix rarely works twice.

The exploration of the giant planets—especially Jupiter and Saturn—would be as important as a Mars landing and less costly. Giant planets contain large amounts of such gases as hydrogen and methane, which are the ingredients of life. When an electric spark passes through a mixture of these gases, amino acids and other building blocks of living organisms are created. At this moment nature must be conduct-

> “There are 10 billion galaxies that we know of. Each galaxy, including our own, has 100 billion stars. The prospects for finding life seem fairly good.”

ing experiments on the origin of life with gases in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn. The earth's atmosphere no longer has the magic gases of life; we only know that it had them once, when nature tried its experiment here. The experiment succeeded. How was it done? How do you make life out of nonlife? The answer lies on the giant planets.

This year's *Voyager* flights to Jupiter have already yielded many surprises. *Galileo* follows *Voyager*; this astounding spacecraft will reach Jupiter in 1985, orbit the planet, and send instruments deep into its atmosphere. It may find molecules on the threshold of life, if not life itself. The next step? There is none. At the very start of the search for life on the giant planets, the money runs out.

A plan on the drawing boards calls for a trip to Titan, the largest moon of Saturn and the only moon in the solar system with its own atmosphere. Titan is fascinating because it has methane and other life-giving gases, and, unlike Jupiter, it also has a solid surface on which pools of liquid can accumulate, building up a nutritious broth of amino acids for more rapid progress in the great experiment of life. Titan may be the hottest seedbed of life in the solar system. No money has been put aside for the Saturn-Titan mission. *It should be funded.*

Another proposed successor to Apollo is Prof. Gerard O'Neill's High Frontier—large space colonies with thousands of men and women living in hollow tubes. It will never come to pass. Space colonies are extremely expensive. Fifty shuttle launches are required just to send up building materials for one of the smaller units. Furthermore, the colonies are not needed for military or commercial applications, and they violate basic needs of the human psyche for room to roam and a horizon that curves down and not up. I agree with Senator Proxmire: "Not one penny for this fantasy."

A smaller manned station in space? The Russians are pursuing this goal with great intensity. As Sen. Adlai Stevenson has said of the Russian effort: "The Soviet Union has given priority to manned space activities. . . . A permanently occupied station is only a matter of time." Author James Michener, testifying before Senator Stevenson's committee, said recently, "I would be terrified today if only Russian and Chinese vehicles were orbiting in space. We would certainly be at their mercy." Most people would agree. A permanent manned American outpost in space seems essential to our security.

Senator Stevenson has also called for a more vigorous program of commercial applications of space technology. According to the senator, Europe and Japan are making rapid strides in satellite communications, eroding our early lead and planning new rockets that will compete with the Space Shuttle for business. Satellite surveillance of food, forests, land and minerals is ripe for development.

What else? NASA put $2 million in its last budget for radio receivers specially designed to collect messages from beyond the solar system. These receivers could listen on a thousand different frequencies to a hundred stars in our neighborhood and repeat the process every day. The Senate removed the item. I believe that this was a mistake. We must start to listen.

We must start to listen. I contemplate the following dialogue with a practical-minded senator. "Before we spend a million dollars, how do we know anyone is out there?" Here is the evidence. All life is made from two dozen molecular building blocks. These building blocks of life are readily created in the laboratory under conditions that would prevail on any earthlike planet; the atoms that compose them are the same as those that exist on every other star and planet in the universe. There is reason to believe that the same laws of physics and chemistry apply in every corner of the cosmos. There are 10 billion galaxies that we know of. Each galaxy, including our own, has 100 billion stars. It is not very hard to see why the chain of chemical reactions that led to life on earth would have occurred on other planets, circling the billions of other stars in our galaxy. The prospects for finding life seem fairly good. Many research investments have been made on far weaker grounds than this.

"Suppose you succeed. What is the practical value?" Consider the following facts. The universe is known to be about 20 billion years old. The earth and life on the earth are less than 5 billion years old. We are newcomers. In the cosmic order our position is humble. More than half of the worlds around us are millions, if not billions, of years older. The life on these worlds must also be far older than we are. It is also likely to be far more intelligent because, judging by the history of life on the earth, the trend toward greater intelligence is inexorable in evolution. Apparently, among all traits of a living organism, none has greater survival value than the flexible, innovative response to changing conditions that we call intelligence.

"What can we learn from these older, more advanced beings?" First, the answers to some of the cosmic mysteries—the forces that created the universe, the nature of life and thought—mysteries to us but mysteries no longer to those who traveled our path more than a million years ago. Second, with those answers, perhaps we can gain a knowledge of new fields of force, as yet undiscovered on this planet, and a host of technical innovations that man has yet to dream of.

A million years is a long time in the evolution of intelligence. Great scientists like Einstein appear every thousand years; great inventors of new technologies, every few years. In the next million years, a thousand Einsteins will live on the earth and hundreds of thousands of great inventors. Suppose an older society made all their theories and inventions available to us. The thought of such riches staggers the imagination. This is the payoff.

The investment would carry risks; a discourse with the Devil can be dangerous. On the earth primitive societies are usually destroyed by contact with civilization. Suppose the intelligent beings desire to enslave us, plunder our resources, or eat us.

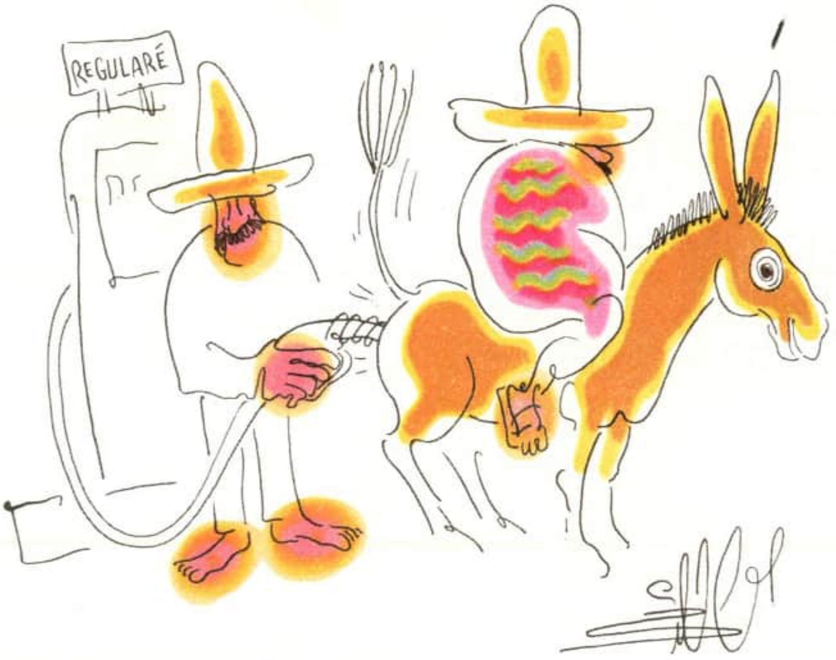
It is too late for such thoughts; the die is cast. Our television signals, spreading out through space at the speed of light, make the earth the brightest star in this part of the heavens at television frequencies. That expanding shell of broadcasts has swept past about fifty stars like the sun. If those stars are inhabited, "they" know we are here. There is no turning back.

We have little to lose by listening and everything to gain. Never before in the history of man could so much be learned by spending so little.

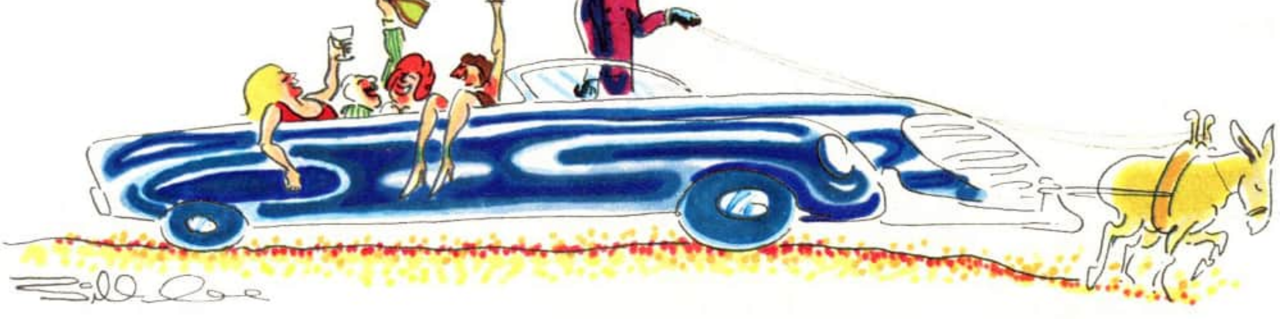
MEXICAN CRUDE

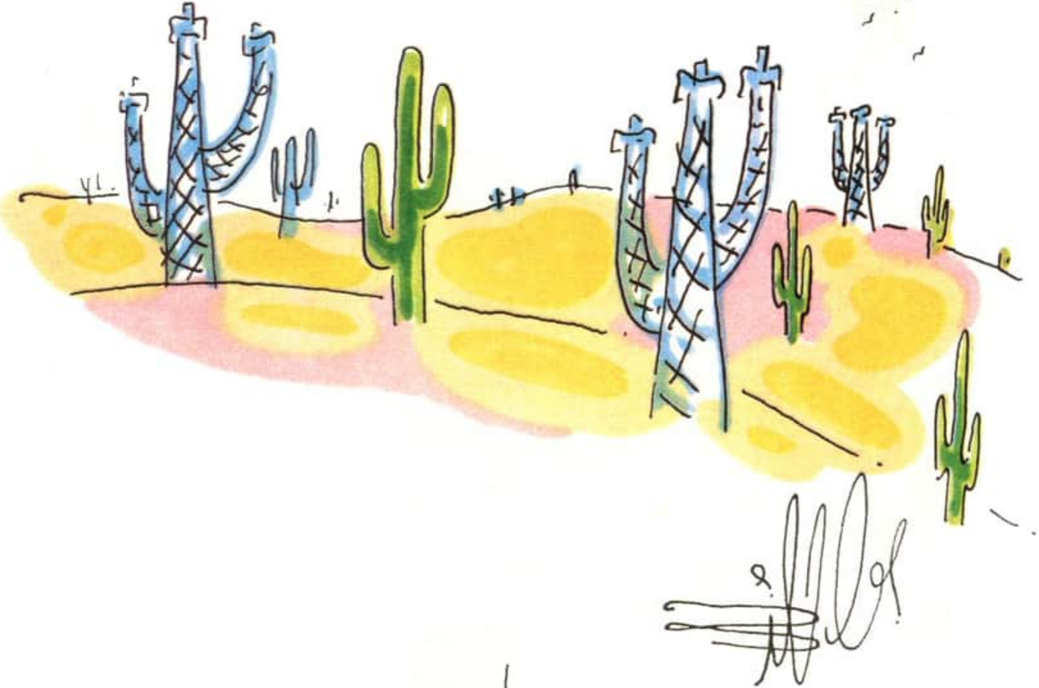
If you use Mexican oil, your car spends less time in the repair shop and more time in the toilet.

BY BILL LEE



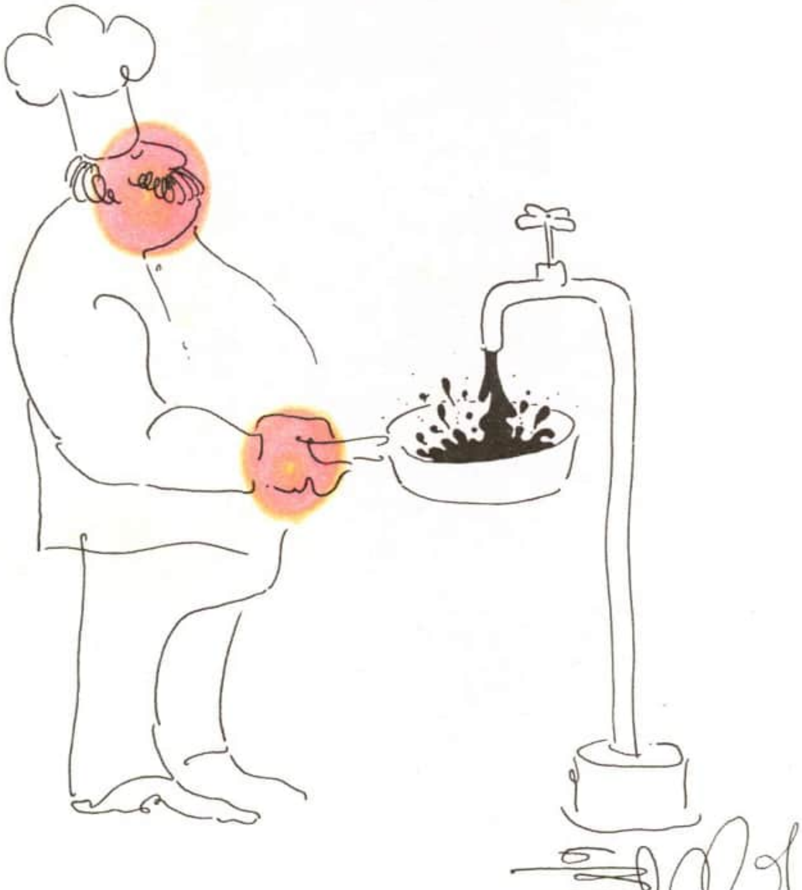
"Of course, it may take some time for our technicians to reach the oil deposits . . ."

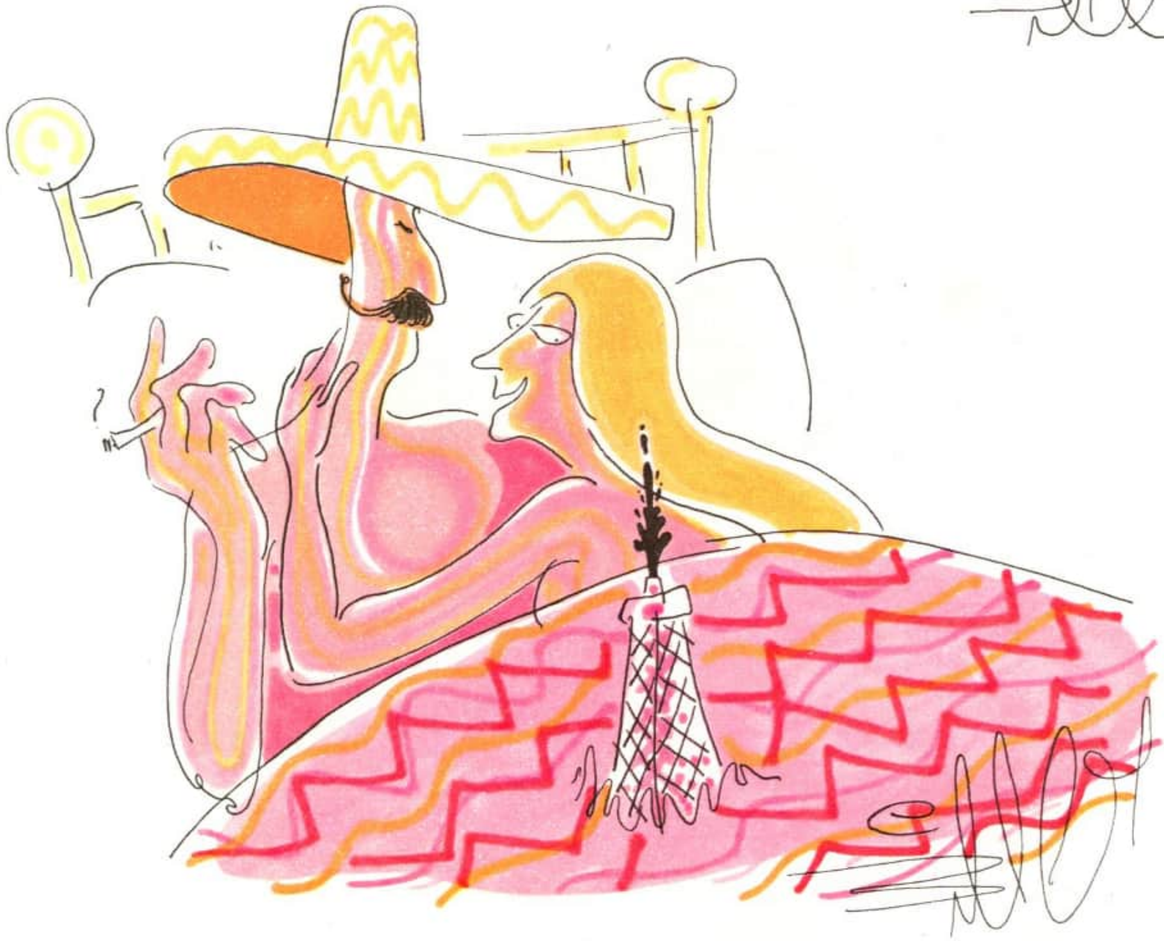




"Now we got two kinds of 'gold' in Acapulco."

"It's okay to drink the water now; we're having it piped in from Lourdes."





Montezuma's Revenge

AND THE KING
EEN BABY DOO-D
HAIR
TEXAS

T-Shirts

BY THEIR FRUITS OF THE LOOM YE SHALL KNOW THEM

Penthouse assembled thirty-eight T-shirt fanatics at New York's Tavern-On-The-Green in a tribute to that most lovable of garments.

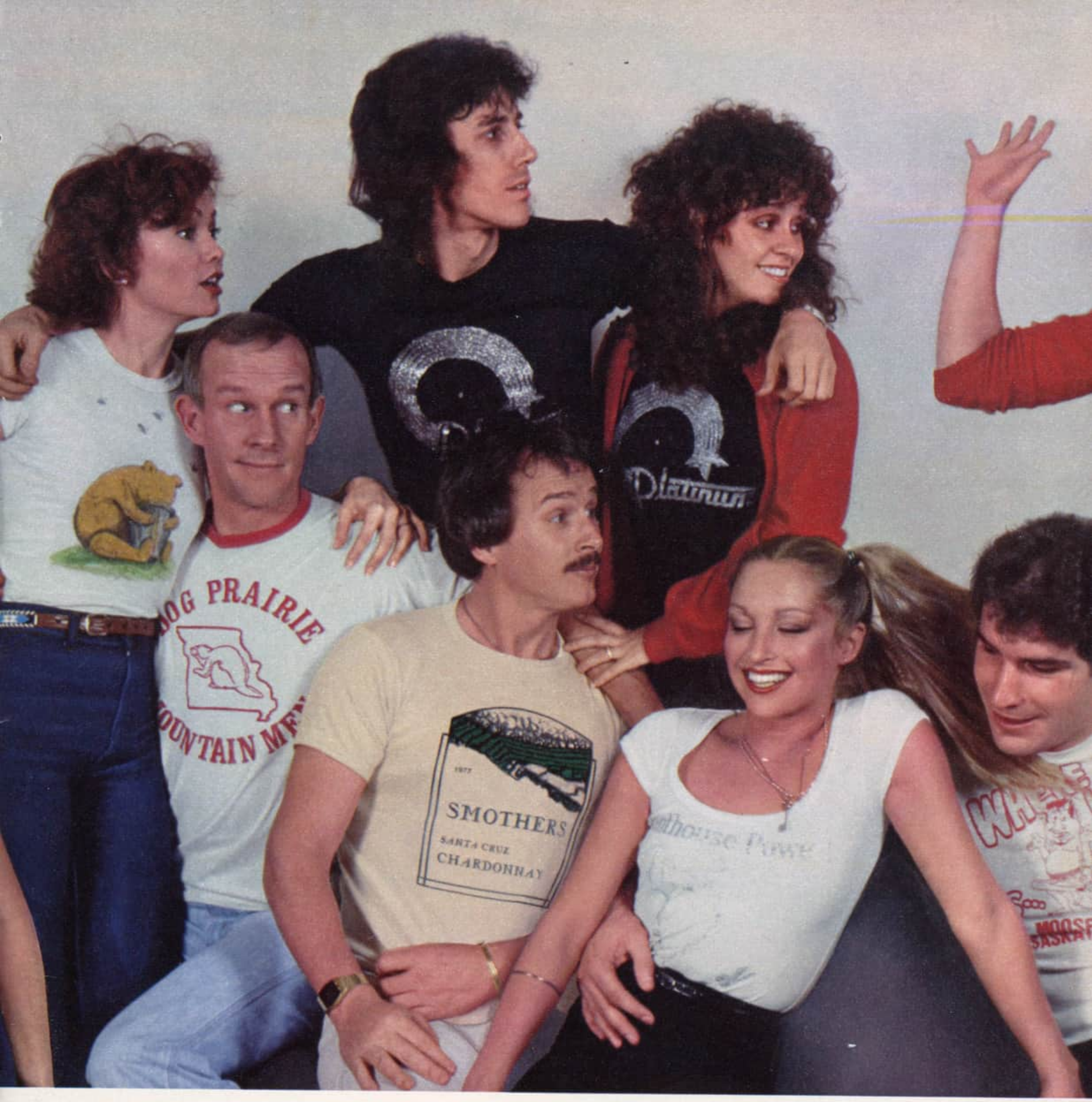
TEXT BY GAY HAUBNER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-PAUL GOUDE

The woman walking the Yorkie eats at Maxwell's Plum. The blond guy on the motorcycle is a Grateful Dead head. The bronzed cutie waiting for the light to change acquired her tan in Acapulco. And the fellow with the pizza thinks that marijuana should be legalized.

On any hot summer day, you can walk down the street and discover your neighbors' names, hometowns, occupations, and perhaps even their sexual predilections as easily as if they had come up to you and shouted them into your ear. T-shirts have become mass media and, conversely, media for the masses.

In the not-so-distant past, jeans and a tie-dyed T-shirt provided instant access to the counterculture: it was the uniform of hipness, a way of "letting your freak flag fly," as Crosby, Stills, and Nash put it. But an informal survey at a recent outdoor concert revealed that the tie-dyed T-shirt has gone the way of the fringed

Lettering by Michael Doret



jacket and the beaded headband. Instead, like a hundred flowers blooming or a hundred schools of thought contending, acres and acres of "message" T-shirts and their wearers burgeoned: bankers proclaiming their brand of running shoes, dancers advertising their dance companies, sporting "official" T-shirts from Broadway plays. The T-shirt has become the ultimate fashion statement: "I believe so strongly in this product or book or rock band or political slogan that I will gladly serve as a walking billboard for it." But more selfish reasons explain the appeal of message T-shirts: the chance that a fellow lover of Bach or Adidas or the Rolling Stones will be attracted not only to the sentiments expressed on the T-shirt but also to the person inside it.

Just as it is impossible to ignore the effects of television, no matter how much you may dislike it, it is impossible to overlook the T-shirt phenomenon, even if your T-shirt wardrobe consists of only pristine, white Fruits of the Loom. T-shirts provide a public means of self-expression, a way of promoting your opinions, ideas, loves, and hates for less than the cost of a twenty-word want ad. All you need is a plain, white T-shirt and a Magic Marker, and you can openly espouse whatever philosophy you can

(left to right) Constance Towers, who starred with Yul Brynner in the Broadway production of The King and I*; Andre de Shields and Charlaine Woodard, stars of the Broadway hit musical* Ain't Misbehavin'*; Jan Merchant and Debra Zalkind, two of the actresses from Broadway's* The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*; Barbara Sharma, Tom Smothers, and Dick Smothers, stars of the long-running musical hit* I Love My Wife*; Richard Cox and Lisa Mordente, who appeared in the musical* Platinum*; Lori Wagner, Penthouse Pet, actress, and singer; Clark Gillies of the New York Islanders hockey team.*

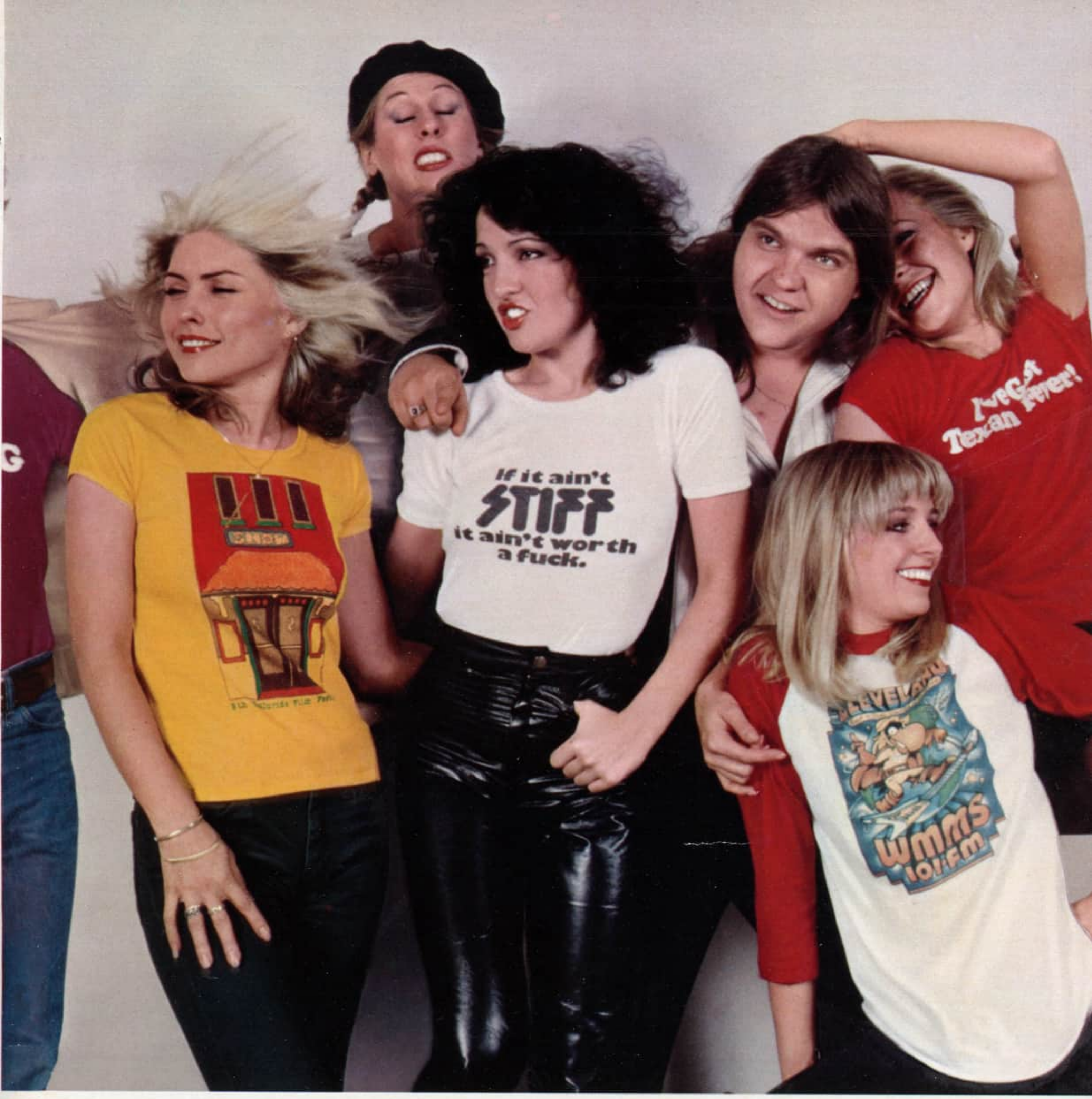
I LOVE MUTTS
BRENDA LEE
RIN
VIVA

squeeze into a seven-by-eight-inch area.

And your message will not be ignored. City dwellers long ago learned to turn a deaf ear to the ravings of sidewalk Nietzsches, but it is almost impossible to ignore an imprinted T-shirt. When you pass someone on the street, wearing a T-shirt that asks, "Why are you reading this stupid T-shirt?" you can't help doing so. In *They Became What They Beheld*, Anthropologist Edmund Carpenter writes: "It is one of the curiosities of a new medium, a new format, that at the moment it first appears, it's never valued, but it is believed."

But besides providing an open forum for ideas, T-shirts allow the wearer to adopt whatever identity he desires. We all use clothing to express ourselves, but T-shirts give us the opportunity to be specific about our talents, politics, or interests. T-shirts have become visual shorthand, a way of communicating information about yourself without saying a word. For a generation reared on television and accustomed to being the passive recipients of images hurled at it, the message T-shirt is ideal. You don't have to hold a lengthy conversation with the woman wearing a T-shirt that states, "A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle" to discern her opinion of feminism. On the other hand, she manages to ward off the advances of "unliberated" men.

This desire to wear your heart on your sleeve (or, to be more specific, across your chest) is nothing new. The Indians of the Pacific Northwest identified themselves as members of their clan by embroidering the clan's totems, or sacred animals, on their shirts and blankets. The Scots depended on the distinctive plaids of their tartans to separate the Campbells from the MacGregors. And the knights of the Middle Ages, unable to tell friend from foe when sheathed in a suit of armor, developed the art of



heraldry so that every knight would be recognized immediately by the coat of arms upon his shield. Even Superman, our modern-day Sir Galahad, is better known for the *S* insignia emblazoned on his chest than for his red-and-blue body suit.

So even though we communicate with everything we wear, we rely on message T-shirts for identifying ourselves. In an age when the concept of having a "clan" is as foreign as wearing a suit of armor, a T-shirt, like a totem or a tartan or a coat of arms, allows us to classify ourselves as members of a certain group, even if that group has no more in common than a taste for Coors beer.

Americans obviously savor the opportunity to make public statements that the medium of the imprinted T-shirt has created. YOUR NAME HERE has been rapidly replaced by WE PRINT ANYTHING. In 1978 more than 1 billion T-shirts were sold. That's five T-shirts for every man, woman, and child living in the United States. While some of these T-shirts undoubtedly go from wrapper to rag bin unmodified, countless others are dyed, silk screened, lettered, appliquéd, embroidered, torn, or personalized in some way.

At 154 East Sixty-fourth Street in New York City a T-Shirt Gallery has sprung up, a combination boutique and art gallery (T-shirt

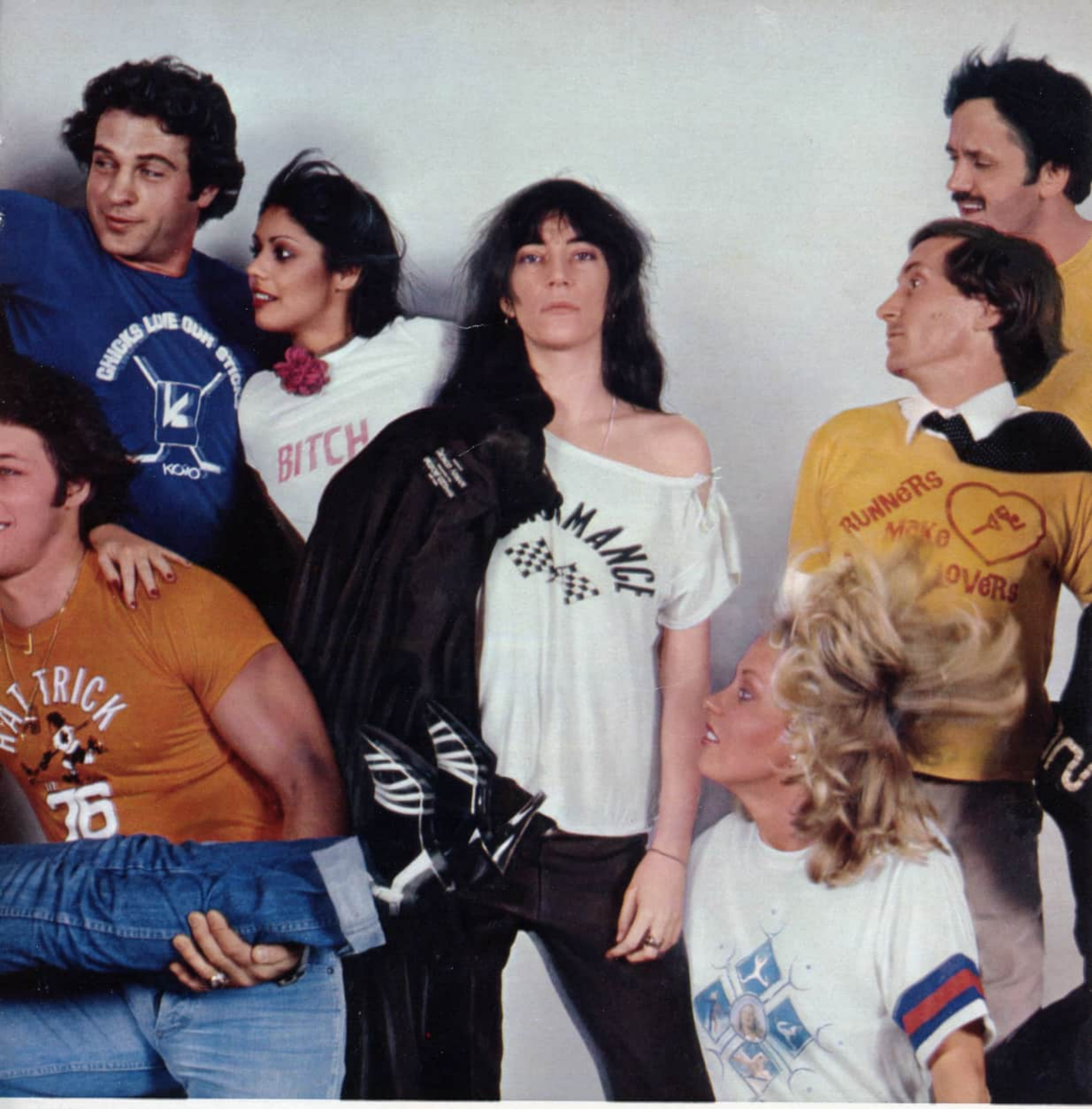
(left to right) Glenn Close and Paxton Whitehead, stars of Broadway's Crucifer of Blood*; Legs McNeil, editor of* Punk *magazine; Harry Carey, ballet dancer; Jo Marchall and Chiara Smith, punkettes; Andy Warhol, artist and editor of* Interview *magazine; Tuck Milligan, also appearing in* Crucifer of Blood*; Debbie Harry of the rock group Blondie; Zora Rasmussen, comedienne and singer; Karla de Vito, singer with Meat Loaf's stage act; Meat Loaf; Ellen Foley, female vocalist on Meat Loaf's first album,* Bat out of Hell*; Kate Sterling, Penthouse Pet.*

TUFWEAR
CUBS

art, of course) and home of the T-Shirt Society, Ltd., a nonprofit organization dedicated to transforming "the designed T-shirt phenomenon into an institution by articulating the value of T-shirts as a promotional and fine-arts medium; fostering cooperation in advancing the state-of-the-art; and providing recognition for outstanding achievement in the field." Both the gallery and the society are run by a semimysterious figure known only as Finn, who takes unofficial credit for being the founder of the T-shirt revolution: "We sell about a thousand T-shirts a week. Our best-sellers are T-shirts that say New York on it—we even had an exhibition of New York T-shirts last year—and, of course, our porno T-shirts." Finn points to one prominently displayed rack of T-shirts silk-screened with fornicating Raggedy Ann and Andy; to another that says, "If u cn rd ths, u cn get a gud blo jb"; to a T-shirt adorned with a drawing of a tough but sexy dominatrix. "And," Finn continues, "this year our Tut T-shirts are popular. We also have an artist on staff, or you can bring in your own design. Our prices are very reasonable; most of our T-shirts are ten dollars and under. I'd like to see everyone in T-shirts."

It's not exactly the impossible dream. T-shirts and jeans have become the ideal American uniform: it offers equality with diversity. Jeans alone are no longer charmingly proletarian: the vultures of fashion swooped down upon the humble blue denim and transformed it into high chic, complete with designer logo embellishing the back pocket. T-shirts have escaped this unhappy fate, by virtue of the fact that anyone who is halfway handy with a silk screen can quickly turn out a hundred St. Laurent or Calvin Klein T-shirts. The T-shirt retains its snotty independence.

To illustrate the possible variations of the basic theme of T-shirt and jeans, we invited forty of our favorite people to show up at



Tavern-On-The-Green in New York, dressed in their favorite T-shirts. Meat Loaf came in a pin-striped suit. "Meat," we cried, "where's your T-shirt? You were supposed to bring your favorite T-shirt." "It's right here," he said, pointing to Karla de Vito, who sings with Meat Loaf's stage act. Karla beamed and displayed her "If it ain't Stiff, it ain't worth a fuck" T-shirt, courtesy of Stiff Records. Tom Smothers boasted a T-shirt straight from Dog Prairie, Mo., that he won for wrestling with a 250-pound giant. "It was lots of fun, Dog Prairie," he said wistfully. Dick Smothers engaged in a bit of self-promotion with his Smothers Brothers Winery T-shirt. "The winery's won lots of prizes. We won the grand prize at the L.A. county fair, and we won the prize for best T-shirt designed for a winery." Constance Towers, who was starring with Yul Brynner in the revival of *The King and I*, used her T-shirt to proclaim I AND THE KING. The Rangers and the Islanders hockey teams were in town; so they showed up in suitably hockey-oriented T-shirts.

Hockey players, actresses, comedians, rock stars—each of them had his or her own idea of what makes a good T-shirt, and in the inventiveness of each choice the ultimate T-shirt message comes through loud and clear: it's here to stay.

(left to right) Grace Jones, disco singer and boxing fan; Ron Greschner, Dave Farrish, and Ron Duguay of the New York Rangers hockey team, holding up Gay Haubner, associate editor of Penthouse *magazine; Eddie Westfall and Billy Harris, hockey players with the Islanders; Rose Léan da Costa, actress; Patti Smith, poetess and singer with The Patti Smith Group; Suzy Chaffee, champion freestyle (hot dog) skier; Chris Stewart, English marathon runner; Glenn (Chico) Resch, goaltender for the Islanders hockey team.*

PRISON
FOR THE CHILDREN
OF THE RICH,
BEAUTIFUL & FAMOUS
R·GIUSTI

PART II

The continuation of the "sickest" Hollywood
story ever told! One woman's desperate fight for "fame" at the cost of losing
"everything" . . . and now her only daughter,
getting her revenge for all the years she was abused while her malicious mother
slept her way to the top, tells it all! Yes, she
shamelessly tells all about the woman she secretly called—

Mommy Bitch

Though the Korean War terminated July 27, 1953, another great American war raged in the Hills of Beverly: the continuing war between my mother, Gloria Joy, the great star of film, stage, and soon a television series, and me, a Hollywood child accused of killing her mother's lover, the world's current heartthrob, Hank Frank.

After I had been gagged by his partially masturbated-on handkerchief and raped, "Mommy Bitch" caught us and killed him with a bread knife. When I awoke from unconsciousness, the police were booking me for manslaughter! Yes, on July 27, 1953, while most of the world was relieved of one more great war, Gloria Joy and I were just beginning another. For it was at that moment that I realized I would *fight*, bitch to bitch! She wanted blood? She'd get blood! Speaking of blood, it was also the year of my first menstrual attack. (I shall leave nothing out of these true and soiled confessions!)

The trial was a circus! Reporters from all over the country came to cover the most sensational murder of the decade! "GLORIA JOY'S SISTER IN LOVE TRIANGLE!" "GLORIA JOY'S SISTER KILLS LOVER!" "GLORIA JOY'S SISTER PLUNGES KNIFE IN FRANK!" There were two things I learned that year: that first fucks hurt, and that I didn't have a chance! The whole world was partial to Mother. She had the whole world in her hands. Some malicious gossip said that she'd also had it in her snatch! Hollywood gossip is so cruel and nonconstructive!

I WAS AN INNOCENT VICTIM! A victim doomed to suffer *her* punishment when I was sentenced to life imprisonment—which means about three years in our penal society. But I was relieved to go to prison after living with *her*—and after the heartless courtroom questions, which had me describing everything, down to Hank Frank's also abnormally large testicles and how he made me commit the act of *fellatio* upon his person before he gagged and raped me! It was all so revolting! *And* how little I knew then that, because of this vile childhood experience—thanks to my mother—I would search through this wasteland called life the rest of my days, looking for men to gag and rape me! As the shrinks say, you always remember the first! (But more about my violent sex life in PART III: THE WHORENDOUS LATER YEARS!)

On August 4, 1953, I was committed to the Los Angeles Prison for the Children of the Rich, Beautiful, and Famous. And let me say now, apart from its fancy name, it was a shithole! Oh, how it all felt like a bad movie on television that I was imprisoned in and that someone would mercifully come to turn off, freeing me from the confining little box called existence! This was also around the point when I began reading Sartre, Camus, Freud, and Harold Robbins.

Prison life was frightening! Years before, Mother had

Letterforms By Tom Carnase

By Anonymous Joy
(the unimportant and ugly daughter of the beautiful and famous Gloria Joy)

As told to Tom Eyen

made a terrifying women's prison film about the first woman electrocuted, entitled *A Chair for Betsy*—and as horrendous, vulgar, and inhuman as that film was in its portrayal of prisons, the L.A. Prison of the R.B. and F. made it look like a Brown Derby luncheon. To begin with, the matron—yes, you know the kind, only this one was real—was Agnes Rrotisserie, a gone-bad Italian who had taken the job to protect members of her family, most of whom were the inmates!

Aside from the children of the Rich, Beautiful, and Famous, the prison had to take other inmates because of California's new busing policy! How we fought that issue—to no avail! I was thrown in with drunks, prostitutes, murderesses, heroin addicts, and LESBIANS—a word I never knew before! Yes, I was thirteen and surrounded by the lowlife of the world. But I was optimistic, ignoring several of the ladies who began raping me with the handle of a toilet-plunger. For all the evil and hate surrounding me, this was better than being at home with my "Loving Sister," Gloria Joy!

If this is what I had to do to become strong, this is what I'd do! And, as Agnes Rrotisserie shaved my head for declining to eat out her tired and soggy clit, I fondly thought, *How history repeats itself!* I merely put Agnes on my list—right below Mother!

Mother, of course, wallowed in all the sensational publicity of the murder and of having her dear "Loving Sister" in prison. She wrote me every day, knowing full well that her letters were opened by the warden, a lovely lady named Agnes Lessfoot. Oddly enough, all the personnel of the prison were named Agnes!

This letter, dated August 14, 1953, was a typical letter from my "Loving Sister":

> My Dear Loving Sister:
>
> How thrilled I was to hear you were unhurt, following the little mix-up you had running into a toilet plunger. You must be more carful. You know how carless you are!
>
> Oh, Sister Dear, not having you at home makes me lonely! So, I have decided to adopt a son. He will fill the void of your absince.
>
> I hope you will repent your sinful and evil ways and stop thinking yourself a VICTIM of a tragic childhood. You were blessed with the responsability of having one of the most famous and driven sisters of the world. You must rise to it like little Liza (Judy's girl) or Marlo (Danny's girl) or Jane (Hank's child), rather than sink into the useless apithy of a VICTIM—which, by the way, is the name of my next film!
>
> Will visit you at Xmas,
>
> Your "Loving Sister"

SHE NEVER VISITED ME! Except for the time they needed exteriors for her new film, *Victim*—yes, it was about a girl who murders her sister's lover! *She* was playing *me* in the movie! Mother, now over forty-five, was playing a teenage *virgin!* The critics roasted *Victim, but* although Grace Kelly walked off with the Oscar in 1954 for *The Country Girl*, Gloria Joy walked off scotfree from murdering the only man she ever wanted, and the first and last man who ever made me orgasm! (More about orgasms in sizzling PART THREE!)

In prison I learned every despicable human characteristic. The matrons were all hard-drinking, pot-bellied bullies, and for all its reputation as being the prison of the Rich, Beautiful, and Famous, the only other Hollywood child was a dreadful little girl with oily pimples who was rumored to be the illegitimate daughter of Henny Youngman and Dolores Del Rio! (Oh, where do Hollywood rumors start?)

I became friendly with a little blonde girl named Marilyn Jr., who told everyone she was the daughter of the famous Monroe. But I knew she was just another jailbird with a *real* mother! People don't know how lucky they are growing up normal in small towns!

> Marilyn Jr. and I became lovers in prison. Making love to a woman was difficult. But then my only sexual experience (being gagged and raped) hadn't been too easy, either.

What I wouldn't have given for one real day growing up!

Marilyn Jr. and I became lovers. It protected me from the other girls. Although Marilyn Jr. was very feminine, she was tough. She had studied karate and wore her black belt chicly around her small waist. At first, making love to a woman was very difficult. But then, my only sexual experience (being gagged and raped by Hank Frank) hadn't been too easy, either.

The months rolled by, and "Loving Sister" sent me old boxes of chocolates given to her by fans and news of my adopted "nephew." I was only mildly shocked to find out he was eighteen years of age and Polish!

Marilyn Jr. and I spent quiet evenings in our cell, and except for a few prison breaks—and a rather fierce basketball game where one of the young new inmates named Cissy was used as a basketball—all went smoothly!

Victim, Mother's first film since the murder, destroyed all records, just as she destroyed my pretty dresses and belongings and gave my room to my dear Polish "brother." Grandma Myrna was in the repair shop for a week having her motor wheelchair and her jaw realigned, and Mother's ninth divorce came through from football star Bobby Richards (for physical uncruelty), letting her marry tenth husband Mort Schtickman, the famous television-comedy writer. It was 1955, and she was going to break into television any way she could!

And although Anna Magnani enjoyed the Oscar in 1955 and the greatest acclaim for her suffering in *The Rose Tattoo*, Gloria Joy in *Victim* had the greatest comeback since Gloria Swanson! *But I had not forgotten!* I was going to have my comeback, too! And, like Ingrid Bergman, who deservedly got the Oscar in '56—much to Mother's chagrin—for *Anastasia*, I was incarcerated in the Los Angeles Prison, determined to get out and claim my rightful titles of "real-life" daughter to the Tsarina Gloria Joyblonski and innocent victim of a violent rape and the false accusations of a jealous and aging murderess. The list of offenses by my mother was growing. It was only a matter of time. I had spent three years in prison, and I was to be reckoned with. I knew every dirty trick in the book. I also *had* every dirty trick in the book (but more about that in sexational PART THREE)!

I was released from prison in 1957. It was the same year, much to my mother's horror, that Joanne Woodward beat her out for the Oscar in *The Three Faces of Eve*. How ironic that was! For if anyone had known the *real* Gloria Joy, they would have seen at least *a thousand faces*—one in every crotch! (How dirty I had begun to talk since I left prison!)

Mother was now nearing her forty-first birthday (Ha! Really forty-nine!), and I was blossoming full-flower. When I arrived at home that cool morning of April 1—Marilyn Jr. and I promised to write—Mother was waiting for me in our entirely mirrored foyer (and this was years before discos!). She almost looked sincere as she came at me, her face painted perfectly by Christian, the makeup artist who had also recently moved in with us.

"Darling, you look wonderful!" She acted as though nothing had happened; as though I'd just returned from a long vacation in Switzerland. She was charming when she wanted to be. Her velvety silk voice, thinly coated with a smooth, gravelly resonance, was very noticeable. That's why she was a star! Everything about Gloria Joy was noticeable—particularly, at this moment,the large protrusion in her midriff. As I saw her approaching me for the first time in four years, how I wanted to cry in her arms and ask for her love and let all the hate and jealousy between us be forgotten. How I wanted to call her Mommy and cry in her arms like a child, but all I could do was look her in the face and say, *"How in the fuck did an old whore like you get knocked up?"*

Her false sincerity changed immediately, as she slapped me—the way she slapped people in all her films—and shrieked, *"What do dykes know of love?"* There we were, at war again, like Cleopatra vs.

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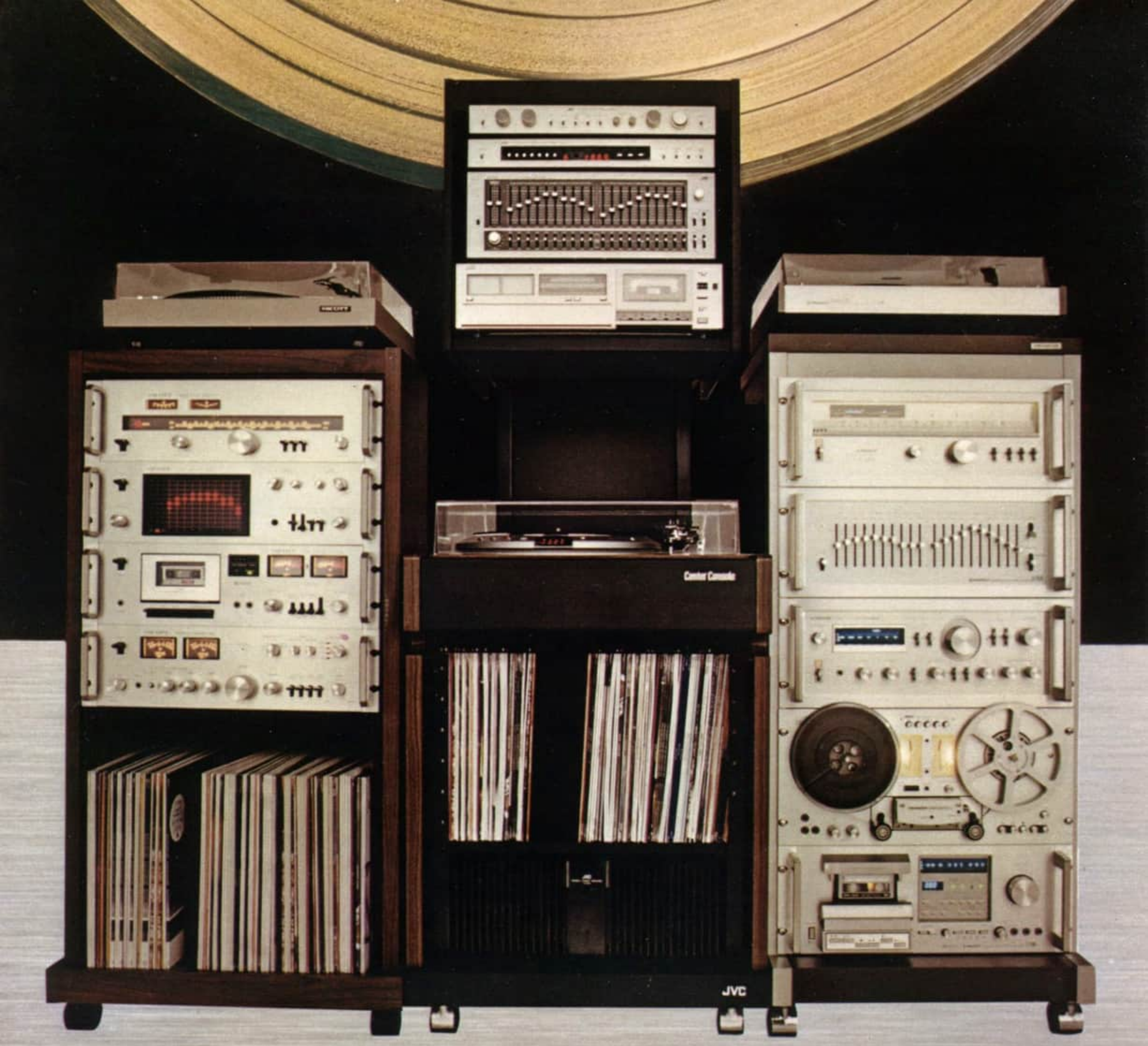


POWER TOWERS

Rack it up. Centralize your sound system by stacking your components in a professional audio rack.

TEXT BY PETER DOBBIN/PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER

The notion that high-fidelity components should be heard but not seen is a thing of the past. A new aesthetic in interior design, dubbed "high tech," has brought hi-fi equipment out of the closet. With their matte black or brushed aluminum finishes, bright red LED readouts and cool fluorescent displays, today's hi-fi components make an exciting visual impact. And both the looks and functions of hi-fi equipment are complemented when the separate components are mounted properly—that is, in a professional-style audio rack.

H.H. SCOTT (top to bottom): *PS97XV quartz-lock ($259.95); 57OT AM/FM stereo tuner ($249.95); 83OZ Audio Analyzer ($595.99); 67OD cassette deck ($249.95); 48OA integrated amp—85 watts per channel ($499.95); and "Soundsational" rack-mount cabinet ($139.95). JVC* (top to bottom): *P-3030 preamp ($439.95); T-3030 FM digital frequency synthesized tuner ($649.95); SEA-7070 Graphic Equalizer ($779.95); KD-A8 cassette deck ($750); QL-10 direct-drive quartz-controlled turntable ($1,249.95); M-3030 power amp with 100-watts-per-channel output ($729.95); and LX-3000 two-tier rack ($349.95). PIONEER* (top to bottom): *PL-610 quartz-lock turntable ($399); TX-7800 AM/FM tuner ($350); SG-9500 stereo-graphic equalizer ($345); SA-8800 integrated amp—80 watts per channel ($550); RT-701 compact reel-to-reel tape recorder, featuring automatic reversing ($595); CT-F900 three-head cassette deck ($575); and JA-R2S rack ($300, not including adaptors).*

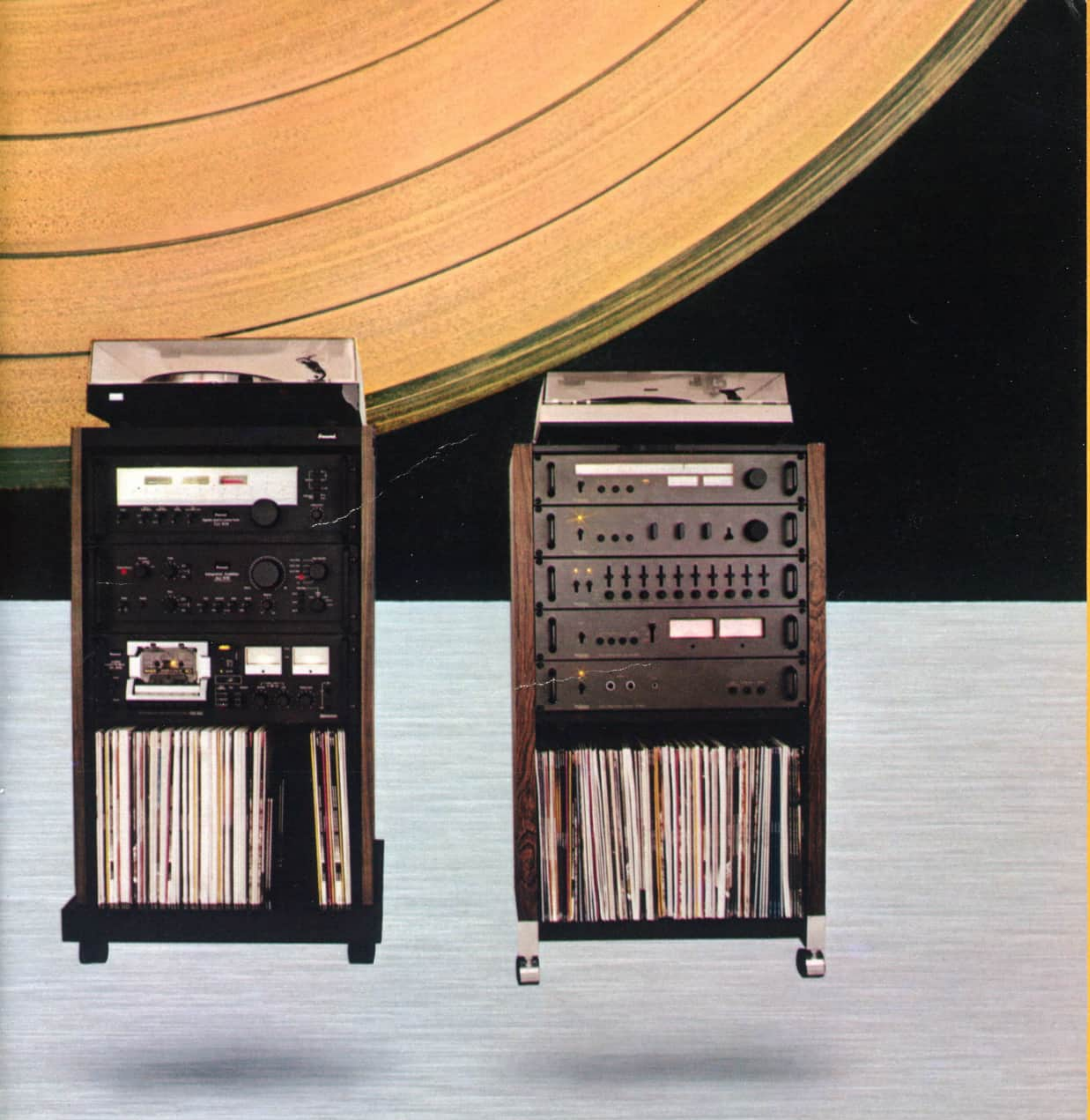
Record albums courtesy of Arista

Considered from a practical standpoint, the audio rack is really the only logical way to organize a hi-fi system. A necessity in discos and broadcast studios, it makes the otherwise tedious task of connecting several separate pieces of equipment quite simple and painless. Anyone who has ever tried to install a complete audio system in a bookshelf designed to hold paperback novels knows the frustrations of finding that the shelves are not deep enough or that several holes have to be drilled to accommodate the wires. Worse yet is the case of the overzealous hi-fi buff who incorrectly estimates how much weight a bookshelf can hold, only to learn the truth when his amplifier comes tumbling down—dragging the preamp and tuner along with it.

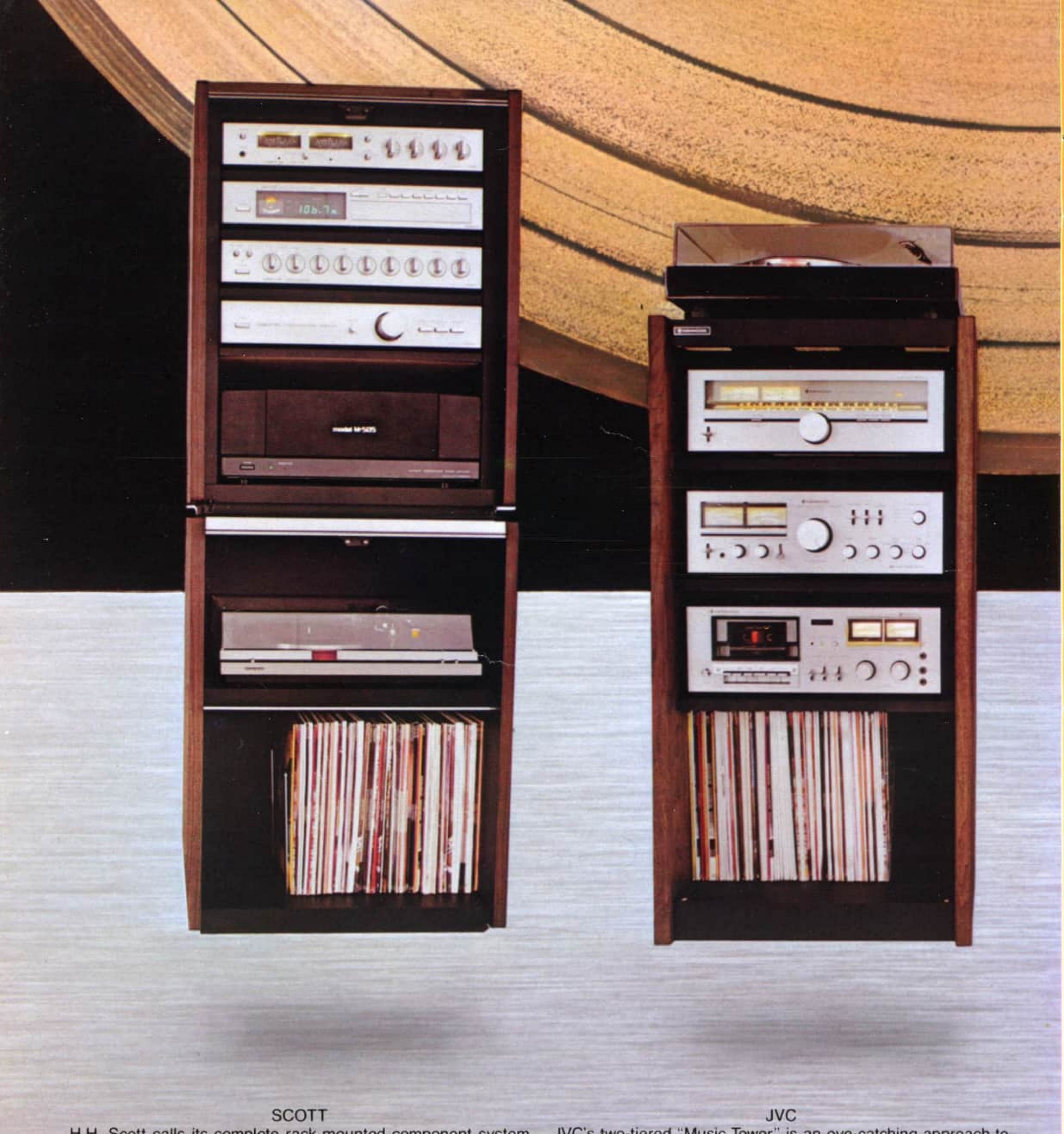
A properly mounted audio system is also far simpler to operate. Having the tuner, preamp, amp, turntable, and cassette deck neatly arrayed in one central location makes the task of monitoring and adjusting outputs and levels quick and accurate. Most home recordists will attest to the fact that making a cassette tape of a favorite disc can call for gymnastic contortions if the separate units are not within easy reach of each other.

One should be aware, however, that not all audio components can be mounted in a professional-style audio rack. The standard width for rack-mountable components has been set at nineteen inches by the Electronic Industries Association. If your component does not comply with that measurement, there are several rack-mounting adaptors available, such as the JA-R101 from Pioneer, which might be suitable for your equipment.

Of course, the components you choose to mount in a pro-style audio rack must be more than just impressive-looking parlor-dressing. Here's a look at eleven rack-mounted systems that blend aesthetics with uncompromising musical fidelity.



NIKKO (top to bottom): *EQ-1 Graphic Equalizer with up to 12 db of boost or cut in ten bands per channel ($300); Gamma V digital tuner ($680); Beta III ultrathin preamp with subsonic filter ($399); Alpha III power amp–eighty watts per channel at no more than .008 percent THD ($520); and NSR-100 audio rack ($200).* SAE (top to bottom): *8000 FM tuner with digital readout ($700); 2100L stereo preamplifier ($800); 2800 Parametric Equalizer ($600); 5000 Impulse Noise Reduction System ($225); 2200 power amp with 100 watts per channel at less than .05 percent THD ($500); 4000 Electronic Crossover splits incoming signal into high- and low-frequency components for bi-amplification ($225); 2600 power amp with 400 watts per channel at less than .05 percent THD ($1,350); 4100 Time Delay Ambience System, which recreates the ambient environment of live recordings and enhances the effect of stereo recordings ($500); 2400L power amp–200-watts-per-channel output at less than .05 percent THD ($850); and C-10 Professional Rack ($650).* SANSUI (top to bottom): *SR-838 manually operated, direct-drive turntable, featuring quartz servo-control for rotational accuracy ($440); TU-919 AM/FM stereo tuner with quartz-reference for FM frequency lock-in and dual bandwidth for fine AM reception ($582); AU-919 integrated amplifier–110 watts per channel at no more than .008 percent THD, pure DC design ($800); SC-3110 cassette deck with solenoid push-button transport controls and extended frequency range ($500); and GX-5 rack on casters ($250).* TECHNICS (top to bottom): *SL-1300 Mark II direct-drive turntable with LED speed readout ($530); ST-9030 FM tuner, fully quartz synthesized ($460); SU-9070 direct-coupled preamp, with built-in pre-preamp for moving-coil cartridges ($460); SH-9010 parametric equalizer ($540); SH-9020 meter unit shows average, peak, and peak hold ($360); SE-9060 power amplifiers (two in this system), each capable of seventy watts per channel at .02 percent THD ($460 each); and SH-999 audio rack, black matte finish ($300).*



SCOTT

H.H. Scott calls its complete rack-mounted component system "Soundsational." Housed in a nineteen-inch walnut-finished cabinet, the system consists of a quartz-locked direct-drive turntable, an AM/FM stereo tuner, an integrated amplifier eighty-five watts-per-channel at no more than .03 percent THD, dual power meters, direct-coupled power-output circuitry), a two-head cassette deck, and something Scott calls an audio analyzer. The 830Z audio analyzer, when hooked into the input of an amplifier or receiver, enables the user to maximize the performance of his total stereo system. With its 110-LED display grid, an instant visual analysis of frequency response over the entire listening range is possible. The unit also functions as a diagnostic aid in determining proper speaker location, as a test-tone generator for setting recording levels, and as a sound-pressure-level meter.

JVC

JVC's two-tiered "Music Tower" is an eye-catching approach to the design of the standard nineteen-inch rack. Instead of presenting a single vertical line, the JVC LX-3000 rack allows for the mounting of the turntable and power amp in the bottom tier, with the tuner, preamp, graphic equalizer, and cassette deck above.

Technologically, too, this JVC system is no slouch. The KD-A8 cassette deck, for instance, employs newly developed integrated circuits and a microprocessor to make correct settings automatically for bias, equalization, and sensitivity of differing tape formulations. To operate the system, a blank cassette is inserted into the machine and the start button is pushed. The KD-A8 then records a special high-frequency signal on the tape. The cassette will run for approximately twenty-five seconds while the processor takes readings off the tape. At the end of the cycle, LEDs on the

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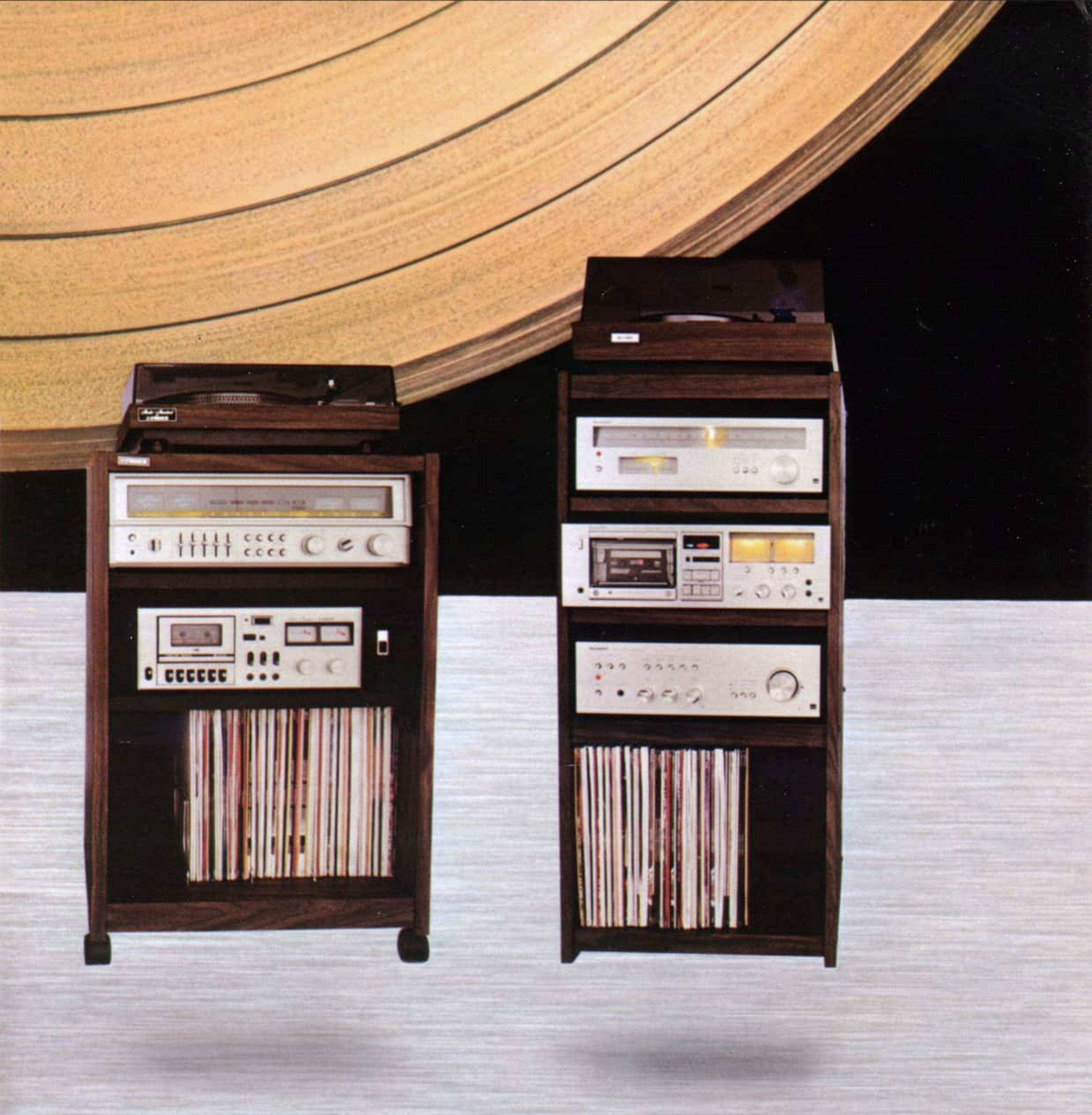

ONKYO (top to bottom): *U-30 Peak Meter and Selector Unit measures line-level voltages and power-amp output wattages; it also switches turntables, tuners, tape decks, amps, and speakers in and out of the system ($399.95); T-909 FM tuner stores up to seven different stations in its memory ($949.95); E-30 Octave Band Stereo Equalizer with up to 10 db of boost or cut at nine center-frequency points ($549.95); P-303 preamp, with built-in moving-coil pre-preamp ($409.95); M-505 complete DC-design power amp with 105-watts-per-channel output at no more than .05 percent THD ($579.95); CP-1010A turntable ($219.95); and CB-7U rosewood rack ($349.95).* KENWOOD (top to bottom) *KD-750 direct-drive turntable has quartz-lock control and 5.7-lb aluminum-alloy, die-cast platter ($520); KT-615 FM tuner, with pulse-count detector for low distortion and two-position IF bandwidth switch ($270); KA-801 integrated amp–110 watts per channel at less than .015 percent THD, dual power supplies, and direct-coupled circuitry ($600); KX-650 two-head cassette deck with dual belt drive and extraheavy flywheel ($300); and SRC-85B rack, made expressly for Kenwood products ($250).* FISHER (top to bottom): *MT6224C linear-motor direct-drive turntable, with magnetic cartridge and automatic return and shutoff; RS2007 AM/FM stereo receiver with graphic equalizer, puts out seventy-five watts per channel with no more than .07 percent THD; CR4025 cassette deck with remote editing unit; and PT113 cabinet. The total price for the system (including ST440 speakers, not shown) is $1,400.* SHARP (top to bottom): *RP-900 record changer ($89.95); ST-1144 AM/FM tuner with built-in 400-Hz tone generator for taping radio broadcasts; RT-2251 cassette deck, featuring soft-touch solenoid transport controls and the Auto Program Search System ($339.95); SM-1144 integrated amplifier, which puts out twenty-two watts per channel with no more than .4 percent THD ($349.95 for amp and above ST-1144 tuner); and MCR-1800 walnut-grained cabinet ($59.95).*

HEROES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

morning is going to get there."

"It's not often you even know what happened," Pearson says. "But I can tell you about one crash I remember, the one me and Richard had on the last lap at Daytona a couple of years ago. You remember that one. Well, me and Richard had run so many times right close together—it's come down to us on the last lap so many times, and we been runnin' that way ever since we been racin'. So I figured it had to happen. You'd be surprised how many times it's come down to just Petty and myself. But that day Richard was faster than I was, and I knew he could beat me. So I had to wait until the last lap and then try to get him down the backstretch, because I didn't have enough power to get him coming off turn four.

"I just barely did get in front of him going into turn three, but he had all this power, and so he just ducked right back down under me and came right on back around me comin' off four. I guess he thought he was all the way by me, and he started easin' in. Well, he wasn't, and his right rear quarter-panel hit my left front fender, and, of course I was already up against the wall as far as I could go. Oh, I probably could have backed off and he wouldn't have hit me, but that wouldn't be racin', especially on the last lap. And if I had backed off, he would have won the race.

"But anyway," Pearson says with no show of emotion, "we hit, and both of us spun. There was so much dust and smoke flying. And as quick as my car stopped—it was a damn mess, but so was Richard's—I started hollerin' on my [two-way] radio, 'Where's Petty? Where's Petty?' And my crew told me he was sittin' down there in the infield in the grass, all broke up. So I got my car goin' and got it across the finish line. My car was runnin', and his'n was choked down. But that's one of the few times I've ever looked back at a crash at all."

"It's just a black period," says Waltrip. "From the time you get in trouble until it's all over, no matter what happens, win, lose, or draw, your mind is just blank. All of a sudden you're spinning. You've cut the wheels, and you're in trouble, and the next thing you know you've stopped and you're all right or you're hurt.

"I can recall a tire blowing and some things like that, but that's about all. If it were on film, I might be able to say, 'Oh, yeah, I remember that.' But, boom, the tire blows, and it's like they've cut off the switch. You're into the wall, and you're spinning, and cars are going everywhere, and smoke's all over the place, and you don't know where the hell you're going to end up or if you're going to get hit in the driver's door or turn over. And then, all of a sudden, it's turned off. You don't hear the noises or anything anymore. It's almost like seeing it in the movies. You see the car disintegrating and the other cars crashing, and it's just kind of, well, unreal!"

Waltrip, who is now up on his feet and gesturing wildly with his hands, continues: "You know, you see a guy flipping down the race track, and you wonder, 'Hell, what can he be thinking about?' Well, you can't think when you're hanging on for dear life and hoping it's not snatched out of your hands. There are guys who are in the air and they don't let off the throttle, and they blow the engine. It isn't that they forgot. It's just the last position they were in—wide open. So, when they started flipping, they didn't think of backing off."

Let's take a firsthand look at a crash. Move right in here by the pit wall. The scene is the 1979 Daytona 500, and it is the last lap, with Donnie Allison leading. Cale Yarborough is drafting him as they come through the second turn. The crowd of 100,000, sensing Yarborough's move, rises as one.

Yarborough pulls out of the draft, and the "slingshot" effect shoots him forward, down low. A few feet to his left is the track apron. Beyond that is the grassy infield. The cars are thundering, side by side, down the long straightaway at 200 mph. And then Allison makes his move. In an apparent attempt to bluff, he pulls left toward Yarborough. But Yarborough does not back off. Allison moves farther to the left. There is the sound of grinding metal as their $35,000 race cars snap at each other. But Yarborough, who is now in the dirt, still has his foot in it. NASCAR drivers are not easily intimidated.

> Damn, you'd come out of that turn and hit that wall, and it sounded like somebody dropped an armload of kindling inside your car.

The cars hit again and bounce off each other, and Cale is farther into the dirt. They hit a third time, and Yarborough yanks the wheel hard to the right. The cars fuse together, sliding uncontrollably toward the outer concrete wall. Yarborough jerks the wheel hard left in an attempt to break loose before the crash, but it does not work. The cars crash into the wall and rebound across the track and into the infield.

It was the last lap of the Petty-Pearson crash all over again. Only this time the racers were not so sanguine. In fact, Yarborough, a former Golden Gloves champion, exploded through the open window of his racer, looking for something or someone to break in two. Bobby Allison, who had been running three laps behind, pulled his race car to a stop to see whether his brother was all right. The fight was on.

When it was over, here's what Yarborough had to say of the crash, which may have cost him $30,000 in winnings: "It's the worst thing I've ever seen in racing. Bobby waited so he could block me. They double-teamed me. My left wheels were over in the dirt, and Donnie knocked me even farther. He carried me into the grass. I started spinning, and so did Donnie. Donnie denied it when I asked him why he did it. He bowed up, so I took a swing at him. Then I went over and knocked the hell out of Bobby. Bobby's pulled that stuff all day."

Petty, who ended up winning the race, compares it to his dramatic crash with Pearson in 1976: "Hey, we were more professional than those two. We at least got through turns three and four before we wrecked. And we did it over here in front of the grandstand, where everybody could see."

Damn, for just a minute there, the good old days flicked past.

The only thing the drivers agree on is that they have no "death wish." There is no suicide complex. Most of them have been to the edge and looked over. Maybe that is what makes them a little wilder than the rest of us.

Allison says, "I've been burned. I've had bones broken, and I've been hurt bad a lot of times. But I can tell you one thing: I don't *want* to get hurt, and I *certainly* don't feel like I drive a car with any kind of death wish. The only thing I can say about racing and dying is that, if I die racing, I'll die doing what I want to do, rather than getting run over in a factory by a forklift truck."

"Anybody who says a race driver has a death wish," Baker says, "doesn't know race drivers. I don't know any group of people who enjoy life more than we do. I think pro football players have more of a death wish than we do. Most people see forty cars racing and they figure we're lunatics to go that fast. But I'd love to live to be a hundred forty.

"A buddy of mine used to try to talk me out of racing. He was conservative. He always wanted to fly a plane, but he never did, because he thought it was too dangerous. Well, he died of a heart attack. When I heard the news, I took a long look at myself. Here I have been a part of something I dearly love, and here's a guy who watched himself all the time and he dies of a heart attack. And he never got to do anything."

"I've never come across any driver who was flirting with death," says Petty. "They don't even *challenge* death; they don't look at it from that point. They look at it from a competitive standpoint. 'Hey, that cat can drive a car; well, I can drive one better than he can.' I think I appreciate life more than most people. Just because you're living close to the edge doesn't mean you're flirting with death. Once you've had a really bad accident, it makes you thankful to get up in the morning and not be hurtin'."

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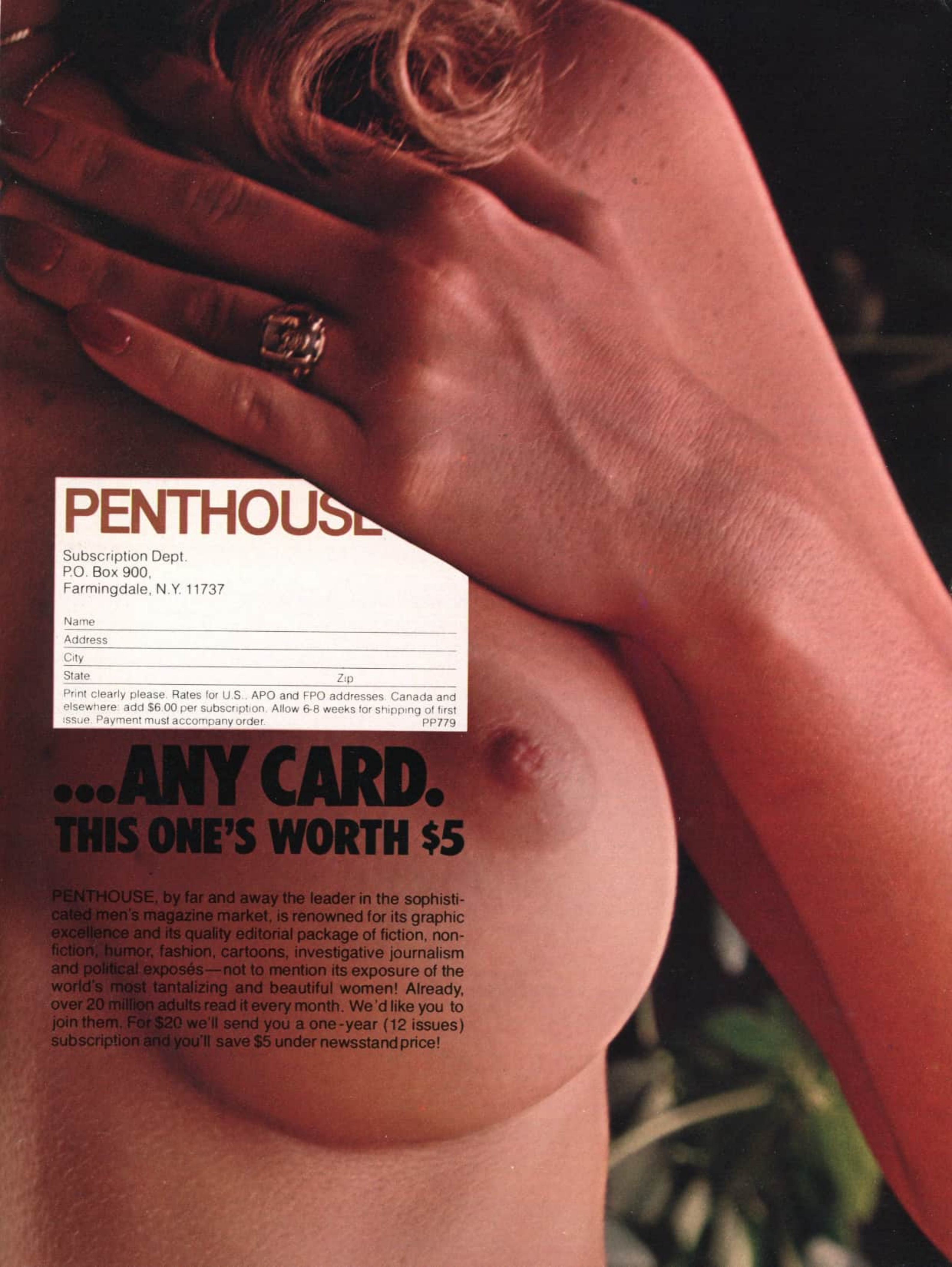

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"Death wish?" asks Waltrip. "Hell, no. I've got a beautiful wife and a nice home and a lot of things to look forward to. If I thought that all of that was going to be taken away from me in a race car, then I would quit racing. But I realize that it could happen. If you're going to be a race car driver, you have to be the eternal optimist. You have to be foolish enough to say, 'It will never happen to me.'

"I've seen drivers get killed when someone hit them in the driver's door. That's the thing I fear most, gettin' hit smack in the driver's door. You think of coming off the corner and losing it and ending up sitting in the middle of the race track with your damn door headed toward the field, and some turkey comes driving into you at 180 miles an hour. You don't have a chance.

"I've awakened in the middle of the night," Waltrip says softly, "with my hands and feet sweaty from dreaming about having a terrible wreck. It's always on your mind, and you're only fooling yourself if you say you never think about it."

We have listened to six of the best racing drivers talk about their problems and philosophies. But are they always up for a race? Does Pearson have bad days like, say, Rod Carew? And if any of them are having a bad day, can the others spot it?

"You'll find most of the problems are with the cars, not the drivers," says Baker. "It's not like a ballplayer who goes into a batting slump. If Cale's car is handlin' good, I don't think he has that many flaws to work on. If I look for anything, I look for a place on the track where I can get through a little quicker than he can. But as for waiting for Cale Yarborough to make a mistake, I don't bank on that. Cale's like a machine when he's racing. David is the same way. All of them are. These guys don't make mistakes. Unless something in the car itself changes during the race, you can't outfox them. You've got to win with your race car."

"When you're runnin' against a Pearson or a Petty," Yarborough says, "you know before the race starts you're going to have to beat them. The only thing you can do is look for any particular problem they might be having that day. And, knowing that they're going to be quick if at all possible, it's not that hard to tell if they're havin' problems. You can spot it right away. But you still can't take it for granted just because they're not up there beatin' on your doors, because later in the race they may have worked their problem out and they'll be hammerin' on you. These guys are going to be working at it all day long. They're not going to be giving up just because their car isn't working in the first part of the race. Sometimes it will take them every pit stop in the entire race to get their car like they want it, and they'll go right on by you.

"But if I spot any weakness," Yarborough adds, "I try my best to put a lap on them, to do all I can to get the advantage while they're havin' their problems, because I know they're gonna try to fix it.

The terms "loose" and "pushing" describe handling problems of a car in a turn. They can be fixed by changing the weight distribution of the car itself, but it requires a pit stop, and drivers often do not want to take the time. They would rather stay out there and try to keep the car off the wall. Waltrip tells what a driver does when he notices this weakness in another car:

"You can follow a guy and tell right off if his car is loose or if it's pushing. Sometimes a guy can't run behind you in a draft because it makes his car too loose. And you can get a guy in front of you, and you find that, if you run right up under him real close, you can make him push bad. These are last-ten-lap situations where you have been diagnosing a guy's problems all day long and you cash in on them.

"If you can make a guy push out on the last lap," says Waltrip, "and you then dive under him, this gives you an advantage that can help you win the race. And these guys will try to psych you out, too. They'll try to intimidate you. At least, they tried to intimidate me when I was new. They would put me in a tight spot, like coming off a corner, and pull right up alongside me and inch me out to the wall as far as they could. As long as you don't cut into them and say, 'Hey, give me some damn room over here, too!' they'll keep on doing that.

“I had the car ground down to the roll bar because I'd lost my brakes and I was slowin' it down on the guardrail. I had to keep going into the pits to get the fire put out.”

"Or they'll try to make *your* car push so you'll get out of the way and they can go on. There's a lot of psyching out on the track. They nudge you a little bit, and you have to start doing the same thing before you get any respect out of those guys. When I started, if Richard came up and bumped me, I'd pull over and let him pass and say, 'What'd I do? Wonder what I did wrong?' He wasn't mad at all. I just did what he wanted me to do. He bumped me, and I got out of the way, and that's what he wanted.

"Now I do the same thing. I run up and bump a guy, and usually he gets out of the way. A lot of times it scares you when they put a fender in your door. A guy will rough you up, and you don't think it's called for. So you go back, and you rough him up a little bit. But that's one of the things you have to learn early. They're going to try to intimidate you, and you just have to get your best hold and intimidate them back."

The NASCAR drivers' confidence in themselves is their greatest asset. They think they can do anything, and often they can. This is why, when asked whether they could win at Indianapolis just as they do at Daytona and Charlotte and Talladega, they all agree it would be no problem at all.

"I could run at Indy and run good," Baker says. "It would take time to get accustomed to those little bitty cars and the open wheels and all, because we're used to these big old hammers down here. I mean, it might take a month and a half to get where you'd be competitive, but I would."

"The big reason I've never been to Indy," says Petty, "is that I was brought up on stock cars. I've worked on them all my life, and if I went somewhere else, I really wouldn't know that much. It would be like gettin' Roger Staubach to pitch a baseball or Catfish Hunter to pass a football. They're good athletes, and they could do it, but they're better at their own sport.

"But, if I had been runnin' Indy cars instead of stock cars, I think I could have accomplished as much as I have here. I don't see why I couldn't have done what Foyt has done. And if he had started and stayed down here, he could probably have done as much as I have done here."

"There's no doubt in my mind I could make it big at Indy," says Yarborough. "And not only me, but any of these guys. They're racers. But you gotta go up there and stay a whole month. We can't be away from all this racin' down here that long. I mean, we're all runnin' for the *championship*."

Waltrip says he could, but he won't. "The cars fascinate me, but I see guys driving who can't drive a stock car a lick. So I got to believe it would be easier and that the competition is not as tough as it is here.

"I know I could race at Indy. If I could ever get the picture out of my mind of some guy rolling down the track in one of those tubs on fire, or of the thing scrubbing the wall and the guy coming out with no arm—if I could just get those terrible pictures out of my mind, I could drive one just as good as anybody. But I don't think I could ever sit down in the thing and relax to the point where I could do a good job driving it."

If we had to distill their wisdom and color down to one thought, what would it be? Was it Cale Yarborough who summed it up when he said, "There's only two parts to racing: winning and losing. There's no second or third or fourth. You win or you lose"?

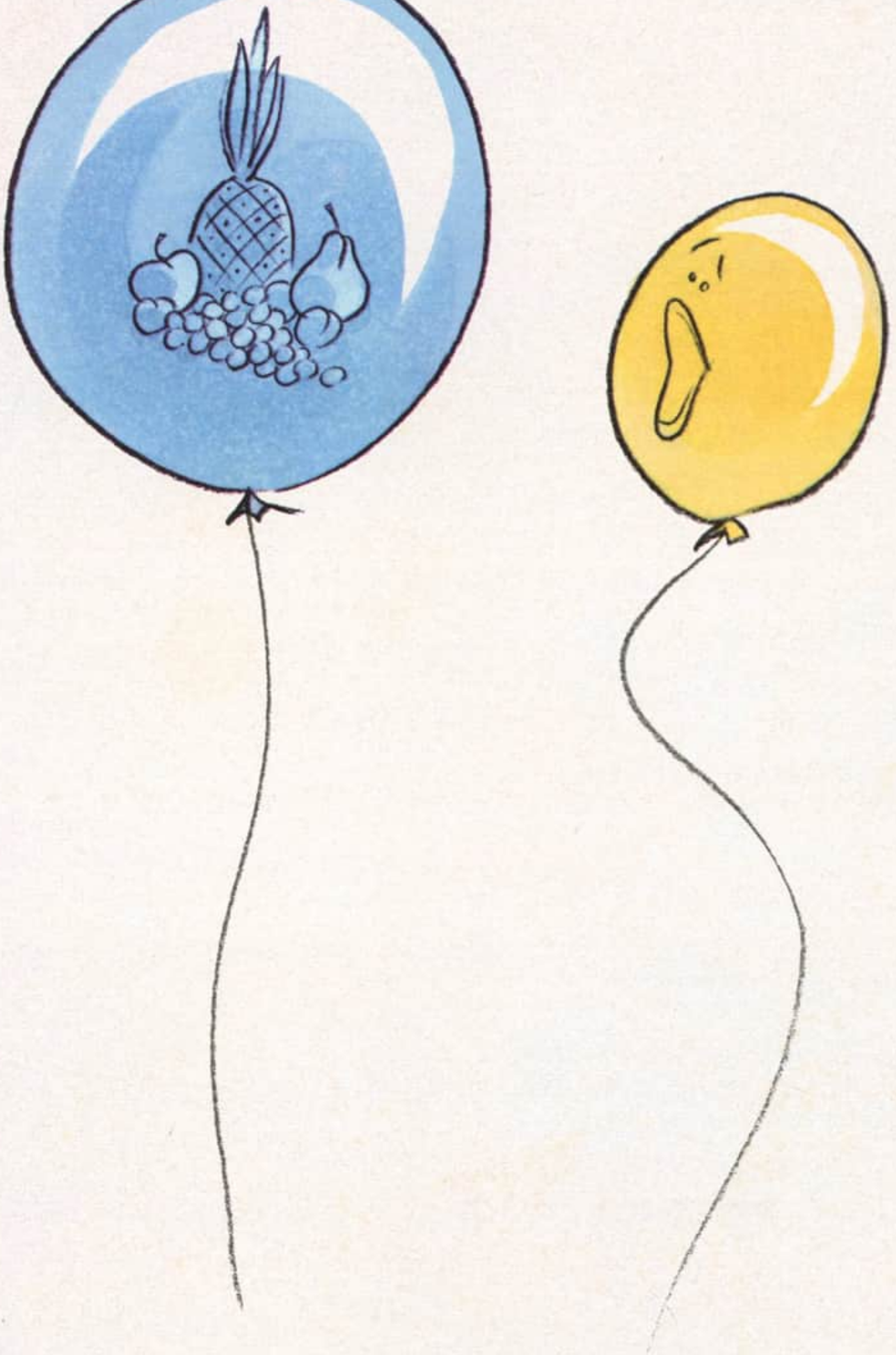
Or maybe Waltrip said it best: "You don't win races by being brave. You win races by being smart."

So there go the six heavy stock car racers. Off to call their brokers; away to strike new deals with sponsors; checking their holdings. All sober. No bars; no parties; no throwing chairs through motel windows. No fallen women, wearing only American Linen Supply towels around their waists.

I drink alone, getting back to the serious work of reruining my kidneys. And I raise a silent toast to the good old days.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Who is it this time, Walter . . . the grocery boy?"

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RACQUET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOREN

When the disparate likes of Bert Convy, Bobby Riggs, Lynda Day George, Phil Silvers, Bjorn Borg, Monti Rock III, and a bevy of beautiful *Penthouse* Pets are all in the same movie, it's safe to assume that tennis is only one of the games these people play. *Racquet* is a light-hearted, back-handed look at the very rich, very bored, sun-worshipping, fun-worshipping tennis set and their renowned proclivity for preferring bedroom doubles and freestyle sex to fresh air and exercise. Bert Convy stars as a one-time tennis champ turned country club coach, who is unexpectedly beaten on the court by a young contender and realizes that his stud days are numbered.

Phil Silvers (left) and Penthouse Pet Debora Zullo (above) exhibit two different directing styles.

In his frantic search for true love, a tidy bank account, and a tennis court of his own, Convy aces his way through a spicy variety of women—all of whom seem to feel that his foreplay is more crucial than his footwork. It seems that he'll say "love" for money, if they'll give money for love. His customers include some whom he "instructs" only in the line of duty, like Edie Adams and Susan Tyrrell. Others, like his old flame (Lynda Day George), a wide-eyed nymphette (Kitty Ruth, the reigning Miss California International), and an armful of our own delectable *Penthouse* Pets, help Convy work up a sweat even when he's not on the court.

(opposite page) 1978 Penthouse Pet Cynthia Gaynor (far left) gives waiting by the phone a new dimension, while Penthouse Pet Mariwin Roberts (near left) serves up a sexy surprise. (above left) 1977 Penthouse Pet of the Year Victoria Johnson lowers her inhibitions and lifts her skirts while Carrie Nelson (above top) basks in her sexy bit part. It's her first film, Carrie tells us, but not her last—a feeling shared by Cheryl Rixon (directly above) and by Debora Zullo (right). Cheryl and Debora have something else in common: both are contenders for the 1979 Penthouse Pet of the Year.

This Cal-Am Artists release is rated "R"—as much for raunchy, screwball laughs as for a constant volley of lusciously naked ladies. Phil Silvers, a cuckolded husband with a *fowl* fetish—he only likes sex when he's dressed as a turkey—provides sexual and comic relief. And when Edie Adams plays Grand Canyon to Convy's Evel Knievel, it's difficult to take sex quite as seriously as Masters and Johnson do. *Racquet* is directed by David Winters, a Peabody Award winner who is best known for choreographing such superstars as Ann-Margret, Raquel Welch, and Diana Ross.

Victoria Johnson and Convy (far left) play a private doubles match while Carrie Nelson (near left, top) proves that looks can kill—or at least slay; Convy (left) makes certain that his blonde has more fun, whether they're indulging in water sports or playing horsie. Edie Adams (center left) is preparing to return Convy's serve while Phil Silvers (top) mugs shamelessly, in contrast to Victoria again (above), in dignified, if undraped, repose.

Ironically, the only half-serious scene in the film concerns the movie's ostensible subject: tennis. World champ Bjorn Borg, appearing as himself, beats Convy at a ballsy game of tennis. Both, of course, are operating under a similar handicap: when visions of sexy sugarplums dance through their heads, it's hard for them to keep their eyes on the ball.

Needless to say, Convy's pupils don't have that problem. You might remember Convy as the Werner Erhard–style BEST leader in *Semi-Tough*. Here, though, not one of his comely pupils has to wonder whether she's "got it"; they all *know*. Convy services his women in the same high-spirited way that Warren Beatty, as a hetero hairdresser, did his customers in *Shampoo*. However, like Beatty, he gets satisfaction only from the pretty lady in his past.

Cheryl Rixon (far right, below), looking pretty as a pitcher, while a disco scene (near right, top) blends dance floor courtship with a swinging tennis beat and some of Racquet's *protagonists (far right, top) experience a new kind of car trouble.*

BY

(above) Director David Winters makes some thoughtful deliberations on the high-strung set of Racquet, while (near right) raven-haired beauty Debora Zullo directs his attention in a very provocative way. (opposite page, top), Pretty Mariwin Roberts shows off in tennis whites, while Cheryl Rixon (below) looks sweetly compliant.

Racquet gives a less-than-flattering view of some Malibu–Beverly Hills society types. But director Winters refuses to say how thinly—or thickly—disguised some of his characters are. He does admit, however, that plenty of people in Los Angeles will be "playing guessing games as to who we are portraying." As an observant *Penthouse* reader, of course, you can satisfy your voyeuristic urges when you spot some of your favorite Pets, who are just being sexy good sports, in this California dream come true. (It's difficult to forget a gorgeous face—or body—after all, even in an unfamiliar setting.) Warning: *Racquet* can be hazardous to your health. The next time you utter the phrase "Tennis, anyone?" you may get a more rousing response than you intended.

ENERGY CRISIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

delivered to the home, $3 per million BTUs of fuel oil, and $10 per million BTUs of electricity.

Myth Number Seventeen: Government control of the natural-gas market means lower costs to consumers. This is the popular impression that is apparently borne out by the fact that natural gas does come to consumers at a lower price per million BTUs than does any other form of energy. But what is overlooked is the fact that other forms of energy are overpriced. The rigid controls on natural gas serve to keep them that way. People pay for lower natural gas costs by accepting higher prices for oil and electricity. If it were legal to produce all the natural gas that could be sold at the current BTU equivalent price of oil—about three dollars per thousand cubic feet—such vast quantities could be brought to market to force down the price of other energy sources. In other words, deregulation of natural gas could very well lower the total energy costs to the consumer.

Myth Number Eighteen: The big oil companies all favor deregulation of natural gas. The evidence is just the contrary. Some oil companies are now doing quite well in selling high-priced foreign oil in a regulated domestic market. As long as price controls are clamped on natural gas, gas producers will not be able to prospect for gas for its own sake. To date, most natural gas has been found in the process of exploring for oil. A flood of new gas production not only could reduce the price of oil but also could threaten the value of foreign natural-gas fields held by some major oil companies.

Mobil, for example, is committing from $4 to 6 billion in Indonesia to develop natural gas. Phillips Petroleum is betting billions on importing natural gas from the North Sea. These investments, along with billions spent for special tankers to import foreign natural gas, help explain why some segments of the oil industry oppose freeing the domestic gas market.

Robert A. Hefner, chairman of the Independent Gas Producers Committee, points out that many of the oil companies are "net purchasers" of domestic gas for their operations within the United States. He adds: "Therefore their interests might be best served by continued price controls that would (1) keep the remaining natural gas within this country as low as possible for their U.S. consumption uses, and (2) create the necessity for the importation of liquefied natural gas and more foreign oil."

Myth Number Nineteen: We should shift to the use of coal, our most plentiful energy resource. Coal is plentiful, and it will undoubtedly be used in increasing amounts. But for the government to require consumers and industry to shift arbitrarily to coal use is idiotic. The conversion is not only very expensive but also counterproductive. President Carter's proposed coal-conversion program would cost a minimum of $50 billion—a tremendous investment when one considers that it would actually *lower* productivity. The waste of wealth is so vast that it is equivalent to bulldozing the city of Boston and then rebuilding it to make the homes and offices less efficient than they were in the first place.

Coal is unsuited to many applications because coal furnaces cannot be as accurately controlled as oil or natural-gas fires. Thus coal cannot be used if the flame must come directly into contact with the product, as is the case, for example, in some textile processes. Furthermore, coal is far more polluting than either oil or natural gas, and as the recent coal strike indicated, its supply can be easily interrupted.

Myth Number Twenty: The world is running out of uranium. Vince Taylor in *The Myth of Uranium Scarcity* has proved that this alleged shortage is just as imaginary as the alleged shortage of petroleum. In 1950 we were told that U.S. reserves of uranium oxide were dangerously low—at 3,000 tons. In just the first ten years thereafter, 75,000 tons of uranium oxide were mined. How much uranium oxide did that leave? Not 75,000 tons but 186,000 tons, sixty times the supposedly accurate 1950 figure.

> “Politicians have done nothing to halt the waste of vast amounts of fuel that are consumed because of their rules and regulations.”

Myth Number Twenty-one: Uranium is a cheap, economical source of energy. Maybe not. Uranium oxide is useless as a fuel. It can be used to power conventional atomic reactors only after it has been "enhanced," a process that may well consume more energy than is yielded by the uranium fuel pellets that it produces. The economics of conventional atomic reactors has been clouded by the fact that atomic-power generating emerged as a stepchild of the governmental program to build atomic bombs.

The warfare connection has enveloped aspects of the uranium-enrichment procedure in secrecy—making it all but impossible to discover how much energy the process consumes. During one recent year in which figures were available, uranium-powered reactors produced 2 percent of America's electricity. But the uranium-enrichment facilities operated by the government *consumed* 4 percent of the nation's electricity.

Of course, the percentage of the enrichment process attributable to the production of uranium for warheads was top secret; so no one could use the figures to prove what many suspect: conventional, uranium-powered atomic plants are not the energy bargain that their advocates maintain they are.

Myth Number Twenty-two: We must rush to produce fast-breeder reactors. One thing that can be said for the fast-breeder is that it does produce more radioactive fuel than it uses. To some, that makes it the perfect energy gimmick. It's sort of a perpetual-motion machine. The question is: Once you've set it in motion, can you stop it?

That is a problem which no one would ever have to worry about if the "energy crisis" mentality did not provide politicians with the cover for justifying committing billions of dollars in taxpayer funds to subsidize exotic and uneconomical projects, such as the fast-breeder. Because, for all the talk about the breeder's ability to generate more fuel than it uses, it is one-tenth as capital-efficient as a conventional gas- or coal-burning generator. No private investor would conceive of building one. It simply does not pay to breed plutonium at $125 per pound—especially when *that pound would theoretically be enough to give every living person lung cancer* if it were uniformly distributed in the atmosphere. The only way work could proceed on such a dangerous and economically unjustifiable project is for the government to commit everyone's money to pay for it.

The Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) is agitating to have as many as 2,000 liquid-metal fast-breeder installations in the United States within forty-five years. Just to haul away the deadly wastes generated by such a system daily would require 100 railroad cars. But loading the cars would be easy compared with unloading them. One can't simply dump radioactive plutonium wastes into the city landfill. Experts agree that the fast-breeder waste would have to be kept in protective storage for approximately 500,000 years. When the staggering costs of that operation are matched against the fast-breeder's other shortcomings, the government's plan to develop it must rank as an economic absurdity.

Myth Number Twenty-three: We are many decades away from practical solar-energy application. In fact, solar energy is practical right now. The technology has already been developed. And some of it is by no means new. For example, practical and dependable solar hot-water heating systems were in use at the turn of this century. There is almost no place in the United States where such systems could not be employed effectively. In fact, the sun could provide 65 percent of America's water heating. In most instances all such solar heating requires is a knowledge of basic physics, some black paint, and a bit of copper tubing.

Myth Number Twenty-four: The government is promoting the development of solar energy. Some members of Congress are undoubtedly sincere in seeking to promote solar development. They have arranged for the appropriation of public funds to that end, and lots of money has been spent. Yet the peculiar thing is that most of ERDA's solar contractors are firms with a greater incentive to stifle solar energy than to develop it. Angus McDonald of the Center for Science in the Public Interest surveyed ERDA's solar contracts and concluded that most solar-research funds have been showered on companies that, in his words, "are interlocked over and over again with big oil, big electric power, and the biggest banks and insurance companies in the world."

McDonald points out that bank directors, who have a tremendous vested interest in keeping public utilities solvent because of their large indebtedness, "are most numerous among the fifteen prime ERDA solar contractors: five directors of Chase Manhattan, seven directors of First National Citibank." Therefore, much solar research is pure fluff. That which is not is geared toward finding some capital-intensive application for solar energy that could be plugged directly into utility power lines. Money is being spent to study microwave transmission of solar power from outer space, to promote the erection of gigantic solar mirrors, and to finance similar boondoggles that would benefit the utilities and their major creditors—the big banks. McDonald concludes that "the interests that have most to lose in the widespread application of the sun's energy were put in charge of solar research and development."

Myth Number Twenty-five: The energy crisis is an energy crisis. It isn't. The crisis that is instigating the crazy quilt of new taxes, huge subsidies, and political manipulation is a financial crisis. It had its origins, not in the oil fields, but in the Treasury Department and in the boardrooms of banks. To understand the situation, one has to glance back a few years to the period when Lyndon Johnson was printing money to pay for the Vietnam War and his Great Society programs. The funny money not only inflated the cost of living in America but also destroyed the international monetary structure. So much money was created without backing that it was no longer possible to settle international debts with gold. On August 15, 1971, Richard Nixon officially announced to the world that the U.S. government was broke. He suspended further gold payments to foreign central banks and, in so doing, effectively removed the last barrier to the escalation of inflation and debt.

The new system of "floating exchange rates" has not worked effectively. Competitive devaluations on the part of governments have been so frequent that the result is almost a race to see which country can make its currency worthless first. The Canadians and Italians seem to be winning at present, but as everyone's practical experience surely confirms, the U.S. dollar is also being rapidly depreciated.

Under such conditions, when funny money is disrupting international trade, the exchange system has no way of dealing with the increasing insolvency (that means bankruptcy) of almost all the world's countries. In the short run, the existence of these difficulties has given large banks an opportunity to maximize their earnings by lending tens of billions at high interest rates to some of the governments in the worst condition. The loans enable them to finance their settlement of accounts.

The whole thing could be considered shrewd dealing—except for one obvious problem. Anyone can lend money to bankrupts at high interest rates. The trick is to be paid back. The big American banks, with Chase Manhattan in the lead, are now owed anywhere from $42 billion (a low estimate) to $200 billion (*Time*'s estimate). The seriousness of the situation is underlined by the fact that even the low figure—$42 billion—is far more than the banks could lose and remain solvent. And the prospect is not good. The current accounts of the non-oil-producing underdeveloped countries, which are the main debtors to the banks, are running at an annual deficit of $30 billion. In other words, the debtors not only are unable to reduce their total obligations but also need to borrow more. Without a dramatic change in the flow of funds worldwide, the banks could collapse.

> "Most Americans probably think they are doing themselves a favor as they accept more taxes, lower living standards, and higher prices."

Naturally enough, the banks are doing what they can to avoid their day of reckoning. And what they are doing connects directly to the alleged "energy crisis." The bankers realize that billions of dollars would be freed up—perhaps enough to pay them back—if the international price of oil fell. Because there is tremendous excess oil-production capacity in the OPEC countries, a price fall is not impossible. But it would be almost guaranteed if the American imports of foreign oil were dramatically reduced, as the advocates of a strong energy policy envision.

Thus the frenzied effort at energy conservation. As Senator Javits put it, "There is an urgent need for the most drastic conservation policy in oil on the part of the United States—the largest importer of oil—to materially reduce the imbalance in international payments resulting from these imports. The danger is so great that even gasoline rationing cannot be ruled out as a last resort."

Clearly, this is not an "energy" crisis at all, but one that arises solely out of the financial and credit conditions that threaten the big banks with collapse.

The situation takes on further complexity because David Rockefeller, the chairman of Chase Manhattan, and other leading bankers have roles as owners and controlling figures in the major oil companies. This explains partly why the solutions to the alleged energy crisis are so irrational. Simple deregulation of the energy industry, for example, could well achieve the goal of breaking the OPEC price. Recent studies have shown that deregulating the price of oil alone would reduce American imports of foreign oil to 28 percent of their current level. But that might also cost the big oil companies billions and is therefore unacceptable. What is acceptable is policies of exactly the sort that have been proposed, first by David's late brother, Nelson, when he was vice-president, and now by Jimmy Carter. These policies would employ taxes, subsidies, and political regulation to force down the consumption of energy and at the same time set circumstances that would prohibit a declining world price from lowering the price of energy in America. This would enable some oil companies to profit as much in the future from importing cheaper foreign oil as they do from importing oil at today's price.

The political difficulties of promoting such policies are considerably eased because they create golden opportunities for an entire spectrum of special interests. Those who sell coal, those who want energy-research contracts, bureaucrats in the Department of Energy, those who want to breed plutonium, owners of shale deposits, and many, many others are all standing in line for the goodies that an "energy program" would distribute. In fact, so many special groups have an incentive to support this nonsense that more subsidies, regulations, and monopoly privileges seem likely to pass—even though they would harm fully 90 percent of the population. But with all the powerful special interests blaring away about the nonexistent "energy crisis" and the urgent necessity of "forceful action" to solve it, most Americans probably think that they are doing themselves a favor as they accept more taxes, lower living standards, and higher prices.

Tracing the manipulation and behind-the-scenes intrigues that are part of the effort to mislead the public will no doubt absorb the efforts of many historians and political scientists in the future. Meanwhile, you can join all the rest of the boys and girls in getting a giggle when your favorite new cartoon character—Energy Ant—warns you: "Don't be fuelish."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

returned to Riyadh, wrote to the late King Faisal, mentioning the conversation in detail, and presented my letter to him personally. After reading it, the king threw it aside in anger and said, 'I am afraid the Americans will never understand us. Do they want us to send our youth to America for training, to graduate from the highest American aviation school, and on their return make castles in the sand?"

The answer was no, and in the next few years Khashoggi made a fortune by proving it. Apart from Lockheed money, he received a commission of $45 million from the sale of French tanks, another $2 million from a British helicopter company, and so on. In the last ten years, he has been involved in about 80 percent of all arms sales to Saudi Arabia, but he claims this represents only one-third of his company's interest. "Are we in the arms business—you know: guns, bullets, bombs? I think not. We supply the military with technical support systems. We are not like Mr. Sam Cummings with his machine guns."

In the United States he began to create goodwill for himself by contributing to Richard Nixon's campaign funds. The exact amount remains speculative. Some estimates say it was $1 million, but Adnan denies it. "I met Nixon in Paris in 1967, and we had dinner at the Rasputin Restaurant. We became friends, the way you sometimes do when you have a drink with a man and there is a pretty girl between you.

"When I went to New York, he gave a cocktail party for me, but when he was running for president, an Arab businessman with big ideas suggested to me, 'Let's give him $50,000.' I said Nixon could not appoint any of my men as ambassador; so why should I give him money? Instead, I suggested we finance a campaign record and split the profits fifty-fifty. They never paid back the money. My friend wanted to sue those guys for it."

By 1973 Lockheed was becoming disenchanted with its representative, particularly as his commission on the sale of Hercules transport planes, which cost $2.5 million each, had risen from 2 to 8 percent, in addition to a $200,000 "marketing contingency" payment per airplane. According to Lockheed, this was for "under-the-table compensation to Saudi officials. But we really have no way of knowing if the so-called under-the-table compensation is ever disbursed to Saudi officials or stops at our consultant's bank account."

Khashoggi was still popular in government circles, though, and David Alne, a former director of the Pentagon's international sales negotiations, called him "an inexpensive aid program for the United States." The following year, the U.S. embassy in Jidda recommended him as "an excellent contact for U.S. firms."

Then came the Northrop "problem." The company alleged that it had given $450,000 to Khashoggi to bribe two Saudi Arabian Air Force generals—Hashim and Zuhair. The generals were code-named Trumpet and Geranium in Telexed messages between Northrop's headquarters at Century City, Los Angeles, and Khashoggi's Riyadh office, where he was known as Wishbone. The money, according to Northrop chairman Tom Jones, was to ensure the success of orders for twenty Tiger fighter airplanes. Khashoggi admitted receiving the money but said that he kept it for himself because "I knew it would threaten to terminate Northrop's relationship with Saudi Arabia if it was delivered."

He had not "stolen" the money, he claimed, but had credited it against Northrop's account. The vagueness of his various explanations was intentional: "What do you tell stupid people like that? I play games with them."

Khashoggi was not willing to play games with the Securities and Exchange Commission, however, which ruined a trip he made to the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, in March 1977, by trying to subpoena him. He flew to Barbados the next day and did not return to the United States for more than a year. "Is American morality suddenly to become the basis for world morality? We're not doing anything naughty. I have no need to pass bribes in Saudi Arabia. I took my fees, and they were large, but so were the deals I helped put through for America. The more you produce, the more you earn. That, after all, is the basic element of the United States free-enterprise system."

> ‘Saudi Arabia has the same opportunities as the Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, and J.P. Morgan had in putting America together. But we don't have 10 percent of the corruption.’

He has about $50 million in United States banks and companies, and thirty of his fifty executives are American. He owns property in Texas, Florida, and Arizona and steak houses in San Francisco, is developing a $250 million industrial park in Salt Lake City, and owns two banks in California. There was a rumpus when he tried to buy a third, and he was defended by Prince Sultan. Allegations against his friend were "part of the Zionist campaign aimed at distorting the Arab image," he claimed and added, "Hell broke loose when Arab interests wanted to invest only $25 million in San Jose banking operations, but nobody seems to be complaining about a $25 *billion* rip-off of the American taxpayer by Israel."

Adnan's multifarious businesses operate under the umbrella of Triad Holding Company, based in Liechtenstein. A few trusted aides have been with him for years: Bob Shaheen; Sabih Deif, an Egyptian lawyer who writes the single copy of the balance sheet in longhand; and a former Lockheed man, Louis Lauler. His brothers, Adil and Essam, each own 10 percent of the company, and his father, Mohammed, is honorary chairman.

A Korean bodyguard, Keel, and a valet, George, accompany him everywhere. Each morning while George shaves him in a special chair, replicas of which he has in his residences throughout the world, he sits and reviews his operations in thirty-eight countries: financial management, banking, a travel firm, a furniture factory, an insurance company in London, a fashion house in Paris run by Kenzo Takada (who markets clothes under the Jungle Jap label), interior design, property development, hospital management, elevator production, cranes, ship chartering, beef slaughtering in South America, a cattle ranch in the Sudan, hotels in Tahiti, Fiji, New Zealand, and Australia.

Not all the results are successful. He planned a $600 million tourist resort near Cairo, but the contract was canceled suddenly in the summer of 1978 after reports of questionable land transactions and environmental objections had given the project the nickname "Pyramidgate." A $200 million loan he arranged for Sudan from a consortium of thirty banks (earning his own company $1 million commission) has been so mismanaged by the government that it has resulted in increased inflation and balance-of-payment difficulties. Khashoggi cannot be blamed for that, but in 1974 the management consultants McKinsey & Co. told him that his own investments had been haphazard and his management chaotic.

He has a dozen homes: three in Saudi Arabia, two in London, and one each in New York (the forty-sixth and forty-seventh floors of Fifth Avenue's Olympic Tower; the top floor of this $3 million extravaganza holds the swimming pool), Sardinia, Rome, Beirut, Paris, and Cannes. A $44 million yacht with helicopter landing pad was still under construction in Cannes; so I prepared to meet him on the 200-foot cruiser he was making do with for the season.

Not bad for a forty-three-year-old flashy Arab.

The short trip was a misery for Bob Shaheen, nattily attired in his working suit. He doesn't much like the sea, and he ducked as the speedboat zoomed through the harbor exit, heading over the choppy Mediterranean to where the cruiser lay at anchor a few hundred yards away.

Khashoggi is small, portly, with soft brown eyes and a gentle manner. He is immediately relaxed and relaxing, tactile and confiding, a salesman whose face betrays none of the tensions involved in his exploits. His fifteen-year-old daughter, Nabilia, and his thirteen-year-old son, Mohammed, were both on board, preparing to go to school in Geneva the very next day. High-spirited and friendly, they did not look abducted, although I was to read the next day how they had—at that very moment—been on the telephone in tears to their mother.

"You have to accept personal publicity like that," says Khashoggi. "It's like losing a leg. There's nothing you can do about it. Okay, if you want to see me early one morning, dancing at a nightclub with a blonde, God bless you. If you want to see me on my big boat, you are welcome. I don't want to be an Onassis or anything like that, but it's disastrous for an individual to become mysterious.

"Let people see us as normal human beings, playing around as they do, enjoying life, doing business, and having children. We are a mystery only because we came out of the desert, but we are not from Mars. It will take many years for you to understand us, and for us to understand you. I am afraid that the average person will not understand.

"I was treated well by the West when I started, but when I became exposed—through Lockheed and the San Jose bank—I became a star in orbit, ready to be shot at. I have worked very hard to build credibility.

"My fees are high, but whoever thought when I started that the amounts would be so large? Why the fuss? You don't say to David Rockefeller at Chase Manhattan, 'If it's a billion-dollar transfer, don't take your commission of one-tenth of 1 percent.' And banks do nothing except print paper. Some of our deals take ten years, with overheads of millions. Only one in five materializes, and we face a lot of problems. We need a large intelligence network in order to anticipate the competition. A lot of intrigue goes with it. You don't just do our work in a white shirt and tie."

So, I suggested, you have to bribe and cheat and generally comply with the rules of the money rush, which make kung fu seem like Girl Scout volleyball?

"It depends who you are talking about. Everyone is living with the problem of bribery. It exists in the U.S. Congress, in the House of Commons. How do people get contracts with the Pentagon? You have proved that there is corruption in your societies.

"In Saudi Arabia we are fighting Western corruption. Lockheed wanted a decision in a hurry and was willing to pay for it. They met a general, and he complained, 'Adnan Khashoggi does not pay me,' at least clearing me of corruption. But the company was angry. They wanted to know what I did with the money. I told them it was none of their business.

"When you choose a man and he does things for you which seem to be a miracle, you pay him. Why grumble? If you want to be pure, ask him to write, 'I have never bribed.' At least then you will have purified your soul. That is my recommendation to

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the Western world. If you know he paid a government official, that is corruption and is between society and his conscience with God. In Saudi Arabia the official would lose his job in the morning and be in jail in the afternoon. I was glad when the Church investigations began. It ended with Lockheed looking guilty, and me innocent.

"We try to be a really organized, professional marketing organization, and we have a few big contracts. Of course, there is no justification for a man getting 5 or 10 percent on a contract worth $100 million, but if you are sitting in the middle of the desert, not knowing what to do, you will be more than happy to pay someone for professional advice. You could do it on your own, because Saudi Arabia needs things, but you will frustrate yourself.

"Some intermediaries happen to be a friend of a prince, and maybe the poor prince enjoys playing cards with them. One day the intermediary says, 'Please, Your Highness, will you see so and so?' The prince sees him, has a cup of tea. Does that make him guilty of anything? There are princes in business, but their influence is equal to everyone else's. It was proved when the son of the crown prince was humiliated to zero over the telephone contract. That's a good example.

"Of course there are people who put out their hands because they have no money—like customs officials. If you have nothing to declare, but the officer is going to be naughty, unpack all your bags, and make you wait for two hours when you are tired and want to go home—maybe you give him money.

"In some eyes that is a facility for comfort. In others it is a bribe. How many are like me, able to complain about such treatment? Others have to submit to these weak people."

As we sat on deck, watching the sun go down, his children were in the makeshift cinema on board, servants were laying gold tableware for dinner, and some exquisite girls from Paris were scenting and chiffoning themselves for an evening of pleasure. Along the Croisette, envious glances were turned toward the boat. Those stern mausoleums—the Majestic, the Splendid, Le Claridge instead of *the*—built so that British Victorians could stroll in the sun and imagine that they were still in Bournemouth, now have a different clientele, brought by the money rush. Arabs and Persians abound.

"Look at it this way," suggests Khashoggi. "The gods are kind and have distributed things around. If *we* had all the sea, the good weather, and so on, these poor people here would not benefit. The British, at their peak, used this as a playground. Now we do.

"At the moment in Saudi Arabia, we are at the crossroads between dependence upon the West and trying to understand ourselves.

"Our country is a cocktail of many things. You have a Ph.D. from Oxford next to someone with a big position in government who hardly knows how to write his name. You see wealth side by side with poverty. But the poverty is by choice. Ninety percent of the population is not educated, and they reject certain forms of development.

"Our tradition causes misunderstandings. Women, for instance, cannot go unveiled in Saudi Arabia. But in Mecca, during the pilgrimage, they *must* open their faces. Religion calls for equal treatment of women, and it is sad that we are destroying half our society by selfish desires to keep them down and behave in the same way as our grandparents. It will definitely change.

"There is, too, a type of hypocrisy over drinking. It is the same in certain American states where there are laws against the easy access of alcohol. People are allowed privileges if they make the effort to do certain things—but you cannot give your full blessing, because that would lead to overnight corruption and an uncontrollable society.

"If you are a religious family, you have to tell your children how to behave. You might be the worst father in the world, chasing girls, drunk all night, gambling. But at least when you face your son, he wants you to be perfect. That is a rule of life.

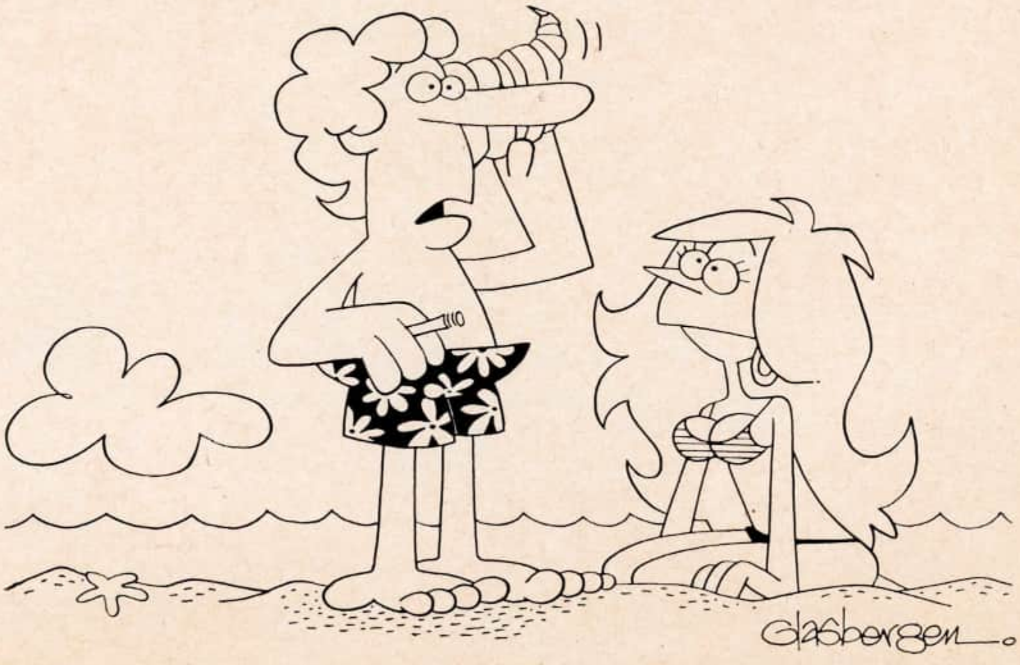
"I would not like to see the basic things in our society destroyed—the family unit or faith in Islam, which is practically the same as Christianity. Money can corrupt if you don't know how to make it enter the system slowly. What will happen if we go quicker? Look at Kuwait. All those educated people with nothing to do. It may be happening to an extent in Saudi Arabia, but if they don't work hard, inflation will take everything away.

"There are those who think that religion is a hindrance. I believe it is a safety valve. If you don't have a belief, you become immoral, and there is no hope for you. I am a strong believer. I cannot go to bed at night until I have prayed, because it is something I was brought up with."

"It must be awkward," I said, "having to pray five times a day."

"I am lucky about that," he replied, smiling. "There is dispensation for travelers. They have only to pray twice a day."

Truly the gods are kind—to some.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

Rome, Medea vs. Greece, Sandra Dee vs. Natural Hair. And although Susan Hayward screamed her way to the Academy Award in 1958 for *I Want to Live*, Gloria Joy outscreamed her every minute of that year—and lost the child by hyperventilation!

I was given a room in the basement next to the boiler room and my first household duty—repainting the entire house, inside and out! What could I do? I had nowhere to go! I was on parole! *I was in her custody!* As I cried myself to sleep on my hay-stuffed mattress in that hot boiler room, I vowed vengeance! The war was declared! From now on it would be a *fight to the death!*

I met my new adopted brother—my new "nephew," according to Mother. He was known only as Gloria Joy's anonymous addition. He was, in all respects, a grown man. Mother was putting him through U.C.L.A., and he was a champion swimmer. (More about sex in the pool in *sin*sational PART THREE!) We had difficulty getting along, as he was from the Midwest and I had a hard time understanding his language.

Mother's latest film—about Harriet Beecher Stowe, entitled *The Bitch of a Nation*—was slipping at the box office, even with the title changed to *Only Black Men for Harriet*. So she was in a foul mood as usual, but my new "father," Mort Schtickman, was pleasant enough—except when he told the horrible leftover jokes he wrote for the Milton Berle television show (or was it Sid Caesar?). Mort was riding high in television, and Mother, always aware of new trends, wanted in. She saw that her own career in films was nearing its end, and her new film, *The Death of a Saleslady*—a remake of *Death of a Salesman* with Willy Loman changed to Willa Ann, the Avon Lady—was also a financial failure.

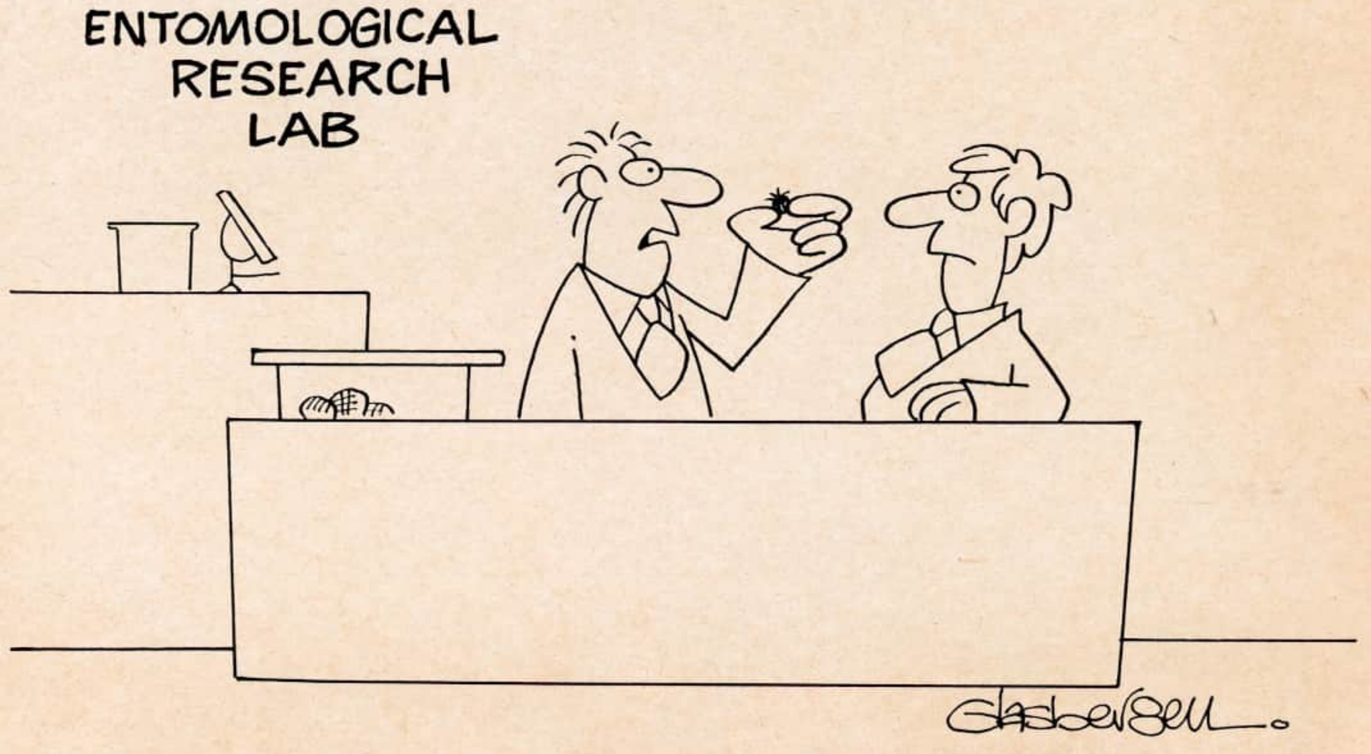
Failure was something Gloria Joy could not live with. She was driven like a comet—not caring where she was going as long as it was UP! She also realized early in life you often have to "go down" to "go up"! But enough double entendres and witty wordplay! The truth of the matter was Mother was sucking Mort's ugly little cock just for a part in a variety show! And although Simone found *Room at the Top* with an Oscar in '59, it was Gloria Joy who would outlast everyone in that room up there!

I spent the remainder of the year painting the house, writing to Marilyn Jr. about my undying love (she was getting out in only twenty-two years), and oiling Sweet Grandma Myrna's motor wheelchair. Mother and I barely spoke the next few years, since she always locked me in the basement after 9:00 P.M., making my social life very limited for a young woman.

Then it happened one night. Mother was at the studio late, shooting her latest dramatic film, *The Bad, The Beautiful, and the Unemployed*. The house was still, like the moment before an earthquake, as though *something unbelievable was going to happen!* Even *more* unbelievable than Elizabeth Taylor's getting an Oscar for *Butterfield 8* that year (1960). My, how the years were flying by as I lay in my boiler bedroom! How little I knew what was about to happen! That night would affect the emotional fiber of my whole life!

That night I hear a little tinkle on the small basement window above my bed. It's my new adopted brother—or nephew (even I'm confused at this point). I try to open the window, but of course it's nailed shut. He quietly cuts the glass pane with a glass cutter. (This young man was serious!) Slowly he slides through the window, his lean, muscular body revealed, as he is wearing only a bathing suit and his five gold swimming medals (and this is years before Mark Spitz!)!

He very tenderly feels my hair and tries desperately to talk to me. Wait a minute! He isn't a moron, as I had thought! His grunts and groans were not just a midwestern accent! *He's a deaf mute!* Yes, he tries desperately to talk to me in sign language, one human being desperately trying to reach out to another, to break through the glass walls surrounding all human beings! I suddenly felt like Anne Bancroft in *The Miracle Worker*—a role Mother would have killed



"You know what I hate about dung beetles? Their silly little shit-eating grins."

for! I quickly reached for a pad and pencil, and he then wrote me the sweetest thought I had ever received up to that point in my lamentable life:

> Dear Sister,
> I need a friend. You have the face of a friend in your eyes. I have watched you, and you, like me, do not trust anyone. But once or twice in the lives of people like us, we break the rule and we trust. Trust me, dear anonymous sister. I love you. People like us are loving friends forever when they *do* love.
> Your Anonymous Brother

I kissed him gently and found myself shocked that I could be so touched. I held him near me, our perfect bodies meeting with no thought of sex or of using each other in any way. I thought of my lover Marilyn Jr. in prison and realized that was only an animal need for protection. *This* was *love* for another human being. I didn't *need* it—I *wanted* it!

As we made love in that hot basement room next to the boiler, I knew that this was going to be one of the most important and tender nights of my life. I would write to Marilyn Jr. in the morning and tell her it was over. And, as his trim, lean, muscular cock—after prison, I can now say *cock*—gently found my undernourished well, I realized that I WAS GOING STRAIGHT! As he mounted me and began moving with the heat of our rapidly accelerating heartbeats, I vowed I would never use a dildo again! For, in the last analysis, there is nothing like the real thing, baby! *No, I would never forget this night*—for outside the window stood Mother, now looking like a raving madwoman! *She had watched the whole thing with her vulgar eyes!*

She kept screaming, "YOU WHORE, YOU WHORE!"—*and* she was holding the rifle she kept for prowlers as she ranted and screamed. I held tightly to my adopted brother, fearing for our lives. "I'LL KILL YOU, YA WHORE!" She aimed the gun. *This was it.* She had won. There was no way out! Then suddenly, out of nowhere, Grandma Myrna came roaring out of the bushes with her wheelchair in high gear, ramrodding right into Mother and knocking her into our new olympic-sized pool in the shape of an Academy Award! (Mother would do anything—or anyone—to get one!)

I had a chance after all. I tried to jump up quickly, but adopted brother wouldn't let me! He hadn't orgasmed! HE HADN'T ORGASMED? My life was in jeopardy, and HE HADN'T ORGASMED! All men were alike! (Maybe I wouldn't write that letter to Marilyn Jr. after all!)

Mother was now surfacing in the Oscar-shaped pool. She began swimming to the ladder! She was a perfect swimmer, and her long, sensuous body stayed with her long after other women's had succumbed to fat! She was swimming for the ladder to kill me, and Brother Dear was holding me down, humping me like some wild animal! Oh, how quickly men forget when there's a

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hard-on in their way! I fought to *get free!* MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN A FIGHT TO GET FREE! But he held me down and began pumping me harder, forcing me to scream, "STOP! STOP!"

"WHORE! WHORE!" screamed Mother, climbing out of the pool. Grandma Myrna came roaring back at Mother, screaming at her, "BITCH! BITCH!" at which point Mother lassoed Grandma (yes, Gloria Joy was also an excellent cowgirl), tying her into the wheelchair and aiming it out the driveway, down the street, and toward the Los Angeles Freeway. I never saw Grandma again after that. (How many people ever come back from the Los Angeles Freeway?)

Stepbrother kept pounding me as I kept screaming, and Mother watched the rape with crying eyes—just as when Sophia Loren in *Two Women* (Oscar '61) watches her only daughter raped by Arab soldiers, she cries the tears of a loving mother, but when Gloria Joy watches her only daughter raped, she cries the tears of a mother who wants to be fucked herself! *And then,* like a bad Salvador Dali nightmare, she—"NO! NO! *Mother, you can't do that!*—she went completely insane! She began to spread kerosene all around my window and all over the sides of the house. Her last role had gone to her head (or was it her last case of syphilis?). Her last film, a studio cheapie about Joan of Arc, was entitled *Burn, Baby, Burn,* wherein the modern Joan is part Negro and lives in a Ku Klux Klan neighborhood.

YES, SHE HAD GONE INSANE! My semi-new stepfather ran out of the house, doing Yiddish jokes as she lit the match. At which point Stepfather Mort asked, "So? Whose birthday?" before fainting dead away (not being able to confront violence)! The house went up like a torch! Dear stepbrother kept pounding me harder and harder—fucking me as though the fire drove him on by igniting his insanity! Yes, *she* had probably had him with Satan! (How close I was!—but more of this in that sexually shocking PART THREE!)

The flames rose, the endless hard-on drove on, fucking me into the burning fires of Hades, and SHE—Gloria Joy, my own mother who signed all her vicious letters to me, "Your Loving Sister"—screamed to the satanic moon. Yes, her brain had marinated into the sick roles she played on the silver screen as she stood outside the burning house, chanting like a madwoman, "I AM GLORIA JOY! EVERYONE LOVES ME! YES, EVERYONE LOVES *ME*! AND IF THEY DON'T—I KILL THEM!"

She had won! MOMMY BITCH had won—for now! But I vowed vengeance for my harrowing Hollywood childhood under the world's greatest monster! I vowed *vengeance* for the murder rap she set me up for! I vowed vengeance for her making my life a burning hell on earth! But as the flames whipped across my burning flesh, I passed out, praying there'd be a PART THREE!

(To be continued)

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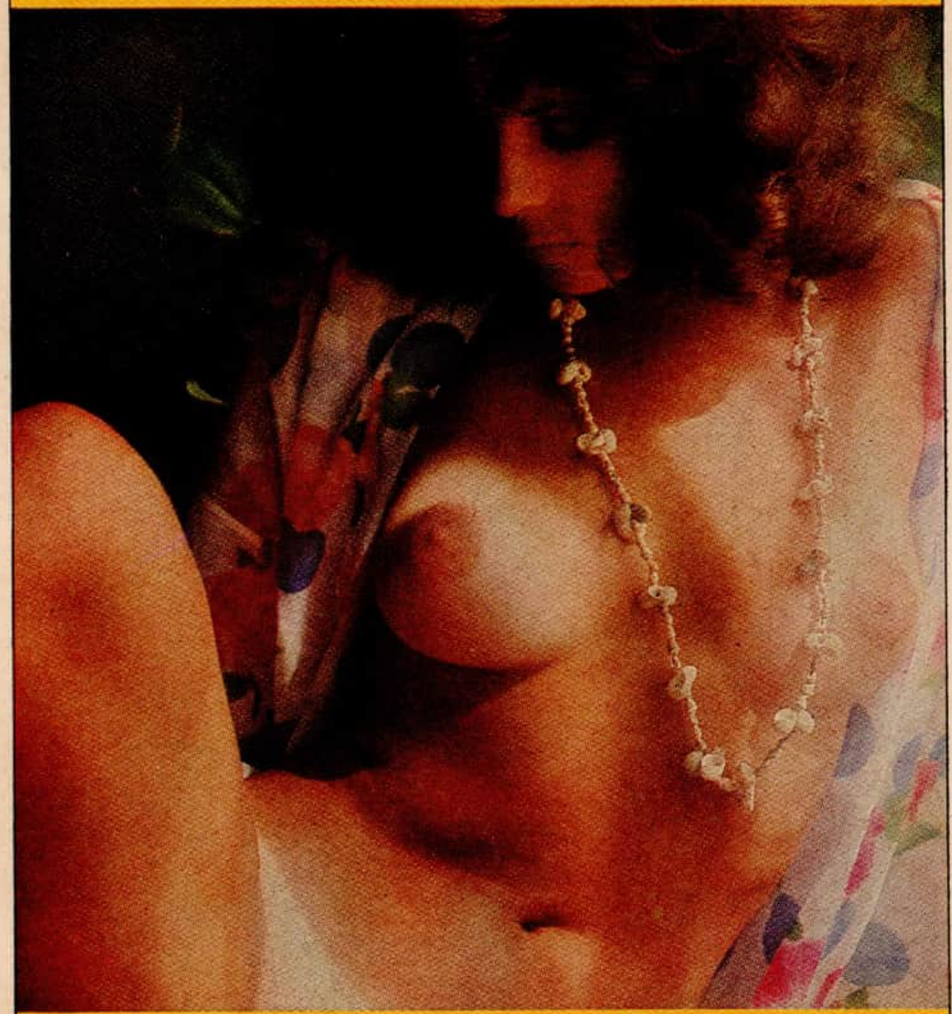

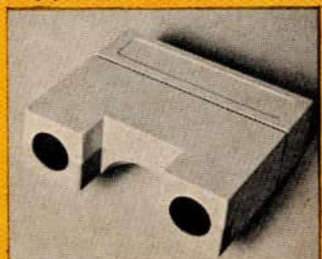

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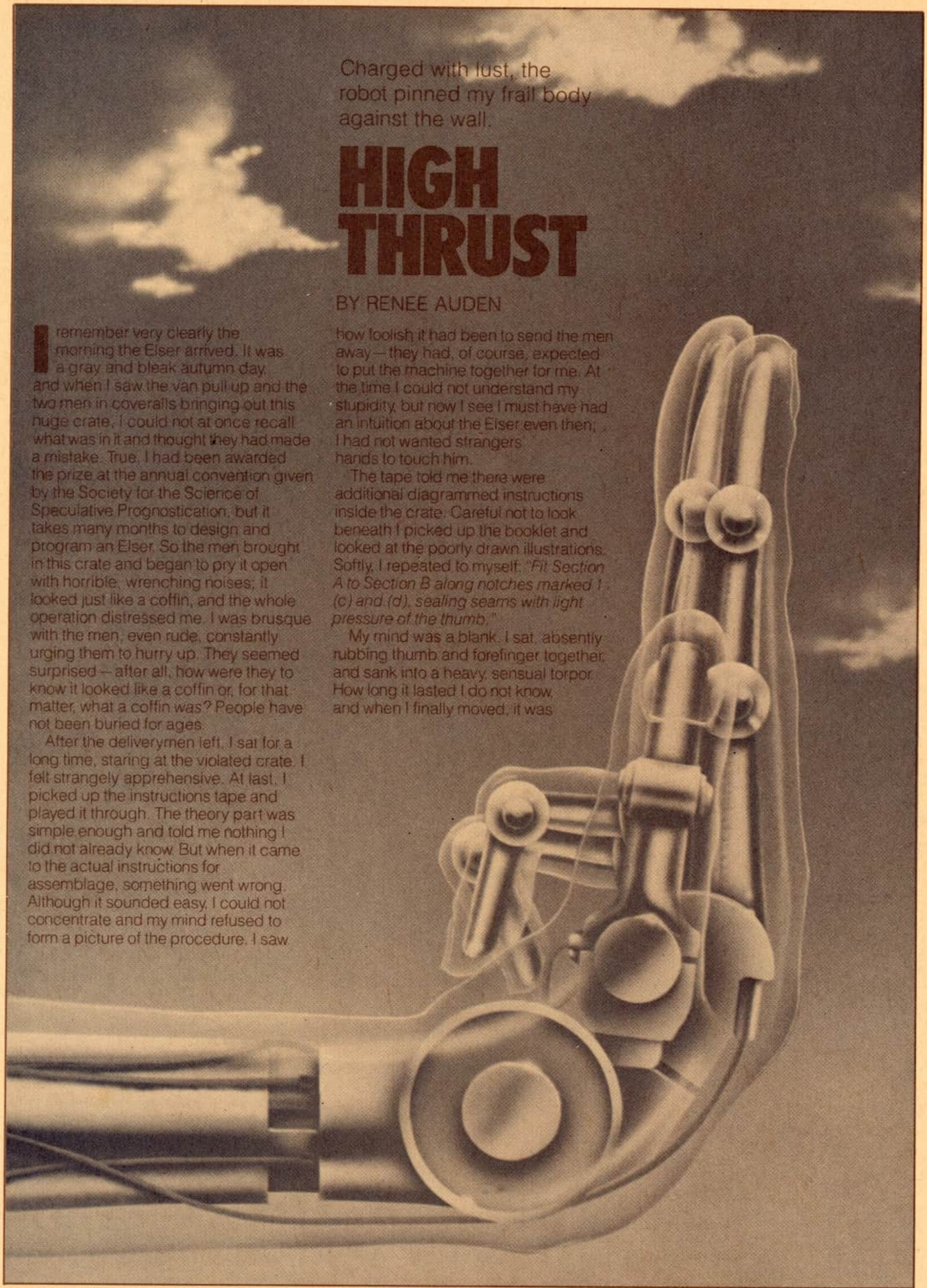


Illustration by Terry Pastor

Charged with lust, the robot pinned my frail body against the wall.

HIGH THRUST

BY RENEE AUDEN

I remember very clearly the morning the Elser arrived. It was a gray and bleak autumn day, and when I saw the van pull up and the two men in coveralls bringing out this huge crate, I could not at once recall what was in it and thought they had made a mistake. True, I had been awarded the prize at the annual convention given by the Society for the Science of Speculative Prognostication, but it takes many months to design and program an Elser. So the men brought in this crate and began to pry it open with horrible, wrenching noises; it looked just like a coffin, and the whole operation distressed me. I was brusque with the men, even rude, constantly urging them to hurry up. They seemed surprised—after all, how were they to know it looked like a coffin or, for that matter, what a coffin was? People have not been buried for ages.

After the deliverymen left, I sat for a long time, staring at the violated crate. I felt strangely apprehensive. At last, I picked up the instructions tape and played it through. The theory part was simple enough and told me nothing I did not already know. But when it came to the actual instructions for assemblage, something went wrong. Although it sounded easy, I could not concentrate and my mind refused to form a picture of the procedure. I saw how foolish it had been to send the men away—they had, of course, expected to put the machine together for me. At the time I could not understand my stupidity, but now I see I must have had an intuition about the Elser even then; I had not wanted strangers hands to touch him.

The tape told me there were additional diagrammed instructions inside the crate. Careful not to look beneath I picked up the booklet and looked at the poorly drawn illustrations. Softly, I repeated to myself: *"Fit Section A to Section B along notches marked 1 (c) and (d), sealing seams with light pressure of the thumb."*

My mind was a blank. I sat, absently rubbing thumb and forefinger together, and sank into a heavy, sensual torpor. How long it lasted I do not know, and when I finally moved, it was with great effort.

I walked over to the crate, which sat in the middle of the kitchen floor, and began to remove the excelsior. I uncovered the head and torso—it was smaller than I had expected. Gingerly, I touched the plastic chest . . . it felt cool and smooth—and lifeless. Inside I could dimly see a mass of blackish coils.

I set to work casually, almost absentmindedly, humming a little tune, not really thinking about what I was doing, and not really aware of touching anything. And before I knew it, the job was done.

In front of me stood a figure, somewhat smaller than a man, more like an adolescent boy, with narrow shoulders and limbs a little too long and thin. The figure's stance was stiff and awkward, the face a blank. Through the transparent material of the body I could see the network of coils, dark and intricate. I stood perplexed, scratching my head; something was missing.

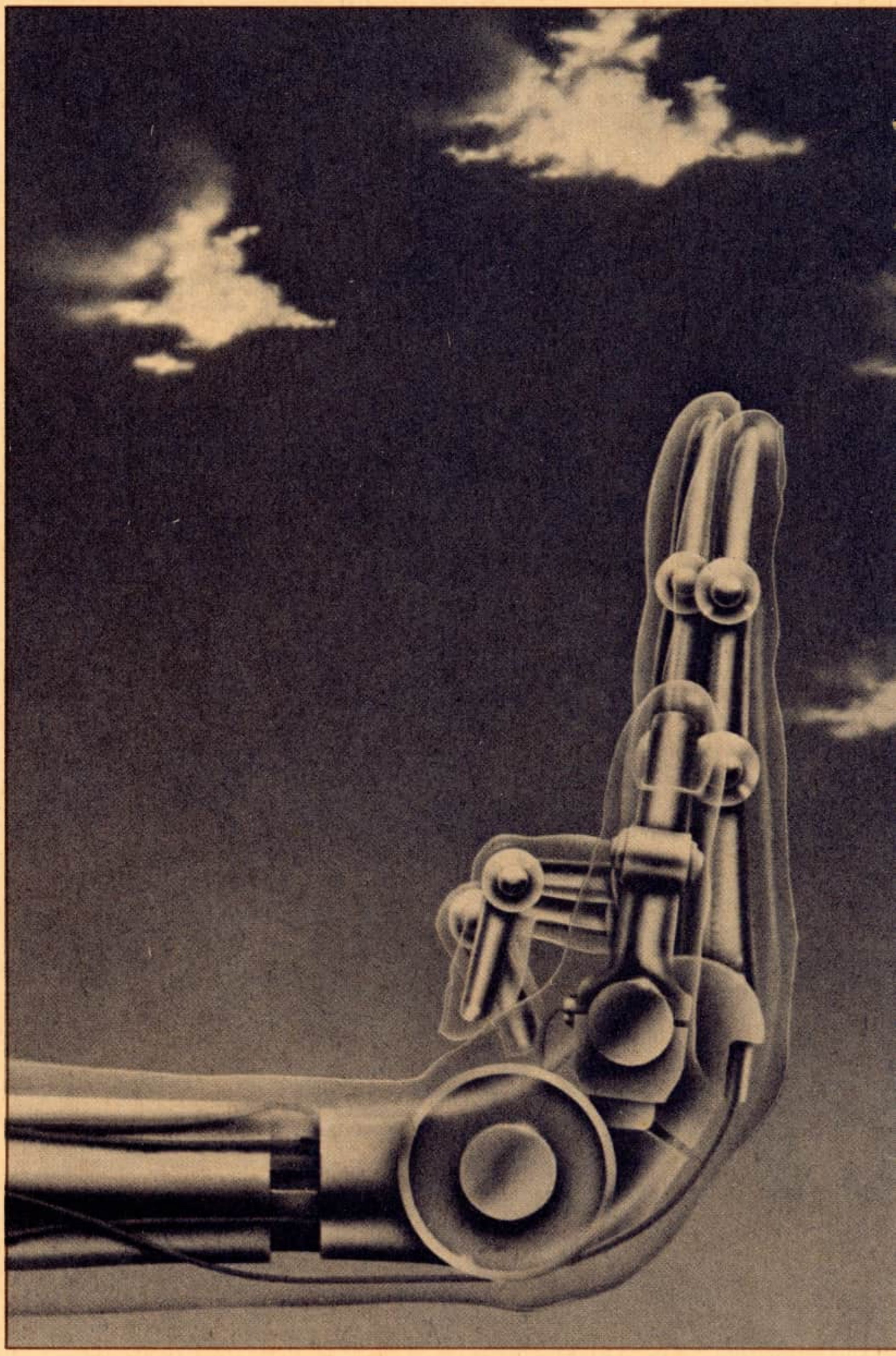
When it came to me, I almost laughed out loud. I had forgotten to throw the switch . . . a trifle, merely the difference between light and dark—life and death.

Like a city at nightfall, the Elser's inner landscape came awake. Lights blinked and arranged themselves in patterns, arteries gleamed, the entire figure took on a warm, pinkish glow. It seemed positively to hum with energy, and I tried a few elementary orders:

"Clean up excelsior. Remove crate to incinerator behind door to your left!"

A soft, steady hum . . . pinpricks of lights dancing . . . Smoothly, effortlessly, the slender body bent and straightened, the delicate-looking arms lifted the heavy crate as if it were made of paper, the legs moved with graceful, gliding steps toward the appropriate door.

How to describe the joy of that moment? Not until then did I realize the extent of my subconscious anxiety. What if I had botched the assembling, nervous and clumsy as I am . . . What if my hands had shaken or my fingers slipped? Oh, but everything was all right now—everything was going to be all right from now on.



Not that I really had anything to complain of before. As I've already mentioned, I was fortunate enough to possess all the things I value most—privacy, peace, satisfaction in my work. But the most privileged way of life has its pitfalls, and from time to time I became subject to severe attacks of boredom and depression. These attacks never reached proportions serious enough to interfere with my work and were troublesome only to myself. Nevertheless, they would cause me a great deal of pain and apprehension.

But now I would wake each morning with a zest for life I had not experienced for many years; I worked with unprecedented energy, and when I went out, as I did more often than usual that winter, my friends commented on how well I looked, pleased to see me "come out of my shell," as one of them quaintly put it.

They are wrong about me, of course. They always have and still do think of me as shy, cold, and eccentric. But my apparent misanthropy is due only in part to these traits. The truth is that I hate disorder . . . I am afraid of the contagion of chaos. Clarity, simplicity, silence . . . these nourish and soothe my spirit. For I am only too well aware of certain disruptive tendencies in myself, an emotional instability I cannot afford to encourage—that romantic streak, for instance, which made me choose their strange, old-fashioned house, so much too large for me and isolated by half a mile from its nearest neighbor.

That first winter with the Elser, I did not know why I was so happy. Maybe that's what made it so special. I loved to spend the long evenings in my high-ceilinged rooms, shining with cleanness, everything peaceful and quiet but for the soft hum that told me all was in order, each thing in its appointed place—that in my own private little world I was safe from error and confusion. Often I would look up from my reading and lose myself in contemplation of the Elser as he went about his tasks . . . the way he walked, with even steps, thighs gliding smoothly from the hips; the way he bent, knees first, then the waist, last the shoulders and neck, yet somehow all of a piece, a flowing harmonious movement, full of grace and purpose. Never a wasted gesture, never a moment's hesitation or awkwardness. And always, that peaceful purity of expression on his face—not quite a smile but close to it—the look of a creature in harmony with the universe, knowing no separation between inner and outer, no conflict between what is and what ought to be. Gazing at him, I was filled with a strange hope.

Soon I began to think about what it would be like to touch him. I had not laid hands on the robot since the day I assembled him, and then he had felt rather cold and . . . plastic. But that was before either of us had been turned on, so to speak. I kept wondering how it would be now . . . now that the current flowed strong between us, and my senses had been sharpened by longing. How would it feel to touch that smooth, translucent skin?

There was always a distance of at least five feet between us; I would sit and he would stand, until I asked him to sit also, for thus I was able to observe him more readily. Without being aware of it, I began to shorten the distance between us, moving my chair closer each time . . . The urge to touch him would come upon me, briefly, in the middle of a lecture on evolution, for instance, while telling him how man gave up evolving physically when he discovered that machines could help him adapt to his environment.

One day he failed to respond to a question. I repeated it. There was a long pause, accompanied by a very slight darkening of color and a somewhat stronger hum.

Why don't you touch me?

I was shocked. Could I have understood him right? Was my mind playing tricks on me again?

What? What did you ask me?

Why don't you touch me? You want to. You have wanted to for some time.

I had no ready answer to that. It had never occurred to me that he would pick up on these barely conscious thoughts—don't ask me why. Perhaps I believed that if he did read them, he would be too tactful to mention it. I still found it hard to get used to the robot's total inability to be anything but truthful.

I don't know. My mind was groping for a way out. *I have thought about it, but . . . I don't think it would be such a good idea*.

Why not?

Yes, indeed, why not? I could think of no sound reasons and certainly none that would have made sense to Elser.

It's hard to explain. Touching between humans is a form of communication. But with us, well, it doesn't make sense, and, besides, it isn't . . . seemly.

Seemly?

You're right. That couldn't possibly mean anything to you. Well, all right, then, I will . . . I will touch you. Perhaps we can communicate that way, too.

With that I stood up and stepped across the few feet of space between us. I touched the curve of his shoulder. I felt the jolt of a mild electric shock; he

was *warm!* Warm and vibrating gently under my hand. The texture of his skin was indescribable! Imagine the smoothness of polished marble but much much softer, more delicate, and, above all, warm. I placed both hands on him . . . the oiled surface practically invited me to run my fingers down it. I felt my way along the gentle curves and planes of his body, the hollows that resembled shoulder blades, the slight rise of the pectorals . . . the smooth line of abdomen uninterrupted by a navel. Reminded, I let my hands travel down each slender thigh, careful to avoid the empty seam of his groin. I felt the knees and calves and then the feet. They were flat and toeless. Hastily, my hands moved up again, and now I began to explore his head and face with my fingertips. The eyes did not close when I touched them; it was disturbing. I raised my own eyes and looked out the tall, narrow window. The sky was a deep bright blue, with puffs of white cloud moving slowly across it. I was surprised . . . somehow it seemed like night to me and the blue window like a bright framed picture in the shadowy room.

It seemed to me that he was getting warmer . . . his hands, when I touched them, felt almost hot. Was it my imagination? *No,* he answered silently, *my temperature is rising.* Again I was taken aback. Somehow, in my absorption, I had almost forgotten him. But now, as my fingers stroked the smooth palm, touched his long, strong, tapered fingers, I was very much aware of the living, thinking creature that I called Elser, without the article now, and suddenly the inhibition that had held my own response in check was gone. I was sensually awake. I felt the heat radiating from my deepest centers, spreading to every nerve end of my body and setting it atingle. All at once I knew what I wanted. I wanted those strong, vibrant fingers upon me, touching me everywhere. Elser moved quickly with the urgency of my need and knelt before me. *Yes,* I told him . . . *Yes, like that . . . ah . . .* as a deep shudder coursed through me. I don't know if it was the heat, or the vibration, or the thrill of violating a sexual taboo—perhaps it was all three. But the instant he put his hands upon my bare arms, I was seized by an excitement more intense than any other I had ever known; my blood pounded, my breath came in ragged gasps. *Touch me harder! Dig in deeper . . . take the flesh between your fingers . . . like that. . . . Ohh . . . Take my clothes off! No . . . you're too slow; let me do it!* I tore off my tunic and hose. Naked and trembling, my body beaded with sweat, I leaned in close to him; my arms went around his neck, my cheek rested against his smooth brow. Obediently, Elser stroked and massaged, palpated and pinched my arms, my back and buttocks, my thighs. My skin itched and prickled where he had left red marks upon it, and my nipples were so hard that they ached. My entire body was one huge erogenous zone, and my feverish vulva kept twitching as it engorged . . . I was forced to spread my thighs to give the swollen nether lips more room; I looked down at myself to see the angry, purple-red clitoris protruding a good half-inch from its pulpy nest. Elser's fingertip touched the button, and I jumped as if electrocuted. *Not yet,* I stopped him hastily. *Knead my breasts a little. Ah, that's good. Careful of the nipples; they're tender. Just roll them a little between thumb and forefinger . . . Yes, like that. Hmm . . . that's wonderful. You're beautiful. . . . Ohh . . .*

And then my aching cunt would no longer be denied. *Now,* I commanded. *Don't touch the little knob! Put your finger inside the opening. That's it . . . Oh my God! I can't stand it! . . . Don't move! Oh that lovely throb! I am going to . . . any second now. No . . . Not yet . . . take your finger out . . . slowly . . . Whew! That was close. Oh, but I can't . . . I don't want to wait any longer. Put two fingers in this time. Slowly. And move them up and down and around a little . . . Ach, I'm in for it now . . . it's happening . . . hold on tight . . . I'm going to C O M E . . .*

And then I was past thought and words. I bucked and twisted and screamed . . . I was no longer me but a seething cauldron of blood and guts and nerves, of mind-shattering sensation . . . the earth split open . . . flaming volcanoes erupted against the night sky . . . red-hot lava coursed through the ruins of my body. I heard the wail as if from far away . . . and then it was over. Smoke and ashes. Peace.

I detached myself from Elser's embrace. His fingers came out with a pop. I shivered. The sweat had dried, and I was chilly now. I reached for my tunic and drew it on. I opened my eyes and was astonished to see the same rectangle of blue, the same brilliant sky and fleecy clouds . . . so out of place in the dim, silent room. At least a century had passed; yet the outer world refused to acknowledge it—the sun had scarcely moved in its trek across the sky.

I felt it!

What? I was startled. I had forgotten about Elser again and was a little annoyed by his unbidden interruption of my reverie. *What was that?*

I felt it. I experienced . . . a difference. Strange things . . . new things I never felt before. I haven't sorted them out yet, but I will. Maybe it is what you were always asking me about.

Yes. Well, that's very interesting, but let's talk about it some other time. I am extremely tired now and need to rest . . . you know, recharge?

Yes. I have already recharged . . . a little. But I want to analyze the data on the new experiences so I can explain them to you . . .

Not now, Elser, please! At any other time his eagerness would have touched me. But now I wanted to be alone. How much can a person take, all at once? I was not a machine, after all. Besides, I have always hated sexual postmortems . . . why must there always be talk after making love?

There is lots of time, I said gently. *We have all the time in the world. I, too, have to sort out some things. Take a rest, Elser. Take a long rest. Take the day off. Tomorrow, too. I am going to bed now. I think I am going to sleep for a long time.*

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU NEED STATUS?

MORE THAN LOVE OR MONEY?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions that let
you know whether or not you're swayed by the social charade.

PSYCHOGRAPH

What makes a famous athlete cover his bed with a mink spread when a wool blanket would keep him (and the lady next to him) just as warm? What makes a Dallas stockbroker wear hand-tooled cowboy boots when everybody knows that he can't tell a longhorn steer from a horse's behind? What makes a New Yorker pay three times more rent for an apartment on the Upper East Side than for one on the Lower East Side? What makes all of us spend more than we can afford on clothes, restaurants, women, cars, stereos, gadgets, gimcracks, and whammydiddles?

The drive for status, that's what.

Our need to show that we're as good as some people and better than others prompts us to do some strange things. We buy material goods we don't really need, go to places we don't really like, and do things we might not really want to do. Of course, Americans are hardly unique in this respect. Every human society plays the status game. Only the style differs. The top honcho in an African village may express his status by tattooing parts of his anatomy or by stretching an earlobe to six times its normal size. We accomplish the same by buying shoes bearing Mr. Gucci's initial.

The drive for status seems to be one of our most primitive and deeply rooted urges. It permeates even the lowest levels of life. Most animals, from insects on up, spend a large part of their time in determining their position in the group's hierarchy. They sense that rank has its privileges and that the lower one's status, the more likely one is to be stepped on.

According to psychologists, our desire to accept the status ideals of our group is traceable to certain basic needs. Charles A. Kiesler, professor of psychology at the University of Kansas, is one of the important researchers in this field. He cites our need to be liked and our need to conform: "We apparently think that if we act like others, they will like us."

Indicators of status are not easy to identify. Even within a society they differ widely from one group to another. The leader of a South Bronx gang may emphasize his status by toting the shiniest Saturday night special on the block, while the middle manager at IBM may assert his position by acquiring a colonial in the suburbs.

Status—especially at the highest levels—can take some odd twists. It often reveals itself as reverse snobbism: Hollywood types who can afford a barnful of Rolls-Royces drive battered Volkswagens; Boston bluebloods, who may own three or four shoe factories, wear their cracked, resoled wing tips until they disintegrate. The same thing occurs in other societies. You can spot the head man in a Gururumba village on New Guinea because he's dressed *less* ornately than his fellows.

It's a rare man who is completely uninfluenced by status, but some of us are more immune to it than others. This psychograph may give you an idea of how important status symbols are to you. We relied on the latest research to help you find out if you're an independent spirit or a man with a strong need to assert his position.

Answer the questions honestly. Don't deliberate over your answers. Your initial instincts are likely to be the most accurate.

1. As a kid, did you feel that most people had better material goods (homes, cars, toys, sports equipment) than you had?
   (a) yes, I felt that way just about all the time
   (b) often, but not always
   (c) sometimes
   (d) rarely
   (e) never

2. Are both your car and stereo system less than three years old?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. If you had a limited amount of money and had to choose one of the following options, which would you select?
   (a) buying the best house in the best neighborhood you could possibly afford, even if you had to strain to meet the mortgage payments and postpone buying furniture for the place
   (b) buying a modest house in a less-expensive area with enough money left over so that you could furnish it comfortably and meet the mortgage payments without worrying

4. Does it bother you when you can't afford something you really want?
   (a) very much
   (b) usually
   (c) that depends upon what it is
   (d) not much; I don't mind waiting until I have the money
   (e) not at all

5. Which of the following statements reflects your true feelings?
   (a) I'd like to have a job with an important title (like "executive vice-president") even if the work were dull, routine, and unimportant
   (b) If the work were stimulating, you could call me a janitor and I wouldn't mind

6. How do you react when you meet someone for the first time?
   (a) I feel comfortable and in control of the situation
   (b) I feel uneasy and inferior
   (c) Sometimes I feel one way, sometimes the other; it depends on whom I'm meeting and what the circumstances are

7. Do you have trouble in making decisions?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Here's a list of activities. Check the things you *don't* enjoy doing and things you wouldn't try even if you had the opportunity.
   (a) skiing
   (b) walking or hiking
   (c) playing tennis or other racquet sports
   (d) running
   (e) gardening
   (f) horseback riding
   (g) going to museums
   (h) skin diving
   (i) attending concerts
   (j) reading poetry
   (k) learning about fine wines
   (l) going to the theater
   (m) sailing
   (n) kayaking
   (o) mountain climbing

9. When you are in a stressful situation, do you often become disorganized and confused?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Do you think a lot of the people you work or socialize with are smarter than you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

11. Does it bother you if you show up at a social occasion dressed differently from the other people there?
   (a) very much
   (b) quite a bit
   (c) sometimes yes, sometimes no
   (d) not much
   (e) not at all

12. *Before* a social occasion, do you worry that you won't be dressed correctly?
   (a) yes, always
   (b) often
   (c) not usually
   (d) never

13. Which of the following statements most closely describes your parents?
   (a) My parents did a good job in raising me; there's not much wrong with them
   (b) As I've gotten older, I've discovered my parents aren't as per-

fect as I thought they were; in some ways I'm disappointed in them
(c) You can sum up my feelings easily: our home life was lousy

14. Were you either an only child or the oldest child in your family?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. How would you compare your sex life with that of other men your age?
    (a) probably better than most
    (b) about average
    (c) worse than most men's

16. If you felt satisfied with your own sex life but found out that other men your age had more active sex lives, would it bother you?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) probably a little
    (c) no, I don't think so

17. Do you find that after you've bought something, no matter how much you like it at first, you tire of it quickly?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Look back over the last five years and think of the new sports, hobbies, and interests you've taken up. Have you dropped more than half of them within two years of your first interest in them?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Would you take a pay cut of more than 20 percent to get a job you really liked?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

20. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "To progress in life, one must spend a little more than one can afford."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

21. Do you feel that close social contact with a person of a lower social class than your own would be boring and unrewarding for both of you?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

22. Do you think that it's important to upgrade your life-style whenever you can afford to?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

23. Do you buy top-of-the-line products (such as twelve-year-old Scotch, rare wines, and expensive watches) when you really can't distinguish what makes them better than less-expensive products?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

24. Do you owe money (on installment loans, credit-card charges, and so on) for nonessential items, such as sports equipment, hi-fi gear, or dining out?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

25. In which community would you rather live?
    (a) one where most people are like you
    (b) one where people of different, and sometimes odd, backgrounds live

SCORING

Each answer has been assigned a point value. To arrive at your score, find the values for the answers you chose on the following chart and add them.

Question/Answers with point values
1. a-4, b-4, c-2, d-1, e-1
2. a-3, b-1
3. a-5, b-2
4. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-1, b-4, c-2
7. a-4, b-1
8. If you checked fewer than five activities, give yourself one point. If you checked five or more activities on this question, give yourself four points.
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-4, b-1
11. a-4, b-4, c-2, d-1, e-1
12. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
13. a-4, b-2, c-1
14. a-3, b-1
15. a-1, b-2, c-3
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-5, b-1
18. a-5, b-2
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-3, b-1
21. a-4, b-1
22. a-5, b-1
23. a-5, b-1
24. a-4, b-2
25. a-4, b-2

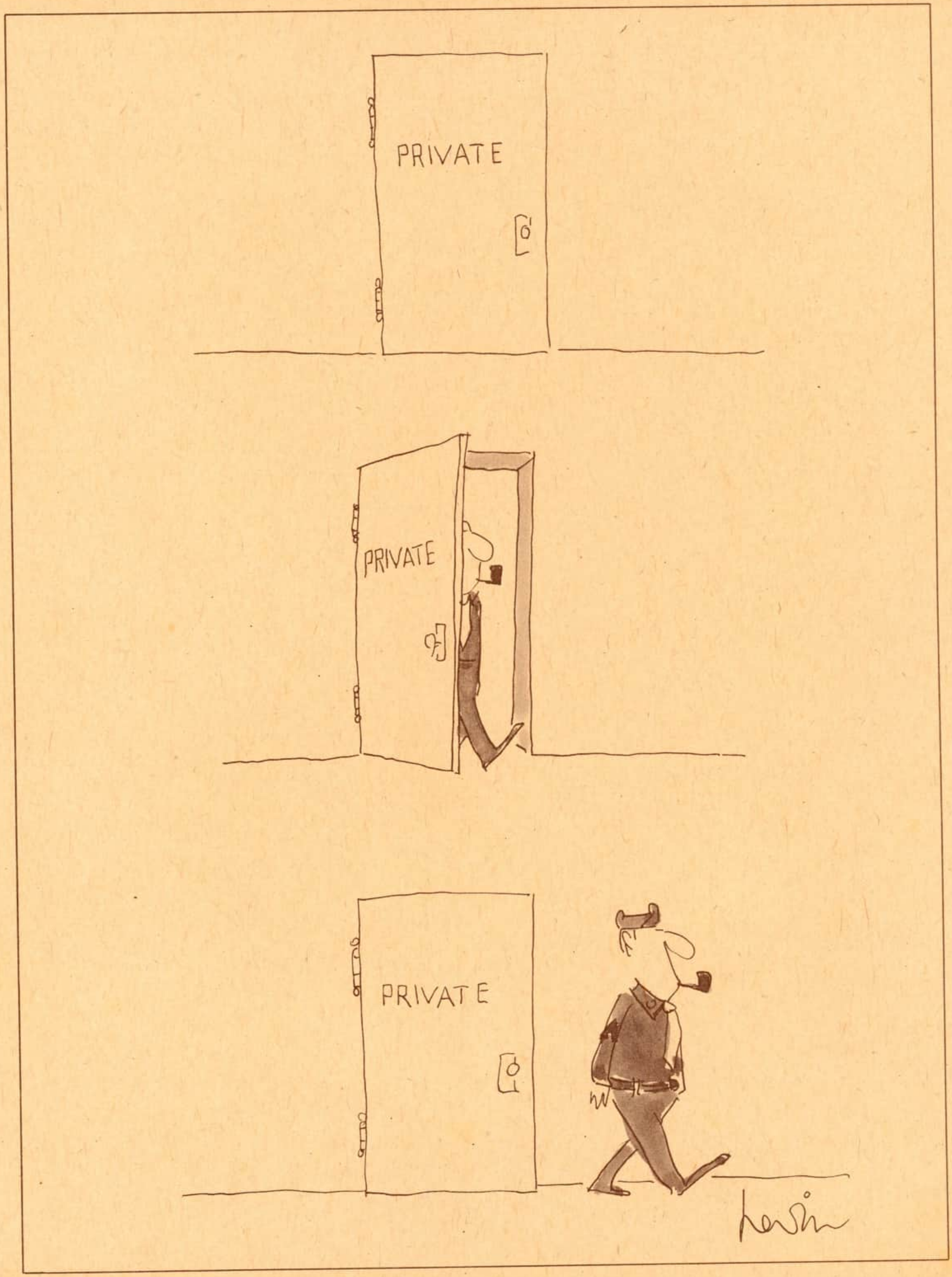
The highest possible score is 107 points; the lowest, 29 points. Although a short test like this cannot be infallible, your score should give you a fairly reliable indication of how status-conscious you are.

If you scored 85–107 points:
There's a good chance that you're heavily influenced by status and that you rarely act without calculating how others will view your actions. You judge yourself by external rather than internal standards. You may be afraid to act on your own unless you know that you will win favor with those "above" you whom you respect. This attitude is not necessarily bad in either psychological or career terms. It means that you have the comfort of knowing that you are an integral part of a larger group. Since you are so attuned to status, you often pick up on trends before they burst out into the larger world. This ability can prove an asset in business, particularly if you're in a field like fashion or design. However, people in this category often feel troubled. Living by other people's standards takes a lot out of you. You may feel that you've sold out, that you've crushed the distinctive parts of yourself to conform to the status norms of your group. If you feel this way and want to change, you face a tough task. You can start by taking to heart the words of Wilhelm Reich, the renowned psychoanalyst: "You are your own slave driver. Nobody else—nobody except you—carries the responsibility for your slavery. Only you can be your liberator."

55–84 points:
Like most people, you are not immune to the charms of status, nor are you a slave to them. You'll never be the first person on your block to acquire a Hula-Hoop, but you won't be the last, either. You like to have a nice house and car, but you won't commit hara-kiri if the man next door comes home with a Mercedes and parks it next to your Chevrolet. You probably conform to the norms of middle-class society, but you feel free to develop your own interests as well. You may never be a political leader, but you're not afraid to speak out when you get angry.

There is a good chance that you're relatively happy, although the routine of daily life may bother you. Your inhibitions about trying new things could get you into a rut; so you want to watch out for that.

29–54 points:
You are definitely your own man: you have as much interest in status as Albert Einstein had in Paris fashions. (Speaking of Einstein, you would have understood his answer when he was asked why he didn't wear socks. The great man replied, "Socks, you know, get holes in them.") You probably have an inquiring, unorthodox mind. You might do innovative work in science or the creative arts. But you may run into trouble out in the real world, where people are intimidated by your maverick approach to life. Oddly enough, you may go through periods of being extremely conformist and status oriented. People like you often feel isolated; they use these periods to prove to themselves that they could fit into the larger world if they wanted to.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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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MUSCLE BEACH

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

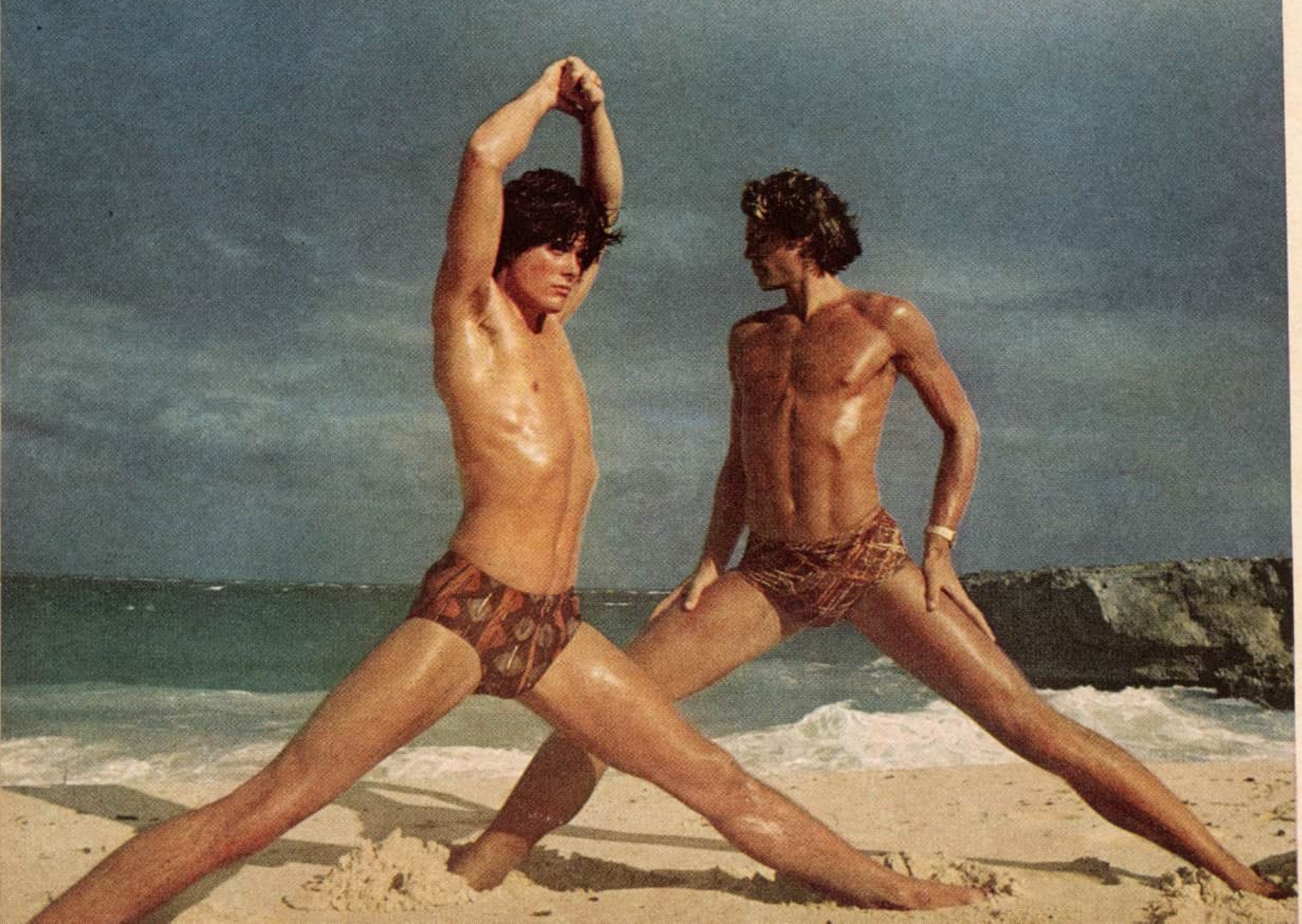
Photographed by Silano at Sam Lord's Castle in Barbados

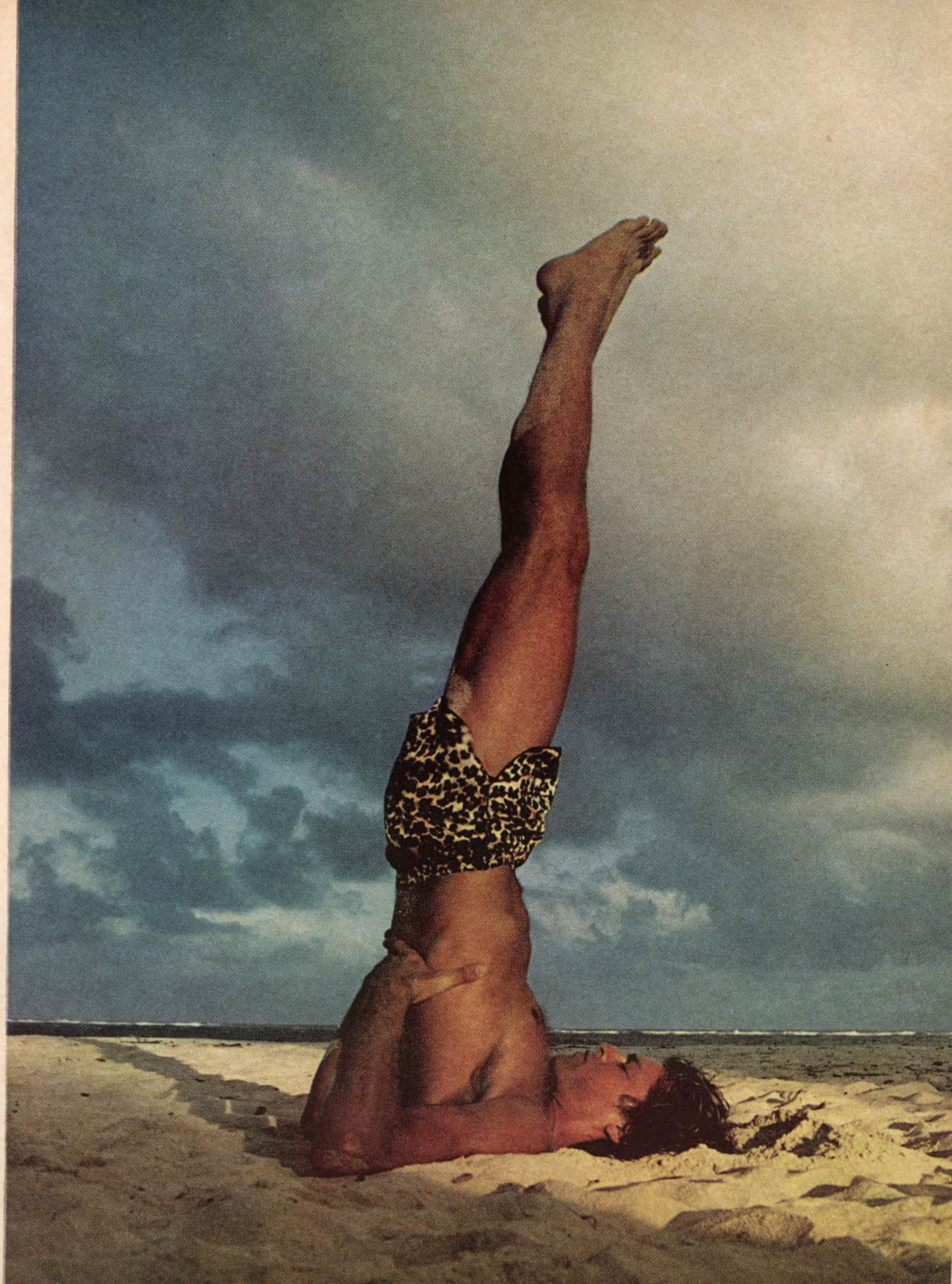
Summer is the time for making the most of a good thing—yourself! If you have it, flaunt it; show off toned-up muscles with the turned-on colors of this season's bold, slightly brazen look in swimwear. Lycra-Spandex briefs and satin-look trunks can dazzle those nonchalant bathing beauties—especially if you're tanned and trim enough to put on the perfect beach front.

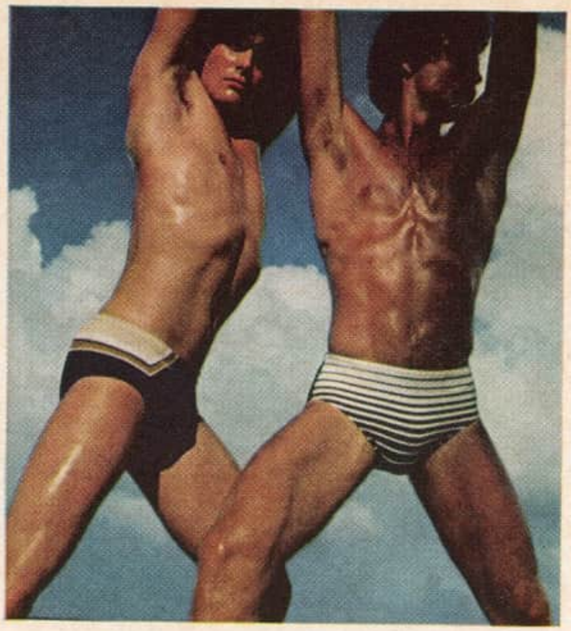
The best of the brightest swimwear is shown here, as our models limber up on the private beaches of Marriott's Sam Lord's Castle in St. Philip, on the southeastern coast of Barbados in the West Indies. *Penthouse* flew a party of models, photographer, and editor via Caribbean Airways to the 150-year-old castle, which is named after the pirate-fleet owner Samuel Hall Lord. Overlooking a mile of Atlantic beach, Lord's Castle offers its guests a luxurious sojourn in the sun: 144 deluxe terraced rooms, a 200-seat restaurant and lounge, a convention facility, six tennis courts, and two swimming pools in a romantic setting just twelve miles from the Barbadian capital of Bridgetown.

So if you're thinking of winding your way to the West Indies for a vacation, stop by Barbados and Sam Lord's Castle and then head for the surf in the splashiest, flashiest swimwear to be seen on any beach in years.

How the "fit" men stay in shape. (left) *The printed nylon brief ($7.50) is by Boulet. The all-nylon and Lycra-Spandex underwear/swimwear brief ($2.50) is by Generation II. Gold tank watch is by Wittnauer. Fuller-cut trunks liven the beach scene this year. The all-cotton and rayon leopard print trunks ($20) are at Fiorucci, New York.*

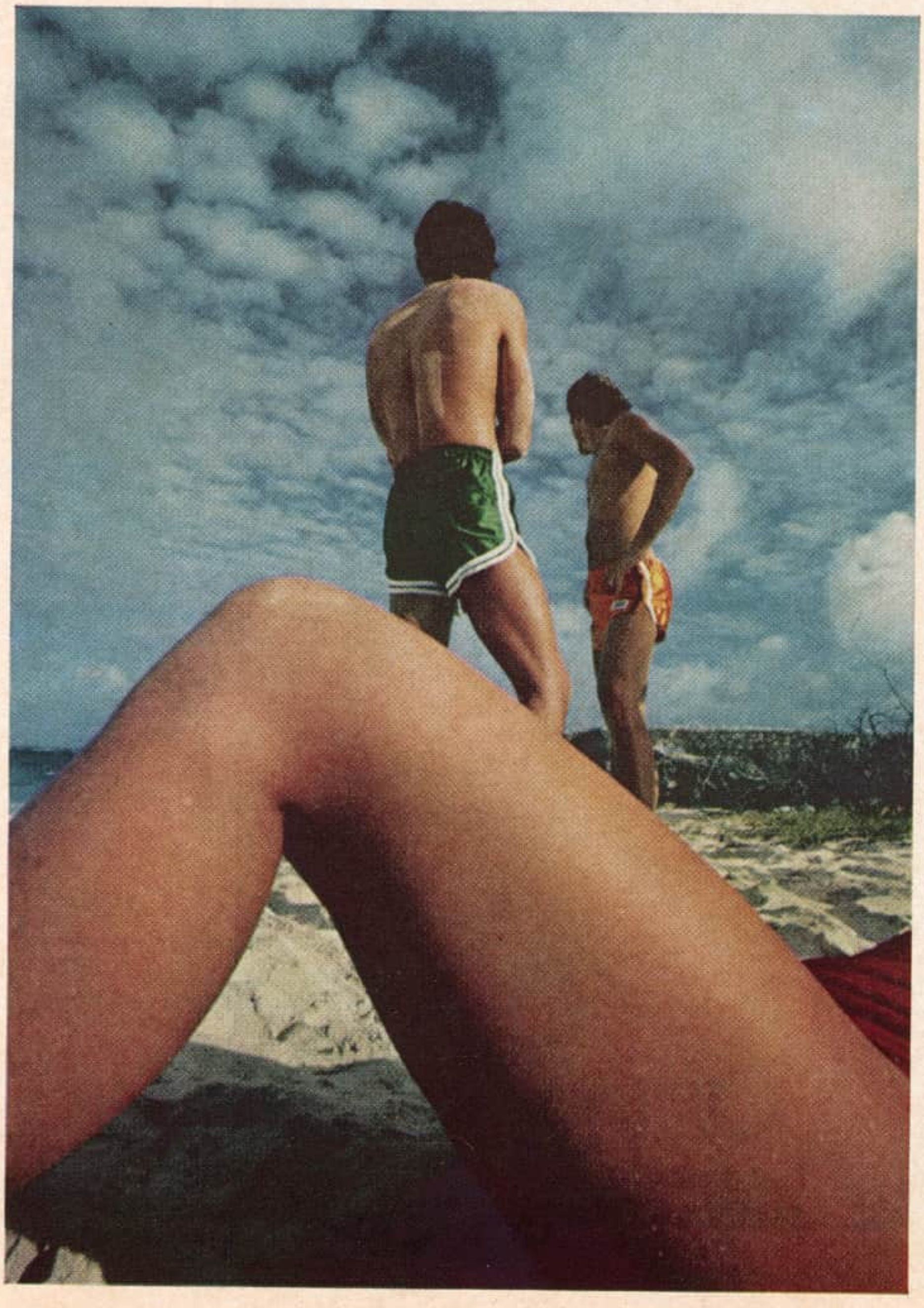






(opposite page) *The satin-look volleyball-style trunk in bright colors is the center of attention this summer. The woven satin and nylon trunks* (above) *in bright red with orange trim ($16) are by Catalina. The other trunks* (center) *in Arnel tricot and nylon, also bright red, have a blue and white trim ($10) and are by Jockey International. Her two-piece suit is by Monika Tilley of Elon.*
(this page, top) *Briefs with "engineered prints" are popular. Stripes galore* (left) *in a nylon Lycra-Spandex brief ($35) by Hom. The horizontal striped brief ($10) is by Jantzen.*
(this page, bottom) *More boxer and volleyball-style trunks. The bright green volleyball style* (left) *is of Arnel tricot and nylon with side and leg trim ($14) and is also by Jantzen. The bright orange Celanese Arnel triacetate and nylon satin-look boxer trunks* (right) *are by Laguna Swimwear ($12.50).*

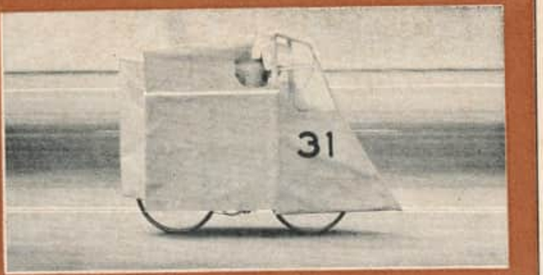
For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page **170.**



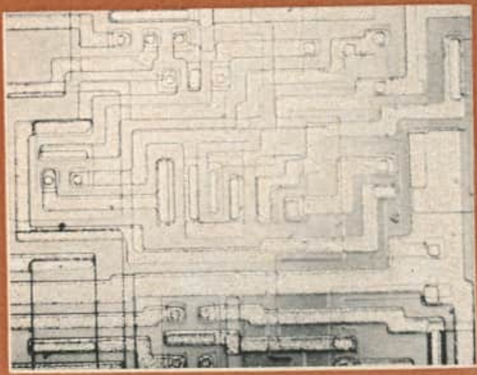
THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE JUNE 22

O'NEILL



BIKES



MIND MACHINE

MOON

THE ONCE AND FUTURE MOON—Next month will mark the tenth anniversary of Neil Armstrong's "giant leap for mankind." To help commemorate the occasion, NASA scientist Bevan French looks at what we've learned from the seismic data, photographic maps, and more than 2,000 rock samples collected by the Apollo missions; then he peers into man's future on the moon. You'll also find a spectacular gallery of photos of our moon and the satellites of distant planets.

FUTURE BIKES—When walking at a five-mile-per-hour clip, your body is producing .25 horsepower. With that same power output you could be pedaling a conventional bicycle 19 miles per hour. But, says Chester R. Kyle, a professor of mechanical engineering at California State University, given a properly streamlined bicycle, you could be zipping off to work at 30 miles per hour, using that same measly quarter-horsepower. In the July *Omni* Kyle, a founder of the International Human-Powered Speed Championships, tells how bicycles now hit speeds over 50 mph and how your "commuter car" of the future may be a supersophisticated tricycle.

THE MIND MACHINE—Will the electronic computer eventually replace man? Not according to G. Harry Stine, who believes that we will shortly be putting the computer to work as a very fast supplement to the human brain. In the next *Omni* Stine explores the intriguing possibility of vastly expanding our thinking, memory, and computational powers through the direct linkage of the brain to a computer.

INTERVIEW/GERARD O'NEILL—"A great many things we do as a technological society can be better and more easily done in space, with little or no pollution." So says Princeton physicist Gerard O'Neill, in an exclusive *Omni* interview, as he continues his planning for space settlements and industry. O'Neill discusses automated mining of the moon, creating new environments in space, and the building of space colonies on a less grandiose scale, some to have as few as a dozen people. Journey to the stars and beyond through the mind of Professor Gerard O'Neill.

INTERFERON—A new picture is emerging of that unique intercellular messenger interferon, the hormone that triggers the protective substances cells use to destroy invading viruses. Now comes the discovery that interferon can also retard the growth of malignant cells. The substance neutralizes certain cancer cells as if they had been infected by a virus, a fact that wasn't widely recognized until last year. Today a growing number of experiments are confirming the hormone's effectiveness as a cancer killer. In the July *Omni*, read why the American Cancer Society has just bequeathed its largest grant ever to the tantalizing promise of interferon.

POWER TOWERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

front of the deck light up as the settings for bias, equalization, and sensitivity are completed. (If the tape is of such poor quality that adequate recordings cannot be made, a special "error light" will go on.) The cassette is then automatically rewound, and recording can begin. Thanks to its new circuitry and advances in head design, the KD-A8 is also capable of recording with the new metal-alloy tapes.

PIONEER

Fluorescent meters are an innovation appearing on equipment from several manufacturers. In Pioneer's system, mounted in their JA-R2S rack, both the SA-8800 integrated amplifier and the CT-F900 cassette deck make use of this new type of metering. Claimed as being faster and more accurate than the more traditional, moving-needle metering systems, the fluorescent displays indicate power output on the eighty-watts-per-channel amplifier and recording levels on the three-head cassette deck.

Also of particular interest in this Pioneer system is the TX-7800 AM/FM tuner. Long a forgotten element in hi-fi systems, AM reception is finally being taken seriously by hi-fi manufacturers. Incorporated in this tuner are selectable bandwidth controls and filtering circuits for clearer, more "hi-fi-like" AM reception.

NIKKO

Nikko's line of top-notch stereo equipment is called the "professional series," and in terms of features and performance it is just that. Mounted in Nikko's NSR-100 audio rack are the Alpha III power amp, with an output of eighty watts per channel, and its companion preamp, the Beta III. Working together, these two units provide high sensitivity, flat frequency response, and wide dynamic range. Also highlighted in this system are the Gamma V fully synthesized FM tuner and the EQ-1 graphic equalizer.

SCIENTIFIC AUDIO ELECTRONICS

One of the most complex and multi-functional systems we've ever assembled on these pages, surely, is the nine-piece SAE setup. This incredible system does just about everything the hi-fi purist could conceive of. Housed in SAE's C-10 professional rack, it incorporates two amplifiers and an electronic crossover for bi-amplification (powering the woofer and tweeter separately); a third amplifier and a time-delay unit for the re-creation of concert hall ambience; a noise-reduction unit for the elimination of clicks and pops from program material; a parametric equalizer to modify the music's tonal characteristics; and an FM stereo tuner with digital readout. And with the addition of a turntable, which SAE does not yet manufacture, it is rumored that this system will even play records.

SANSUI

With an output of 110 watts per channel, the AU-919 integrated amplifier supplies the power in Sansui's four-piece system.

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Mounted in the GX-5 rack, this system includes Sansui's TU-919 AM/FM tuner. With both a linear tuning scale and a digital frequency readout, this tuner employs both digital circuitry and more traditional, analog tuning methods. Once a station is tuned in, a quartz-reference oscillator takes over and locks into the desired frequency for minimum distortion and drift-free tuning. Sansui's SR-838 direct-drive turntable also makes use of quartz servo-circuits for rotational accuracy.

TECHNICS

Technics' five-piece system, housed in its SH-999 audio rack, is another technological whiz kid. The system's ST-9030 FM tuner, for instance, is capable of making certain electronic "decisions" to optimize FM reception. As a station is tuned, the ST-9030 automatically evaluates the strength of the signal it is receiving as well as the presence or absence of adjacent channel signals. If the signal is weak, or if there are nearby channels that could potentially cause interference, the tuner automatically switches itself to a narrow, highly selective mode of operation.

Power in this Technics system is supplied by the SE-9060 amplifier. Capable of turning out seventy watts per channel as a stereo amplifier, the SE-9060 can also be operated as a superpowerful mono amplifier in setups where high power is required. In the mono, or "strapped," mode, the SE-9060 is capable of putting out 180 watts, more than doubling its output as a stereo amplifier.

ONKYO

A two-piece unit, Onkyo's CB-7U rack can be arranged horizontally or vertically. Loaded in this glass-doored rack is a complete six-piece Onkyo audio system. The M-505 power amplifier boasts an output of 105 watts per channel, and the P-303 preamp is flexible enough to accept even the ultralow inputs from moving-coil phono cartridges without a special head amplifier. Onkyo's T-909 FM tuner is also noteworthy. Its digitally synthesized circuitry allows the user to store up to seven preselected FM stations and will automatically retrieve the desired station at the touch of a button.

KENWOOD

Tucked into the SRC-85B audio rack is Kenwood's four-piece matched-component system. Kenwood enjoys a reputation for highly innovative audio design, which these components amply demonstrate. The KA-801 integrated amplifier is a three-way winner: it is powerful (110 watts per channel), clean (0.15 percent total harmonic distortion at rated output), and fast (direct-coupled circuitry). The KT-615 FM tuner is indicative of Kenwood's continuing innovations in audio technology. A new circuit (the "pulse count detector") built into this tuner is said to reduce FM distortion dramatically, and a two-position IF bandwidth control contributes to a high degree of sensitivity and selectivity.

FISHER

Fisher, one of the oldest names in hi-fi, offers a total cabinet-mounted stereo system. The ACS1870 package consists of the RS2007 seventy-five-watts-per-channel receiver, the MT6224C linear-drive turntable, the CR4025 cassette deck, two ST440 speakers, and the PT113 vinyl-veneer cabinet.

Of special interest in this Fisher system is the CR4025 cassette deck, which comes complete with wireless remote control. One of the special annoyances of taping an FM broadcast is the occasional commercial announcement—which inevitably ends up on the tape along with the music. With this Fisher cassette deck, a hand-held ultrasonic transmitter signals the tape deck to go into the "pause mode" when a commercial is about to begin, allowing for armchair editing of broadcasts.

SHARP

For those who are seeking a more modestly priced system without sacrificing features and performance, Sharp's four-piece system might just fill the bill. Housed in the MCR-1800 walnut-grained cabinet, the Sharp system of "pro series" components packs in such features as a 400-Hz test-tone generator in the ST-1144 AM/FM tuner, soft-touch solenoid controls on the RT-2251 cassette deck, and fully automatic operation on the RP-900 belt-drive turntable.

For more information about equipment shown here, see the coupon on page 202.

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 164–167, contact these manufacturers or stores.

GENERATION TWO
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 695-8665

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Gimbels, New York, N.Y.
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio

JANTZEN
411 Northeast Nineteenth Avenue
P.O. Box 3001
Portland, Oreg., 97208 (503) 238-5000

Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.
The May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Calif.

JOCKEY INTERNATIONAL
2300 Sixtieth Street
Kenosha, Wis. 53140 (414) 658-8111

Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.
Sterns, all stores in New Jersey
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
Smitty's, Phoenix, Ariz.

CATALINA
6040 Bandini Boulevard
Los Angeles, Calif. 90040 (213) 726-1262

Liberty House, all stores in Hawaii and other fine stores in U.S.A.

BOULET
11 West Thirtieth Street
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 594-6061

Foley's, Houston, Tex.
The Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
Milwaukee-Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Macy's, New York and San Francisco

HOM SWIMWEAR
545 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 758-0770

Macy's, New York and New Jersey
B. Altman, New York, N.Y.
Burdine's, Miami, Fla.
Lanson, Miami, Fla.

FIORUCCI STORE
127 East Fifty-ninth Street
New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 751-1404

LAGUNA SWIMWEAR
1964 West 139th Street
Gardena, Calif. 90249 (213) 321-4843

J. W. Robinson's, Los Angeles, Calif.
Jordan Marsh, Miami, Fla.
Macy's, New York, N.Y.
Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

toward her. She was standing at the counter, fitting one of the long cigarettes into an even longer holder (gold, with a long black stem). It set off her appearance perfectly and made her look quite vampish. She was fishing around in her purse for her lighter when I walked up and said, "Allow me, Miss," taking the lighter from my pocket. She thanked me and leaned forward to light her cigarette. Then she stopped and began to smile. "Darling, is it really you?" Before I could say a word, she threw her arms around me and kissed me, and I nearly came in my pants. "Darling," she said, "you must come back to my hotel. We must renew our friendship." Needless to say, I was slaphappy, and we quickly made it back to the hotel.

I was sitting on the couch in her suite and she was strutting around the room, puffing through yet another of her cigarette holders, when she stopped and said, "Will you take me to the wrestling matches tonight at Madison Square Garden?" I told her I would, and she went to get ready, but before that she knelt in front of me and unzipped my fly. Holding my throbbing cock in one gloved hand, she took the holder from her mouth and, leaning forward, blew smoke on my cock. I then felt her warm, moist lips wrapped around the head as she took all of me into her mouth. I came with a lot of force, and she promptly swallowed three or four times, muttering endearments in German.

About thirty minutes later Marty opened the bedroom door and called me. As I walked into the room, I could feel my cock getting hard again. She had on a Japanese-style black satin dress with a high collar, and the one side was split to the hip. On the front of the dress was a large red Oriental-style dragon, and she topped it all off with high heels and fishnet stockings. She picked up a case that was on the dresser and took out a beautiful jade cigarette holder, which she promised to use often during the wrestling match. At the Garden, I was really proud to be seen with her and got a big kick out of hearing her yell at the wrestlers in German.

Later that night, when we got back to the hotel, we made love three times, and neither of us slept at all. In the morning I drove her to the airport, where we said our good-byes.

It was a little less hard to lose her this time, but not much. At least I had a chance to see her again, and I still have you to thank, Xaviera, for giving me the advice that allowed me to meet her in the first place. —O.D.K.

Whoever said my column doesn't have socially redeeming values? Your Lady in Black sounds fascinating.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

A few years back, my wife, Pearl, while still in her twenties, was involved in something that I must think about at least ten times a day. When we married, we agreed that we could have some quick sex relations with other partners, and we quietly fucked around a bit. As the years passed, we eased up on our extramarital escapades.

I'm seven years older than Pearl. The evening I'm speaking about, we had just moved into our new home. A big, husky man who helped the movers was really taken with Pearl. We had quite a few drinks, and the big man, who was about fifty years old, started openly making passes at her. Then he helped her to carry something to the kitchen. When he did not return, I peeked in—and freaked out.

He had an arm around my struggling wife's shoulders while he was forcefully kissing her. I got very excited when I saw this big hand squeezing Pearl's breast. Finally, he let her go, but not before his hand had been over her whole body. I sat down when they came in, and it surprised me that Pearl did not complain. I pretended to be drunk while secretly watching them. It was like a game they were playing. Pearl tried to avoid him but could not do so, and his hand was on her ass, breasts, and hips as soon as she passed him. I was still pretending to be dead drunk, and the two of them finally helped me to bed, Pearl undressing me. She told the man (his name was Oscar) he had to go, but he laughed and went into the living room. I was "snoring" and through my half-opened eyes saw, to my disappointment that she was undressing. She was in her panties and bra when Oscar opened the door. I expected Pearl to scream or something, but she amazed me.

Oscar grabbed her arm and walked out to the hallway, Pearl going with him without protesting. But in the living room, according to the sounds I heard, she started to struggle. I heard moans and groans as I walked to the room and peeked in. Pearl was completely nude, but she was still trying to fight him off. Suddenly, she stopped resisting, and Oscar lifted her up and laid her on the chesterfield, where she remained on her back while he undressed. His cock was long and very thick. As he leaned over, I saw Pearl part her legs and reach toward him with her arms. It was complete surrender. Was it the excitement of being half taken by force or the size of his penis? She started to come as soon as he penetrated her, and she kept on coming. I quickly went back to bed, just in time. As soon as I got there, my swollen penis erupted: I had a heck of an orgasm without even touching myself. I waited a full three hours before I heard him go and Pearl came quietly to bed.

Pearl has no idea that I saw what happened that night, and every time I think about it I have to masturbate. Do you think I should tell her how excited I was and see if she'll want to try it again with another man? —W.V.

I can't imagine that a "staged" reenactment will ever be as exciting as the episode you

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BOX: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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PIÑA COLADA
Piña Colada. Made with Rum, Natural Flavors, Simulated Cream Base & Certified Color added. 30 proof. ©Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

surreptitiously watched. Just chalk it up to one of those one-in-a-lifetime experiences. They come and they go; just be on the lookout for the next one.

In the meantime, you might try asking your wife if she'd be up for a three-way scene. That way you can get your jollies and get in on a little of the action at the same time. You might even try it with another woman. After all, it might turn out that your wife is a voyeur, too.

A BALLING OUT

Your advice to T.T. ("Park Bench Party," April 1979) was somewhat lacking. While T.T. and his wife, Annette, can easily live with and enjoy her sexual adventures with others if T.T. watches, their relationship can be harmed if Annette engages in such activities solely for the purpose of her own gratification—and his outlet is at that time only his hand.

Wives who are fortunate enough to have husbands who not only do not mind their having sex with other men but also even enjoy watching these activities have a responsibility to their spouses: to use their freedom to enhance the sex that they have with their husbands.

They can do this either by satisfying their husbands during their outside activity, or as soon afterwards as possible. It is pure selfishness on the part of the wife to accept the gift of sex with another partner and then not give her husband anything in return. After all, not every woman is lucky enough to have the freedom to pursue outside sexual interests without risking ugly confrontations with her husband later.

T.T.'s story and an earlier story in the "Forum" section from a husband whose wife would not engage in oral sex with him but was very quickly seduced by the husband's boss disturb me. It seems that some women are willing to accept a free sexual life-style with others but do not wish to give their husbands the benefit of their newly accepted sexual enlightenment. This can only lead to broken marriages, as these husbands must surely become disenchanted with their wives.

Before T.T. voluntarily agrees to Annette's having another sexual adventure with another man, he should find out from her exactly how she feels about his sexual needs. If laughter is her only reaction, then he can figure that at some point their relationship will sour. One such encounter may be exciting, but many will begin to give T.T. a feeling of being left out. And it is this feeling that has the potential to destroy such relationships.—W.C.

You're quite right. And thanks for the advice.

WEIRD WANTS

My turn-on is probably not one of your run-of-the-mill fantasies. I like to be beaten by girls. Not by a whip or other heavy, armored objects but with their fists. After this experience, lovemaking is indescribable ecstasy. The only acceptable substitute for this is to have them pretend they are beating me by closing their fists and pressing them hard against my face.

I have not yet found a girl (for whom I really care) who would share this experience with me. I have always tried to explain that my sexual performance would be its best if they would just give in to my fetish. I lost three nice girls when I told them I needed this sort of stimulation to achieve maximum sexual satisfaction. To get this reaction from some of the girls I've dated in that last year, I take their hands and make closed fists and push them against my face. My imagination takes over from there. After a half hour or so of this, I can make love wonderfully.

How unusual is this obsession? I have never heard anyone ask you about this. Have you ever had the urge to do this to a man? If not, would you do it if the man really cared about you and you loved him? And, finally, do you think this obsession is too weird? What would you suggest I do about it?—T.M.

Marry a female wrestler, find a masseuse who gives rough facials, or get to know a trained seal. Weird is in the eye of the beholder, and so let the girls punch you out if that's what you want. If you're ever in Amsterdam, drop me a line. I'd be happy to punch you out.

WHAT A HEEL

I'm a twenty-nine-year-old female attorney, and am quite attractive. I've always enjoyed teasing men, and I'm always looking for new techniques. Last month, on a flight to London, I learned a technique that drives certain men out of their minds. Here is what happened!

I was sitting in the aisle seat next to a fairly good-looking man. It was about an hour into the flight, and my new shoes started to pinch my feet. I asked the gentleman to my right if he would mind if I slipped off my shoes. He didn't mind; so off they came. I crossed my legs and nonchalantly started playing with my shoes with my stocking toe as I leafed through a magazine. I soon noticed that the man to my right, whose name turned out to be Bert, was taking lingering looks at my feet. What confirmed my suspicion was the erection in his pants—it was so large he couldn't hide it. I knew he was a foot fetishist and just had to drive him wild.

I put down the magazine and deliberately started to tease him with my feet. I would wiggle my toes and move my shoes back and forth. As the minutes passed, I could see that I was driving Bert absolutely nuts. He kept shifting positions in his seat and looked terribly frustrated. It was then that I decided to increase the torture. I started to talk about my shoes and how tight they were. I asked if he wouldn't mind trying to stretch them out. He eagerly agreed. I knew that the erotic foot odor from my shoes would put him through hell. Finally, pretending to rest, I put my feet up on the seat between us. That was it. I watched out of the corner of my eye as he tried some pocket pool without letting anyone know. I kept this up for the entire flight, each hour giving him a closer look at my instruments of torture. By the end of the flight he had the worst case of blue balls in history. My panties were dripping wet; so I went to the restroom—and masturbated.

I've used my feet to tease since then. The beauty of it is that it's so inconspicuous. Once in a while I'll follow up and date my victims. Of course, I play Miss Innocent and torment them. I relieve them, but only after they beg me. I want to know if you've ever engaged in foot teasing and if so, what your favorite techniques are. I can always learn new tricks.—R.W.

You're talking to an expert. First, wear sandals or any kind of shoes that expose the foot. And don't forget the red nail polish—foot fetishists love that touch! Rubbing your feet with your hands is always hot, particularly if you're making groaning noises while you fondle your toes. It's like orgasm to the fetishist. Then you can always sit on your feet and bounce up and down, bringing yourself to a climax in the process. By now the "foot-man" is on the floor. And if you're really limber, give yourself a toe-job. That's right: suck your toes with your own mouth. Difficult but worth the pain, I always say. And for God's sake, give the guy a break and stop your teasing! Give him a lick, too.

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LESSON WELL TAKEN

My problem—and it seems to be only mine, because everyone else involved is apparently happy with the outcome—concerns my sister-in-law, Erica. I got her into a situation a few months ago that involved a gang fuck.

Erica is not particularly attractive. You might even say she's a bit overweight. She's just an average-looking housewife except for the way she acts in public: she's loud, aggressive, and a real cock-teaser, just the opposite of her husband, Scott. She flirts with one guy after another while Scott is in a corner, talking about sailing. As long as Scott is nearby, she gets very bold with almost any guy there. I was even fairer game for her flirting. Before I married her younger sister, Julie, Erica was always rubbing her breasts against me, grabbing my cock through my pants, and goosing me every time I turned my back.

I have to admit I did enjoy her attentions, although I found them quite nerve-racking. In the span of less than a year, Erica had explored every square inch of my cock, balls, and ass. I know that some of the other guys she has teased in this manner have tried to return the attention but have been rebuffed.

Anyway, after all these years of relentless flirting, I decided to teach her a lesson. I enlisted the help of three of our mutual friends at the club who had also been her victims. On a weekend that Scott was out racing on the lake, I talked Erica into coming on board one of the other fellow's cabin cruisers for a drink. She laughed and said, "What'll people think?" but eagerly came aboard.

After a couple of beers she went below to use the head. While she was gone, Jim, Roger, and Joe snuck on board and we quickly went below and locked the cabin door. When Erica emerged, she grinned and seemed surprised but not worried. I told her that we were ganging up on her for her past indiscretions. To add some realism, I reached for her and ran my hands across her halter top and cutoffs. After a few seconds of this, I passed her over to Joe, and he repeated my actions and then passed her along. As Jim was passing her back to me, his fingers got caught in her halter top and it fell off. Her bare tits were suddenly in my hands. I guess I began instinctively to massage them, and she didn't pull away or try to cover herself up. A moment later she brought her hands to my face and said rather loudly, "Kiss them, please kiss them." I dropped to my knees and began tonguing her nipples. The other guys began to inch forward. Suddenly, Roger was behind her, embracing and fondling her. Her eyes were closed, and she was moaning softly. As I stopped, she looked toward Jim and opened her arms to him. They melted into each other's arms, and after some kissing Jim started pulling off her cutoffs. To my surprise, she started pulling off Roger's pants, and as his thick prick sprang free she dropped to her knees and took him into her mouth. Jim, still behind her, began stripping, and soon Erica was alternating between Jim's and Roger's cocks. Soon Roger was coming all over her face and mouth. Jim's blowjob ended the same way, except that he managed to come in her throat. Roger was forcing her back on the cabin floor and Joe releasing her left arm, but she continued to bring him off. Roger now had his head buried between her legs, and Jim went back to sucking her tits.

Suddenly, all four of them realized that I was still fully clothed. Erica smiled, reached for my belt, and pulled me down. The whole thing didn't last more than a couple of minutes, but she rocked and gave me the ride of my life. I then got dressed and left. Later I found out that the four of them stayed in the cabin and screwed around for another two hours.

To make matters worse, Erica has repleated her solo performance with groups of other guys down at the club. She's even blackmailed me into participating in a couple of hot sessions. I don't know how to handle her anymore. I created a club whore, and I can't just ignore her activities. Should I tell Scott and Julie, or should I just wait until she gets caught?—P.P.M.

Erica sounds like an old-fashioned girl to me. She teased everyone like hell but was actually afraid to fuck. Of course, now that she's gotten over her fear, none of you can keep up with her.

I wouldn't worry about her blackmail threats. After all, you can play at that game, too.

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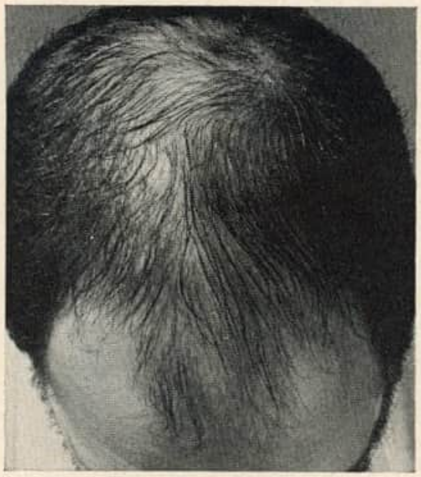

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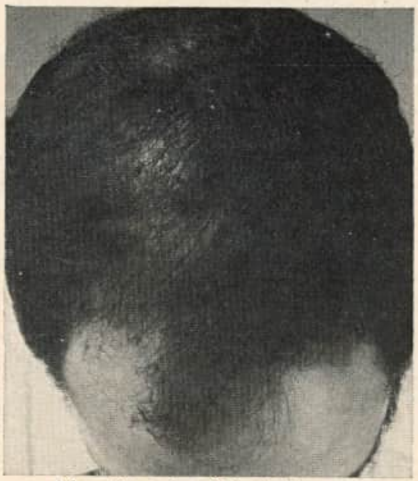

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Biotin Solution combats the testosterone build-up and the hair's normal cycle of growth has a chance to return. If your hair is only "sleeping," Biotin Solution will wake it up, and you'll be on your way to the most fabulous head of hair you can possibly have!

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

beautiful picture, her sandy brown hair cascaded down over her golden skin.

Needless to say, I'd had a lot of fantasies about her; and when I was invited, I jumped at the chance to see more of her. Still, I was a little hesitant because John and Judy used to go together. They made quite a couple. John plays on the baseball team, so he has quite an athletic body.

Unfortunately, I got to the party late. From the sound of things, it was already in full gear. To my incredible surprise and pleasure, Judy greeted me at the door totally naked, with a joint in her hand. I stood there, gaping at her plump melons, the objects of my desire. My eyes traveled down her shapely body, resting on her hidden mount. I got an erection, visible through my jeans, which made Judy laugh. She took my hand and led me to the pool. Most of the people there were naked, too, lying about or swimming. John walked up to me, and I passed him a joint as Judy started to unbutton my shirt playfully. My cock was hard by now, and I was embarrassed. Stammering, I asked where I could change. In no time at all I was cooling off in the pool and getting quite a buzz from the grass and the liquor.

All around me, couples and threesomes engaged in some form of fucking, oblivious of everything else. This got me as horny as hell; so I started looking for Judy and those wonderful tits of hers. After a while, I couldn't find her and went inside to look some more in the bedrooms. I found her in one of them, all by herself, her legs spread wide. She was plunging her fingers in and out of her wet cunt. From her moans and the writhing of her hips, I knew she was too busy to notice me.

By now my cock was coming to life, pushing against the thin material of my bathing suit. I climbed onto the bed, positioning myself between her legs, my face inches away from her trembling cunt. I pushed her hands away and started eating her cunt, my tongue licking up and down her wet lips. She grabbed my head and pushed me onto her cunt, her hips undulating against my face. Fastening my mouth on her clit, I flicked it rapidly with my tongue. She started to cry out, her whole body writhing.

Finally, she let out a little scream, saying that she was coming. This led me to increase my attack on her cunt. She arched her back, snapping her hips upward, bucking wildly against my face. With a sigh, she relaxed her hands, letting loose of my head. I quickly moved up over her, gazing down at those mounds of flesh. I took her erect nipple in my mouth while cupping the other with my free hand. I squeezed them and massaged them, nipping them gently with my teeth. But she pushed me onto my back, her hands moving rapidly over my body. In one quick motion she pulled my suit down, freeing my cock.

God, I felt dizzy and must have passed out, because then I remember that I was getting a blowjob. I assumed it was Judy. Each time the head bobbed, a little more of my cock would go down the throat. The tongue swirled around the tip with each stroke. In no time at all, I was ready to come. Then I reached down to hold the head that was giving me head. To my surprise, instead of long, soft hair, I felt short, wiry hair! I opened my eyes, and there was John sucking my cock! I started to resist, but he started to deep-throat me. Then I started coming. I pumped my cock into his mouth, my come flooding down his throat. He took it all until I stopped coming. He kept my cock in his mouth as it softened. Slowly he removed it, patting it gently back down.

My heart was racing a mile a minute. I could barely catch my breath. He got up into a kneeling position, leaning back on his haunches. His body glistened with sweat in the semidarkness of the room. He was naked now, his cock thrusting upward from between his legs. I asked him, "Why me?" He smiled and told me that for his first gay experience, he wasn't "going to do it with a stranger. Besides, I guess I'm attracted to you." I thanked him for the compliment, but I was still unsure whether or not I wanted to try it. John told me to look at him and see if I was attracted to him. I looked at his face, with a hint of five-o'clock shadow. His chest was slightly covered with fine, dark hair. A faint trail of hair led to his flat stomach and large, muscular thighs. His cock was a little bigger than mine and thicker. It bobbed up and down in the air, the head glistening. It seemed to be staring at me with a sad solitary eye. His big hairy balls hung down, loose because of the heat.

Maybe he did attract me, because my cock immediately started to harden again. Seeing this, John reached over to the nightstand and grabbed a jar of Vaseline. He opened it and put some on his fingers. Then he greased my stiff cock by sliding his fist up and down the shaft. After I was well lubricated, he handed me the jar and told me to put some on his ass. He lay on the bed with his ass raised slightly. His ass looked round and soft instead of muscular, as I'd originally expected. I put some Vaseline on his hairy hole and set the jar aside. Then I crawled between his legs and spread his cheeks with my left hand as I guided my cock with my right. I pressed the head of my cock against his opening and slowly pushed in. At first, I was afraid of hurting him, but then he started working his hips against me and soon I was buried in him, my balls slapping against his ass. God! He was so tight! I'd never felt anything like it before. Incredibly, I started to come right then and there. I didn't even have to pump into him. My cock just started twitching and soon my jism was inside him. It really was a trip!

I asked John if he'd come yet, and he said no. So I withdrew from him and went into the bathroom to clean myself off. When

I came back, I grabbed the Vaseline and started to grease up his cock. I was beginning to get excited about the thought of John screwing me. His cock felt weird as I was lubricating him. (I mean, it felt like my own, but somehow it was different. I had thought cocks were cocks!) Then I lay flat on the bed, like John did. By this time I was hard again, and my heart was beating like a trip-hammer. John knelt between my legs and pushed them wide apart. I felt his fingers against my hole. He started probing with one finger, pushing it in slowly. I told him it hurt; so he stopped and stroked my thighs and told me to relax. Then he started pushing his finger in again until he finally got it all the way in. He slowly withdrew it and started pushing two fingers in at once. Soon he had three fingers inside me. Then he said I was open enough; so he took his fingers out. I felt him press his cock against my opening.

Slowly, he pushed in. His cock felt so huge that I started to get scared. But then he stopped pushing and started caressing my body all over. Soon he started easing into me again. Suddenly, he was totally within me. He felt so enormous I thought I'd go crazy. We lay there, his body on top of mine, his thighs pressed against mine. He started pulling out and then he pushed in again. He kept slowly pumping into me, gradually building up speed. Then he pulled me up on all fours, without losing his rhythm. He reached under me and wrapped his left fist around my cock, cupping my balls with his other hand. He started jerking me off in time with each of his thrusts. A tidal wave of pleasure overwhelmed me. I started pushing back to meet his pumping cock. Faster and faster he fucked me, his hand going as fast on my cock. He moaned under his breath with each movement. Then I felt him start to slam into me with long, hard strokes. His cock started twitching inside me. He cried out that he was coming, bit my shoulder, and clamped down as he gave me one long last thrust, pushing his cock farther into me. God, I couldn't stand it! I started pumping my cock into his hand and came for the third time. Exhausted, we just lay there together, his body on mine, his now soft cock still inside me. After a while he pulled out of me and rolled over to his side; then he pulled me to him and kissed me. Somehow it seemed like the natural thing to do. Instead of a rough, rugged mouth, his was tender and responded to my tongue. He kissed better than a lot of girls I've dated.

Needless to say, I've made it with John over and over again since that terrific night. The last time, Judy joined us. It really flipped her out to see John and me together. I realize now I can make it with a guy as well as with a girl, and I enjoy every minute of making it. If you guys have ever thought about screwing another guy, go ahead and try it. Just make sure to do it with a guy who cares and will go easy on you the first time. By going both ways, you can double your chances of pleasure!—*Name and address withheld*

Satisfied customer

I have been married for five and one-half years, and for the past year or so my husband's lovemaking has been dull to me. I've always wondered what it would be like to have sex with another man. I wanted to have sex with a guy I've known for years, but he didn't seem to be interested. I started talking to him more and more, and our talks only made me want him more frantically than ever.

Every time I saw him I could feel my pants getting wet. No one ever turned me on like that before. We talked about sex mostly, and he asked me to call him when I could. I did, and he asked me over to his house. I was so scared that I shook all over. I couldn't believe that I was finally going to get him in bed!

After his roommate left, we caressed each other and he touched my breasts. I was so hot I couldn't stand it. I touched his crotch, and his penis was hard. We went to the bedroom and stripped. I have to tell you that he is the most gorgeous man that I've ever seen. His cock is simply perfect. He French-kissed me, and that always turns me on—he does it so well. He nibbled my breasts and put his finger in my vagina; then he went down on me. (He is really terrific at this.) I felt a sensation I've never felt before. He flicked his tongue around and put his fingers in next and started pounding against me. I know I'd had ten orgasms by this time—more than I'd ever had in my entire life! I didn't know why I waited so long to do this. He lay down and I went down on him.

I took his penis in my mouth and started sucking it. Since he is so well endowed, I couldn't get it all in without choking. Although I've never had the desire to eat a man before, it was like a thick, juicy steak staring at me and was really delicious; so I loved eating him. I thought I'd better stop after a while because I wanted him to save his jism until after he entered me. I pushed my ass up against him, and he entered me. God, it felt so good! He was ramming me, and the harder he did, the better it felt. He was really a terrific lover. Then he stopped; I turned over; and he got between my legs. He put my legs on his shoulders. (I'd never done it that way before, but now it's my favorite position.) He entered me, and I could feel him going all the way up to my chest. It hurt a little, but I loved it. He really penetrated: he wanted all of himself in me, and that was what I wanted. I wanted to get his whole body in me. We came at the same time, and it was beautiful and incredibly thrilling to me.

He was the best lover I'd ever had and on top of that the best-looking. I can't believe that I've found a good-looking man and a terrific lover all in the same body. I can now say that I've been satisfied. My only problem is that I want him all the time. Maybe I'll get my wish someday.—*Name and address withheld*

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Passionate pen pal

On occasion my lover will read to me from your magazine while I suck his gorgeous, clean-shaven cock. Since this really turns me on, we decided to share some of our sexual experiences with you. At the beginning of our relationship, five years ago, we both agreed to be honest and open about sex. We had one rule: we do nothing that hurts or that the other doesn't want to do. Needless to say, this had led to countless rewarding and exciting encounters.

Both of us really enjoy bondage, and since I absolutely love to feel his firm cock in my mouth, tying him up and sucking him until he's near orgasm is one of my favorite pastimes. (He especially likes it when I manage to repeatedly bring him to orgasmic peaks.)

We overlook none of the senses, using them all to heighten our lovemaking. A fur glove, a soft feather, vibrators, a secret lotion, a soft light—all these make sex more pleasurable.

Both of us are imaginative and creative, and some of my creativity is expressed in the writing of erotic letters to him. I love to watch his cock grow stiff as he reads my latest letter. Since this month is our fifth anniversary, I feel it's only fitting to commemorate it by enclosing a copy of one of my passionate-lover letters to him:

"Dear Lollipop,

You're a visual feast for my eyes. They don't know what to devour first. Darting back and forth between your penis and face, they cannot bear to take the time to study the whole body. The look on your face is matched by the firmness of your cock. Desiring you is so overpowering that it is almost as good as actually having you. My eyes are smoldering, and my mouth waters as I concentrate on your cock coming closer and closer. Automatically, my mouth opens, and I flick my tongue across my lips. I sit up taller and strain forward in anticipation of the gourmet delight. Casually, you stand in front of me. Leaning forward, I gently take your penis into my mouth, wetting it with my saliva to ensure a smooth, steady stroke. Once I have consumed it to the fullest extent of my ability, I let it slide out again. Gradually picking up speed, I stroke your cock.

Then your hand reaches out to me and strokes my head lovingly. Continuing to lick and suck you, I feel the passion in you grow. Finding this position too confining, you pull away from me, take my hand, and lower me to the floor. After a few moments of confusion, we find ourselves nude. My hand never loses its hold from your rigid cock while we eagerly kiss one another. While biting my neck, your hand finds its way to my breast, where you pinch my erect nipple.

Moaning with desire, I clutch you tightly to me. Your hand is now at my crotch, where your fingers teasingly flick over my clit again and again. Suddenly, you're lying on your back, and my mouth can't seem to get to your hard cock fast enough. Crawling between your legs, I suck your cock with such abandon that I am only conscious of its wonderful smooth feel. It's your turn to moan as I take your balls into my mouth and roll them around with my tongue. Flicking your asshole with serpent-tongued speed, I barely miss a stroke. Your inflamed cock seems ready to burst. Grabbing me, you roll over, pull my ass up, and thrust your cock deep into my cunt dog-style. I moan with pleasure and spread my legs to better accommodate you. Reaching around me with your hand, you once again finger my clit, which is now so erect itself that it looks like a miniature replica of your throbbing cock.

In my excitement I cry out, "Fuck me, fuck me!" You respond by thrusting yourself even deeper into my dripping wet cunt. Just when I fear my clit will explode, you reach around even farther and with each withdrawal stroke your prick makes, you insert your fingers. Allowing me not one second to respond, you continuously stimulate me while my whole body seems to become one big, tingling clitoris. Just as suddenly you stop, roll me over, and mount me. Your cock is now so hot that your only desire is to bury it in my steaming cunt as deep as possible. You are past the point of speaking and can make only animallike noises as you fuck. Once again your fingers find my clitoris. Fearing the continuous stimulation will drive me mad, I beg you to stop.

My pleas fall on deaf ears, for your conscious mind is only aware of the hot, wet, satiny feeling that encompasses your cock with each forward thrust.

From somewhere deep inside me, a slow steady throbbing begins. Straining to meet your prick, I center my mind on that, for I know what will soon follow. Holding you to me tightly, I grind my crotch into yours while you roughly chew on my neck. Out of nowhere comes a scream, and it's only the explosion that comes with it that makes me realize that the scream came from me. Thrashing in total ecstasy, I succumb to my climax.

Still throbbing, I feel the tension slowly leave my body. Feeling your arms tighten around me, I continue at our same impassioned pace. A loud moan escapes from you, and I feel your prick begin the steady spasms that seem to spread to your entire body. Spent, we lie as we are, wrapped in each other's arms, hot, wet, and completely satisfied."—*Name and address withheld*

Sisters

After having had affairs with more than one hundred women and several wives, I found the perfect sexual partner: a woman who I would swear far surpassed any other sexual partner I ever encountered. She felt the same way about me, and we eventually got around to getting married. Little did I know that getting married to the best piece of ass on earth would also entail my becoming the lover of the *second* best piece. That's right. My wife's sister is almost as good as my wife, and that's the experience that I'd like to share.

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When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely – to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration)... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you payed for our material)

Plus:

- 15¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

Silverman Research, Dept. P-779
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

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City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

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Sexual Aids: How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.

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1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction—or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective devices available from around the world. Devices that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!)

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

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Address ____________

City ____________

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Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

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(I am over 18 years of age)

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Canadian residents send to: 21st Sensory Labs, 280 Havelock St. Suite 202, Toronto M6H3B9. Send $20.00 total, ppd.

I didn't get to meet my wife's sister until several years after my wedding. I'm a professional, and my work requires that I be transferred about every two to three years. Because of these frequent and distant transfers, and because of pressing business matters, my wife and I had been unable to visit with her sister and her sister's family, who live on the West Coast. Lacking funds, they had been unable to visit us, either. We had talked at length with each other on the telephone several times a year, and I noticed that she had a really sexy voice. Several years passed, and finally Betty (not her real name) was able to leave her husband and family for a two-week visit with us. She arrived at the airport about five o'clock in the evening and was met by my wife and me. Though I'd seen several pictures of Betty, I was taken aback. She was much prettier than her pictures had led me to expect: about five feet two inches tall, with blue eyes and shoulder-length blonde hair, and one of the sexiest bodies I had ever beheld. I was greeted with a warm, sisterly hug and kiss on the cheek. After some small talk while we waited for her luggage, we left for home. For the rest of the evening I discreetly admired her beautiful face and figure, but I felt that that was all I would ever do. About ten o'clock I left the two sisters talking to each other and went to bed. About two in the morning I woke up and relieved myself in the bathroom; I could hear them still talking, bringing each other up on events of the past several years. I awoke again about six o'clock when my wife came to bed. I got out of bed and went into the kitchen to prepare my breakfast. To my surprise, Betty was still awake. She told me that she had been too excited over the visit to be able to sleep. She inquired whether I'd mind if she made my breakfast. I thought that was nice. Then she sat with me while I ate.

I got up to pour each of us a cup of coffee. Betty also got up from the kitchen table and came over to the counter as I was pouring coffee. Dressed in a house robe, she brushed against me as she reached for the coffeepot. Although I could feel those beautiful breasts rubbing against me, I felt that it was merely an accidental contact, and I tried to restrain the feeling that made my cock enlarge. I stood at the counter, almost afraid to move for fear she'd notice the protrusion of my bathrobe. She remained rather close and stood drinking coffee and talking. Again she grazed gently against me as she reached for a coffee cup. Again, although I was aroused, I was sure that the contact was casual and accidental. My cock was really turgid now, but I felt I couldn't do anything about it. Within a minute she again drew close to me, and I didn't move away. I was unprepared for her sudden movement, and consequently my swollen cock rubbed against her thigh through our robes.

She pulled back from me with a surprised look on her face, then stood staring at me from a short distance, not saying anything for a couple of minutes. Then she said, "You must have a problem." I apologized and told her that I couldn't help it, that her sexy smile and body had got to me. She reached out and laid both hands on my shoulders and told me that she loved her husband and would never risk her marriage. She said that I would have to learn to control my feelings and reminded me that I was married to a wonderful woman who would certainly be hurt if she knew that other women could arouse me like that. She also told me that she would like to be a friend. With that she leaned forward to plant a sisterly kiss on my cheek. I couldn't resist her closeness; so I put my arms around her waist and drew her up to me. My cock at this time was pressing through our sleepwear into the deep, warm vee between her legs. We stood like that for several moments. Her hands on my shoulders, she leaned back from me. My hands began aiming her love nest up to my fluttery cock. She continued looking me in the eyes, saying nothing. Then the pressure she was exerting slackened. When that happened, I brought her closer and started kissing her. I forced my tongue between her beautiful, full lips and started to play with her tongue, at the same time pushing my cock harder against her. For a long while she stood passively while I kissed her and pushed against her. Then she began sucking on my tongue and pushing against my cock. Abruptly, she stepped back, her face flushed and visibly excited. I reached for her breasts, but she fended me off, saying that, while she wanted me, too, I was her sister's husband and she couldn't bring herself to make love to me because of that. I kissed her again and pulled her to me. Several minutes later she said, "Okay, buster, you are going to get it." She withdrew a few steps and undid her robe. Much to my surprise, she didn't have a thing on underneath it. Her large, firm breasts with the rose-colored, hard nipples were fully exposed, as was the dark blonde bush above her clit. She then reached out and pulled my robe aside, reached an eager hand into my pajamas, and grabbed my aching cock. She started rubbing her hand up and down its length.

I suggested we go to her room to be more comfortable. She replied that she was afraid that Mary would wake up and catch us in bed together, but she had a idea. We would position ourselves in the kitchen where we could see Mary's shadow should she get up and start toward the kitchen. We moved to a cabinet where we could do this. Then Betty opened up one of the cabinet drawers and placed one foot on it; she leaned back against the counter top with the upper part of her body arched over the counter. This exposed that wonderful pussy of hers to me. We kissed some more in this position, and she then took my pulsing cock and worked it into her vagina. We screwed in this position until each of us had a wonderful climax.

After I pulled out of her, she left me to go to the bathroom to clean off my come dripping from her pussy. When she returned, I was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking a cup of coffee, trying to compose myself and thinking of the events leading to this wonderful relationship. We talked for a while of being careful not to stir Mary's suspicions. During this conversation I told Betty that I was going to have to get ready for work shortly. She told me, before I left for work, that she had something for me to remember her by. With that, she dropped to her knees in front of me, pulled my limp cock out of my pajamas, and gave me a glorious blowjob, pulling my limp noodle down into her throat. Her tongue was like a gentle vacuum sweeper. After several minutes of this treatment, I emptied my aching balls and squirted jism into her demanding mouth and throat. She kept sucking until she had emptied me of all I had. When I left to take my shower, she went to her room to sleep.

The day passed quickly for me at work, and that evening, when I returned home, I was warmly greeted by my wife and received a sisterly greeting from Betty. The

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BARBIZON FOR MEN

evening went by uneventfully, and I went to bed about eleven. About midnight I was awakened from a deep sleep by a very demanding mouth around my cock. Betty again was utilizing her wonderful oral talent. When she realized that I was awake, she told me not to worry about Mary coming just then—Mary had gone to the store to get some milk for tomorrow's breakfast. With Betty exercising her wonderful oral talent, it didn't take long for me to climax and drift into one of the most relaxing night's sleeps in a long time. Sometime in the early morning hours my wife woke me with soft kisses on my face and throat and with her hand exercising my cock. We both fucked until exhausted and then fell back to sleep. I was late for work that day, having left the two women asleep at home.

About noon my secretary told me that my sister-in-law wanted to speak with me on the telephone. Betty told me that Mary was in the shower and she was free to talk. She told me that she had heard Mary and me making out during the night and that it had been all she could do to keep from coming in to make a threesome of it, but she knew Mary would have strongly objected to that. She told me that she was going to baby-sit with my small daughter while Mary went to the beauty parlor. Hearing that, I told her I'd join her for an hour or so.

I left work and arrived home shortly after Mary had departed. My daughter was asleep. Betty and I stripped our clothes off and screwed most of the afternoon. After our first climax, she wouldn't let me take it out but kept using her vaginal walls to massage my cock back to hardness; that didn't take long to accomplish. After the second wonderful climax, she again used her marvelous oral talent, and by the time I left for work, I was having some difficulty walking and operating the controls of the car.

Through the remainder of her stay we got together whenever we could without arousing my wife's suspicions. One day she asked me to drive her to a nearby shop. On the way back home she gave me another wonderful blowjob while I was threading my way through traffic.

Mary and I look forward to our visits to Betty's home on the West Coast and to her visits to our home. The relationship still continues after more than ten years. Although my wife is the best piece of ass and the most orally talented woman I've met, her sister is almost as good.—*Name and address withheld*

Mr. Fix-it

I am in charge of setting up a touring art show that moves from city to city across the country. For a woman the work is extremely tiring, and it exhausts me completely each day. So in the evening, after working with the show and with museum directors, I usually just return to my hotel, have dinner, and lie down to watch some television before falling asleep. Last year, however, in Knoxville, I had an unforgettable experience that added an entirely new dimension to my understanding of myself.

After a day working in the museum, I returned to my hotel room and turned on the television. Nothing came on the screen. So I called the desk and asked that someone be sent up to repair the set. Then I took a hot, relaxing shower. While I was still in the shower, there was a knock on my door. I turned off the water, put on my robe, and answered the door. It was the bellhop—a young man of not more than twenty-one, whom I had noticed earlier in the day carting the luggage of various guests. I told him about the trouble with the set, and he sat on the end of the bed and began playing with the various controls on the machine to make it work.

Then I stepped back into the bathroom to finish drying myself and to get into some clothes. As I stood in front of the mirror, the door slightly ajar, I sensed he was looking at me. I glanced over, for just a moment, and saw him gazing at me intently. I saw what attracted his attention. The front of my robe had fallen open slightly and had exposed the bottom half of one of my breasts. I felt a slight delicious tingle as I imagined what was going through his mind. I turned back to the mirror and heard the television set come on.

With the set now working, the repairman continued to sit on the end of the bed, looking back and forth from the set to me. So I walked from the bathroom and stood next to him and looked at the set. I noted what a great job I thought he had done and told him to wait around for a minute until I could get him a tip. Before I could walk away, though, I felt his hand under my long robe touch my calf. I stood very still, as though I'd felt nothing, and looked at the television screen. The young repairman also continued to stare at the set. Slowly, hesitantly, I felt his hand slide up along the back of my leg until he cupped my buttocks in his hand.

While I was standing there, with my hands in the pockets of my robe, I moved my legs slightly apart, and let his fingers slip into my wet crack, still warm from the shower and getting warmer by the second. As I stood there thinking, "What am I doing?" he slipped his right hand around through the front of my robe and lightly caressed the front of my crack, pulling the lips apart and tickling my swelling clit. I felt myself getting flush and getting so weak in the knees that I thought I would fall down. I felt my nipples tightening against the lining of my robe. I began to breathe heavily as he caressed me from the front and back, and my juices began to flow. Then I leaned forward and grabbed the top of the television set as he really began to go to work on my crack. When I felt myself wanting to come, I stepped away from his warm hands and turned to look into his eyes for the first time. I could tell that he was hot just by looking at his face. I let my robe fall apart and then dropped it to the floor, letting him leer at my oversized brown nipples and my wild furry

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bush. But before he could make a move up from the bed, I went to work myself.

I dropped to my knees and quickly unbuckled the belt of his pants, unzipped the front, and then with one long pull took off his pants and underwear. His pecker was half hard and quickly growing. Ignoring his shoes and stockings and forgetting about his bellhop's coat and tie, I grabbed his crotch—balls and all—and gave a couple of hearty tugs. Then I leaned forward and ran my tongue along the seam of his testicles. He leaned back on the bed, and his cock literally flew into action. I could hardly believe my eyes. It stood up straight and erect, a good seven inches, but the head was what was most marvelous. It was extraordinary. It looked like the top of a giant mushroom, as if it were an umbrella of pink flesh shielding the shaft below. As it filled with his hot blood, I wrapped my lips around it and leaned forward to let it touch the back of my throat. At the same time I reached under him and stuck my index finger deep up his anus. It was too much for the young man. He couldn't hold himself. With a long moan he arched up and exploded into my mouth. His cream streamed out seemingly endlessly, filling my mouth and running down onto my tits.

I let him go and leaned back, feeling strange and wondering if he would leave now, afraid of what had happened so quickly. Instead, without saying a word, he walked into my bathroom. I sat on the end of the bed and watched. His spent pecker hung down, half its former size. I watched with fascination as he splashed some water in his face, toweled himself dry, and then fumbled around looking for something on the counter. In a moment he found what he was looking for, my Vaseline. He took a generous dose from the bottle with all of his fingers and proceeded to rub it up and down his pecker, over his balls and onto his stomach and legs. He did this three times, making the front of his body totally shiny and slippery. And as he rubbed the Vaseline on his cock, it came to life again, rising to a higher and higher angle until the head began to blossom in all its glory.

"What do you intend to do with that?" I asked teasingly. He walked back into the bedroom to show me. Now he was master of the situation. He grabbed my shoulders and turned me around on my stomach on the bed. Then he reached under my waist and lightly lifted my ass into the air so that I was on my knees, butt up. I tucked my head down so that I could watch what he was up to. He then reached up under my arms with each hand and grabbed each of my nipples between his fingers. Slowly, he pulled them out and back, down toward my knees, stretching the nipples and tits until I wanted to shout for him to stop.

I watched my tits pull back and then I saw that delicious tulip of a cockhead move toward my anus. This was something entirely new to me. I tried to move my cunt up so that he'd hit the wet slit in the center. But he wasn't interested in that orifice. He wanted virgin territory. He pushed down slightly on my back and then put the pecker head against my anus. The Vaseline made the head slip in with only slight pressure. Then with a long, steady stroke, he pushed that slithery shaft so far up that I thought it would come out my mouth. At the same time he pulled harder and harder on my nipples. I raised up on my hands and knees, my mouth fell open, and I wanted to scream. I tried to move ahead on the bed, but when I tried, he pinched my nipples back against my knees. Within a few seconds, he was pumping that lovely willowy cock in and out my rectum. I rocked back and forth in time with him, and after several minutes I felt myself coming. My head began to swim as I felt his hot juices squirt all over inside my bum.

I lay there quietly, and heard him getting into his pants. "Well, I guess the television works now," he whispered and walked over to the door and out of the room. I couldn't move—couldn't believe what had just happened. I wanted to roll over and masturbate. The phone rang, and I answered. It was the desk. "Did the repairman come yet?" the operator asked. I couldn't help chuckling as I responded, "He sure did."—*Name and address withheld*

Hot toddy

I am twenty-two years old, a bisexual, and I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

SPORTS CAR REDEFINED

Toyota Celica Supra:
proof that a sports car need not
look or ride like a
packing box on roller skates.

BY WADE HOYT

The limits of the automotive category called "sports car" are now more blurred than ever. Some cars have all the requisite specs, but they're just too *slow*. Others are as quick and fast as bullets but too cushy and *comfortable*. Some are small enough but lack power and punch. Still others are hot enough but too *big*.

Studiously avoiding this whole question, Toyota has become the biggest car maker in Japan and the number-one importer in the U.S. Toyota marketing men steadfastly refer to their Celica line as "sporty cars"—a term of derision in some sports car circles but one that hasn't hurt Toyota sales a bit.

Freshly restyled in 1978, the Celica has now been given a powerful six-cylinder, fuel-injected engine and an armload of luxury features that place it right in the middle of the True Sports Car Controversy.

The new model, dubbed the Celica Supra Liftback, is outwardly identical to last year's four-cylinder Celicas except for the addition of rectangular headlights and a five-inch stretch in wheelbase to accommodate the longer six-cylinder engine. The extra metal has been grafted in between the front wheel well and the door, which gives the car a long and powerful look.

The overhead cam, 2.5 liter six churns out 110 horsepower at 4,800 rpm and 136 ft-lb of torque at 2,400 rpm. Its Bosch-designed fuel injection system provides easy start-ups and stumble-free acceleration through all kinds of weather. On paper, the performance improvements of the six over the four-banger have been modest: a 375cc increase in displacement, twenty more horsepower, and fourteen more ft-lb of torque. But because the torque peaks some 2,000 rpm sooner with the six than with the four, the Supra moves away from traffic with authority. Suspension on both cars is similar: MacPherson struts in front and a live axle with coil springs in the rear, located by four links and a lateral track rod. A rear antisway bar gives the Supra more responsive handling than the four-cylinder cars have.

Toyota has followed the typical Japanese practice of loading the Supra with standard equipment that on a domestic car would add up to well over $2,000 in options. Power steering, air-conditioning, electric windows, remote-control rearview mirrors, four-wheel power disc brakes, rear-window defroster, tilt steering wheel, five-speed overdrive transmission, and a four-speaker AM-FM stereo radio are all standard. Cruise control is standard with the automatic transmission and optional on the manual shifter. The "mag" wheels you see in the photos are clever hub caps fitted over ordinary, stamped steel wheels.

The Supra also features a bag of tricks that are no less appreciated even now, when we have come to expect many of them in Japanese cars. There are two keys: a master key, which opens everything, and a "sub key," for parking lot attendants, mechanics, and others who only need to open the doors and start the engine (the sub key will not unlock the glove compartment). The driver's seat adjusts six different ways, and you can also change the firmness of the lumbar support cushion.

Two small levers on the floor open the hatchback and the locking gas cap lid from the driver's seat. The map light is tethered to the center console by a coiled telephone-type cord that allows you to drag it all over the front of the car to read maps, find objects you have dropped, or play doctor. There's also an inspection light, on the end of a cord, under the hood.

As soon as you unlock one of the Supra doors at night, the interior lights go on, which is a thoughtful touch. There are also red warning lights on the kick panels that come on when any door is opened, a lighted vanity mirror on the front-seat passenger's sun visor, and another light in the luggage compartment that comes on when the hatch is opened. Finally, the cargo bin has luggage hold-down straps plus a security cover that unrolls like a Venetian blind to hide your baggage from prying eyes.

The Supra's *pièce de résistance*, however, is the optional automatic transmission. It is the latest and the best in a new generation of "smart" automatics that no car enthusiast need be ashamed of. The transmission has four forward speeds, rather than the usual three, *fourth* being an overdrive gear that lowers engine revolutions by 31 percent for a corresponding decrease in fuel consumption and engine wear. A rocker switch on the console allows the driver to shift this overdrive gear into or out of the transmission's repertoire at will.

When driving demurely, this automatic is the usual, unobtrusive shifter. But when you floor the accelerator, it provides inspiring, tire-chirping upshifts at over 5,000 rpm. If the O/D is engaged, the driver can hold *third* gear to about 90 mph (which is off-scale on the government-issue 85-mph speedometer) and then force the shift into *high* by lifting his foot momentarily.

If you bury the pedal at about 40 mph in O/D, you are treated to the unique phenomenon of an automatic that shifts itself down two gears, then shifts up at about 70 mph and up again at 90 mph. It all makes you wonder why you've been bothering with clutching and shifting all these years, especially when you consider that all of this versatility is coupled with the undeniable convenience of an automatic in bumper-to-bumper traffic.

Another fun game is playing the cruise control against the overdrive. This cruise control is no dummy, either, and it doesn't waste gas trying to accelerate up every hill that the Supra encounters. Speed may trail off 10 mph or so on long upgrades. If this bothers you, simply flick the O/D switch off; the transmission will shift down into *third* and accelerate to the preset speed. Flick the switch back on, and road speed will be maintained while engine speed drops nearly 1,000 rpm. Doing this all with hand controls—your feet never touching a pedal—is an eerie experience somewhere between piloting a space ship and driving a car with invalid controls.

The pricing of the Supra Liftback ($9,578 for the five-speed, $10,118 for the automatic) aims it directly at Datsun's new 280ZX. As the Datsun becomes more comfortable and luxurious and the Celica more powerful and responsive, the two cars find themselves more and more—from different directions—in the ill-defined territory somewhere between the traditional, balls-out sports car and the luxury turnpike cruiser. Whichever label you prefer, the Celica Supra is Toyota's best shot to date.

Photographs by Douglas Kirkland/Contact

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have a story I would like to tell you. I have a girl friend, who is nineteen. One night my girl friend, Mindy, was at my place, and we were sitting around, smoking pot and listening to music and talking. Of course, after a while our talking became more intimate, and we were both getting horny.

About that time, a friend of mine, Tod, came over. We smoked some more pot and talked a little, and then I started kissing Mindy. Tod asked if he should leave, and I said no, to stay. Mindy and I had talked about making it with another guy or girl, and we figured, What better time than now? We asked Tod if he wanted to have sex with us, and he said, "Sure—why not?" So I started feeling Mindy out on her ass and pussy, taking off her blouse and bra to reveal her gorgeous set of tits. I told Tod to come over and feel her tits and help undress her. He came over and started French-kissing her and rubbing her tits as I pulled down her pants and underwear. I buried my face in her tight twat and tongued her pussy as Tod sucked her tits. I then took off my shirt and jeans and underwear, and my big dick sprang to life.

It was hot in my house, and we were all hot and sticky and sweaty. I crawled up on top of Mindy and shoved my hard meat all the way into her cunt. I pumped in and out, with my tight balls bouncing against her crotch. After about seven pumps, I shot my warm, creamy come, and for a few seconds I lay spent. During this time Tod was taking off his clothes and standing there with his hard cock and big, tight balls. I told Tod to sit on Mindy's face. He perched his ass hole on her face, with his big dick staring right at my face. I lowered my mouth over his big cock and sucked it, and I licked his balls as Mindy was tonguing his butt-hole. At one point, I reached up, and Tod and I gave each other a big, long French kiss. I then got up and told Tod to fuck Mindy. I cleaned off my dick and smoked another bowl. When I saw Tod humping up and down on Mindy, I couldn't resist him and went up to him and sniffed his armpit. After I went down and gave his ass light kisses, I got brave and stuck my tongue in his ass hole as he was humping my girl. I licked his butt and went down to tongue his balls as they were slapping tightly against Mindy's cunt.

After Mindy came, her glistening love juice was all over Tod's balls, and I gladly licked them clean. When I was hard again, I crawled up on Tod while he was still humping away and stuck my dick up his butt, fucking away with my balls bouncing against his anus. Finally, we all came again. I got off and licked my sperm out of Tod's hot ass hole. After I licked his perky butt clean, we got up and smoked some more pot and rested.

Next Mindy ordered Tod and me to sixty-nine each other. I lay over his naked body with my dick and balls in his face. As he sucked me, I kissed his balls and put my mouth around them and twirled my tongue around them. I smelled his crotch and licked his inner thighs and licked his ass.

With one hand I played with his dick, and with the other I wet a finger and stuck it up his butt-hole and fucked him with it. As I was fucking his mouth the best I could, Mindy started licking my behind and stuck her tongue way up my hole. That made me shoot come in Tod's mouth. Then his cock was jerking back and forth, and soon it was shooting jets of warm, white, clumpy sperm, and I lapped it all up.

Next I positioned Mindy on her knees so that her ass was sticking up. I tongued her ass hole and put spit on it so that I could fuck it. I then spread her hole wide open and shoved my cock all the way in, till my balls were bouncing against her behind. Tod was standing there with his big, erect penis, and I took it in my mouth and sucked it all the way in. He was fucking my mouth with his tight, spermy balls slapping against my lips. I grabbed his ass and put my fingers in the crack. After he came in my mouth, he went down to where the action was. As I was fucking Mindy's ass in and out, Todd was underneath, licking out her wet pussy and tonguing my big balls. He was alternately licking her pussy and my balls. Finally, I came and shot my wad deep in Mindy's anus, but it was so tight that some sperm leaked out of her ass hole and onto her legs and my balls. Tod eagerly lapped it all up. After I withdrew my dick, Tod sucked it clean. Then he sucked as much of my sperm out of Mindy's ass hole as he could.

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By this time it was pretty late, and we were all exhausted. We let Tod spend the night with us and all slept naked over each other's body. Early the next morning, we woke up horny and made love again. Before Tod left, we told him next time to bring his girl friend so that we could have a foursome, and he readily agreed.—*Name and address withheld*

Three's company

I read your *Penthouse* "Forum" column regularly, and recently I had the best sexual experience of my life, which I would now like to share with you.

I am a freshman at a small Catholic university in New York. Up until recently I have not had any sex or sexual encounter at school. I was not used to chasing girls, because usually they would come to me.

One night I was in my room with three very good-looking females. We were sitting around talking when suddenly the subject of sex came up. I told them how horny I was and how long it had been since I had enjoyed some fine pussy. Much to my surprise, one of the girls said that she could go for some good, hard fucking herself. Thinking that she was kidding, I laughed—until she started to approach me, saying, "Come on girls, let's *fuck* him."

The two other girls sat there stunned. Then the first girl, Carol, started to unbutton my shirt. I thought it was a joke until I looked down and saw her large, pink nipples protruding through her blouse. I get excited very easily, and seeing this made my rod stand at attention. Before I knew it, we were on my bed naked. We started some light kissing, which soon grew hot and heavy. Realizing that this wasn't a dream, I started to tease her myself! I stroked her thigh with my hand, each time getting closer and closer to her love canal. This excited her greatly, and when I finally placed my hand on her pussy, I found that it was soaked with her "love juice."

Carol wasn't doing too bad herself! At the same time that I was exploring her cunt, I was receiving the best hand-job I have ever had. She was so horny that her nipples ached. So, I gently sucked on her thirty-sixers till the swelling went down.

By this time I had to have the ultimate. She spread her legs as far apart as she could, now exposing her clit. Carefully, I eased my way into the depths of her tunnel, and with each pump I got my nine-inch prick deeper and deeper. I couldn't hold it any longer and instantly shot my load deep inside her. We were exhausted.

Not forgetting that the other two girls were in the room, we both looked over and saw that they were very turned on from watching the two of us. With a bit of coaxing from Carol, Sandy and Joann were soon stripped of their clothing. The two girls were both built very nicely. I had never dreamed of anything like this, but I wasn't complaining. Carol was more experienced than the other two, but she helped them out very well.

In the next four hours I received six blow-jobs and had screwed each girl three times. I never came so much in my life—in all about seven times. I was sore for the next three days. Well, since that day the three of us have yet to get together again, but Carol and I still enjoy a good fuck about twice a week!—*Name and address withheld*

Tennis ball

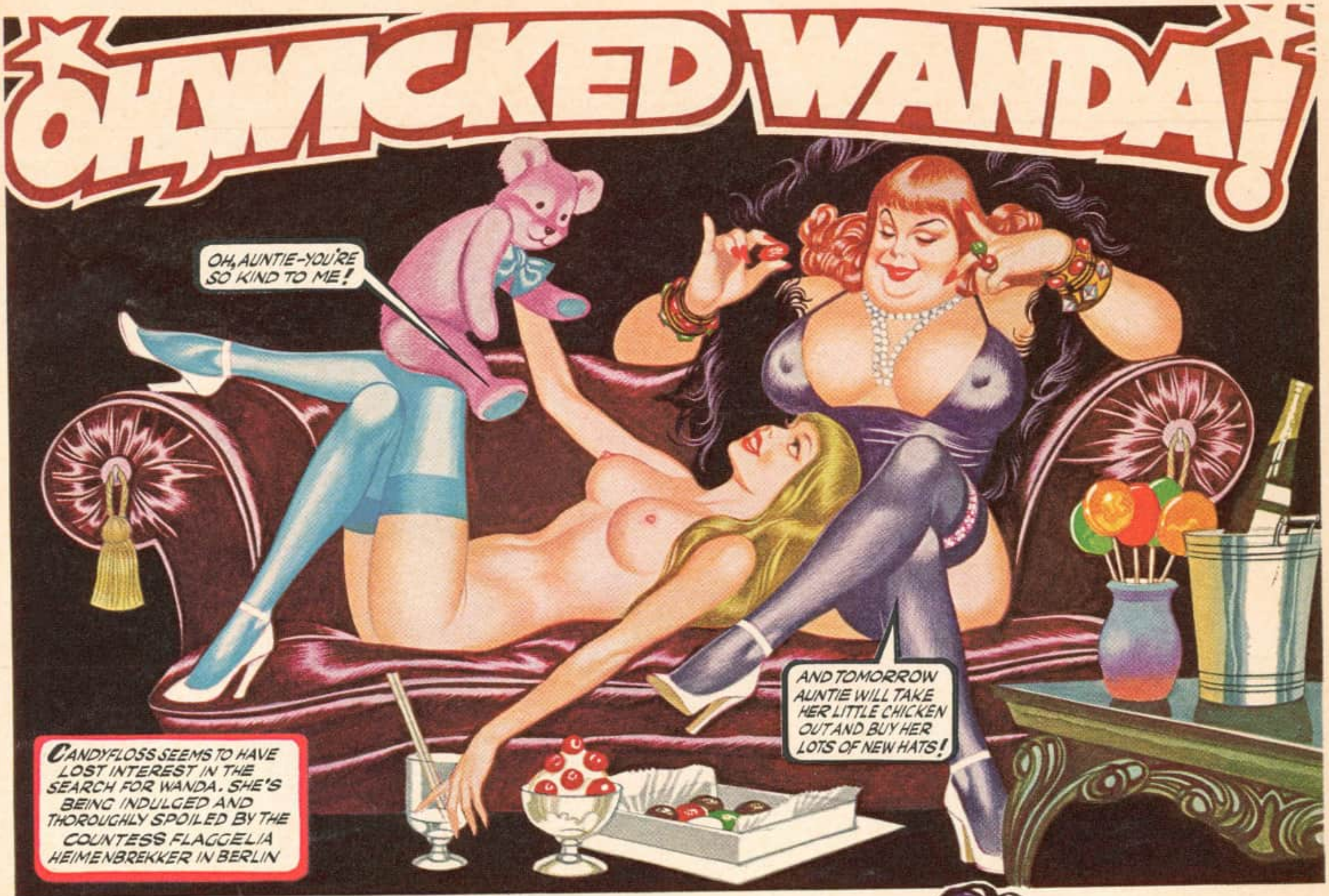
You aren't going to believe this, because I didn't either. Last summer at the tennis club, when I was playing in the club tournament, I met Sally, and I haven't been able to walk normally since.

Sally and I were matched in the semi-finals, and I fully expected to blow her into the weeds since I'm on the team at college. Unfortunately, that isn't the way it went—if I hadn't been playing my ass off, I never would have beaten her. The fact that she had on an incredibly tight dress without a bra severly hampered my concentration. God, what a set! In the hot sun we were both sweating like pigs! It soaked through her dress and made her nipples even more prominent. I finally beat her in the last set with a blistering cross-court that left her out of position and floundering like a gutted perch. When she regained her composure, she came to the net to congratulate me and said, "You handle tennis balls pretty well. How do you do with your own?" and fondled my already buldging cock before she walked away. I turned to watch her tight ass bounce to the locker room as my erection nearly burst through the seams of my whites.

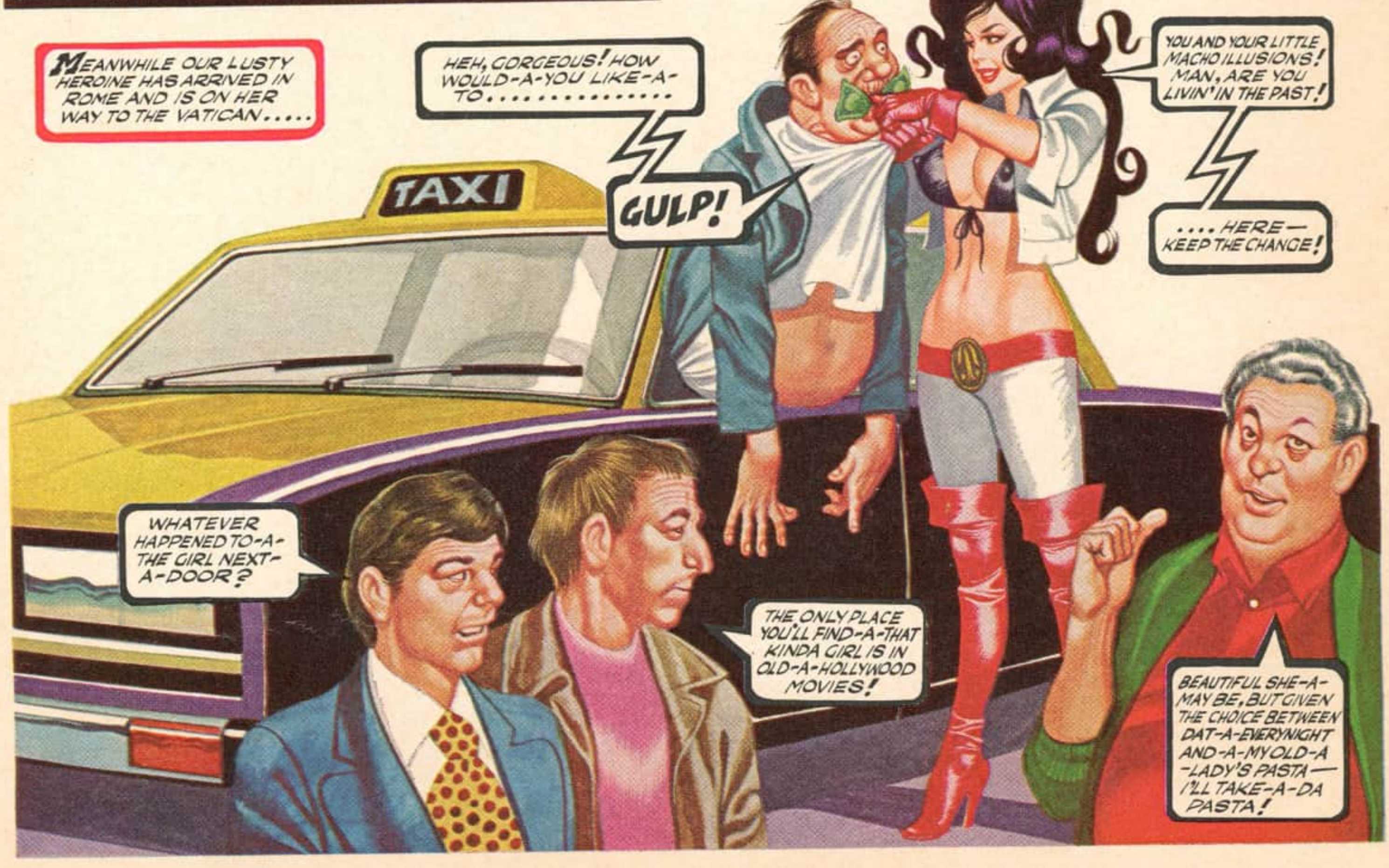
I walked to the locker room, wondering

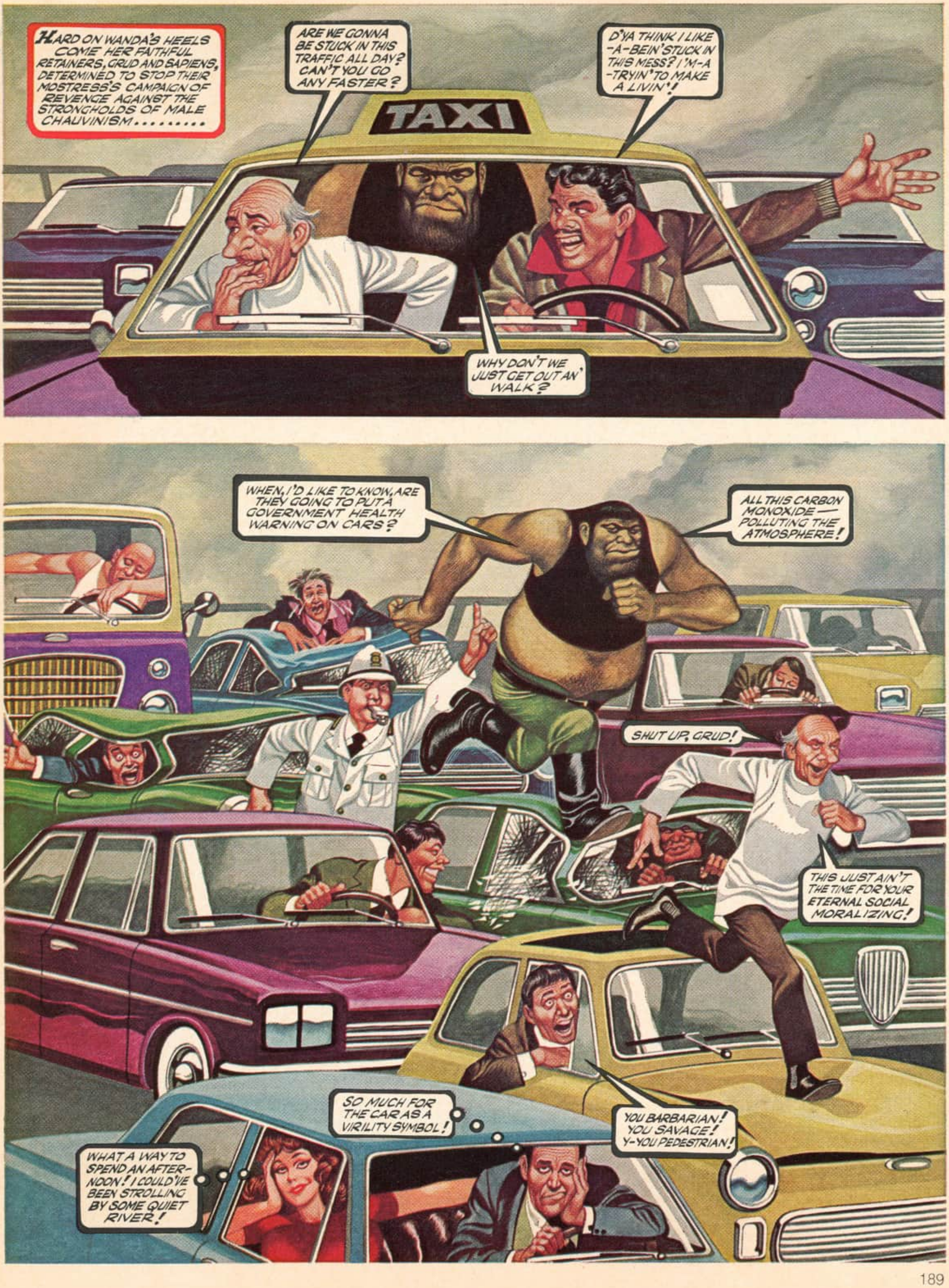
CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

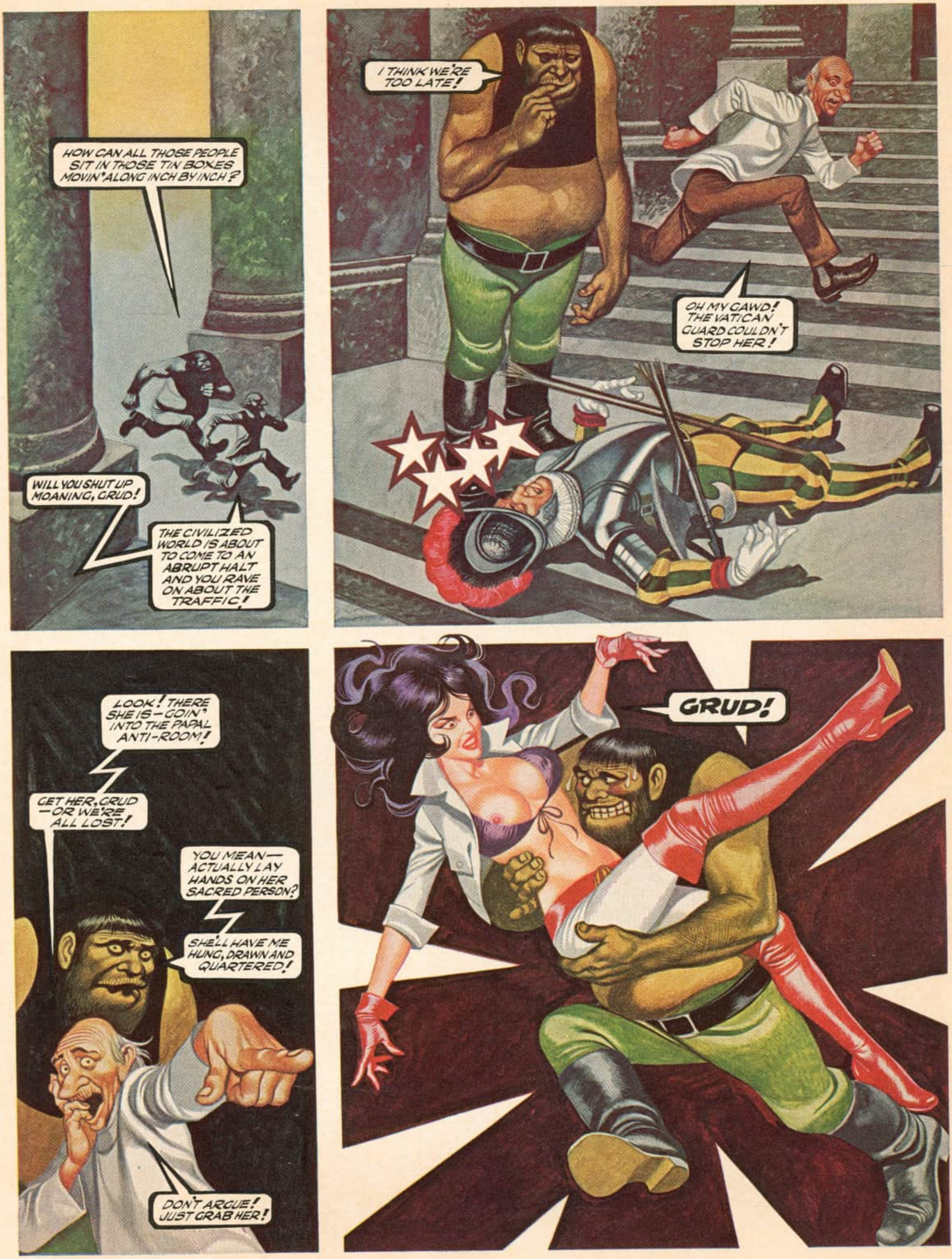
OH WICKED WANDA!

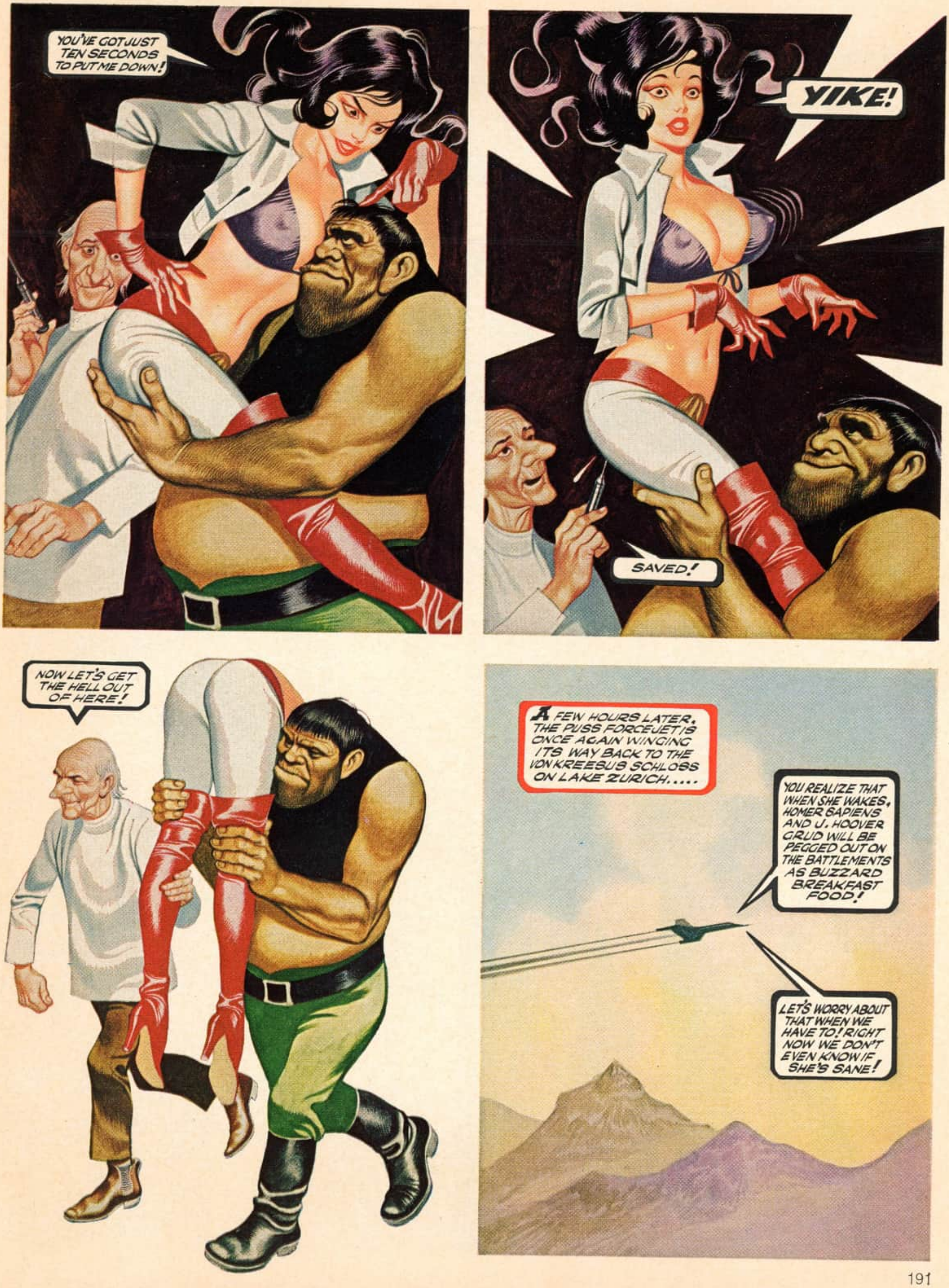

OH, AUNTIE–YOU'RE SO KIND TO ME!
AND TOMORROW AUNTIE WILL TAKE HER LITTLE CHICKEN OUT AND BUY HER LOTS OF NEW HATS!
CANDYFLOSS SEEMS TO HAVE LOST INTEREST IN THE SEARCH FOR WANDA. SHE'S BEING INDULGED AND THOROUGHLY SPOILED BY THE COUNTESS FLAGGELIA HEIMENBREKKER IN BERLIN

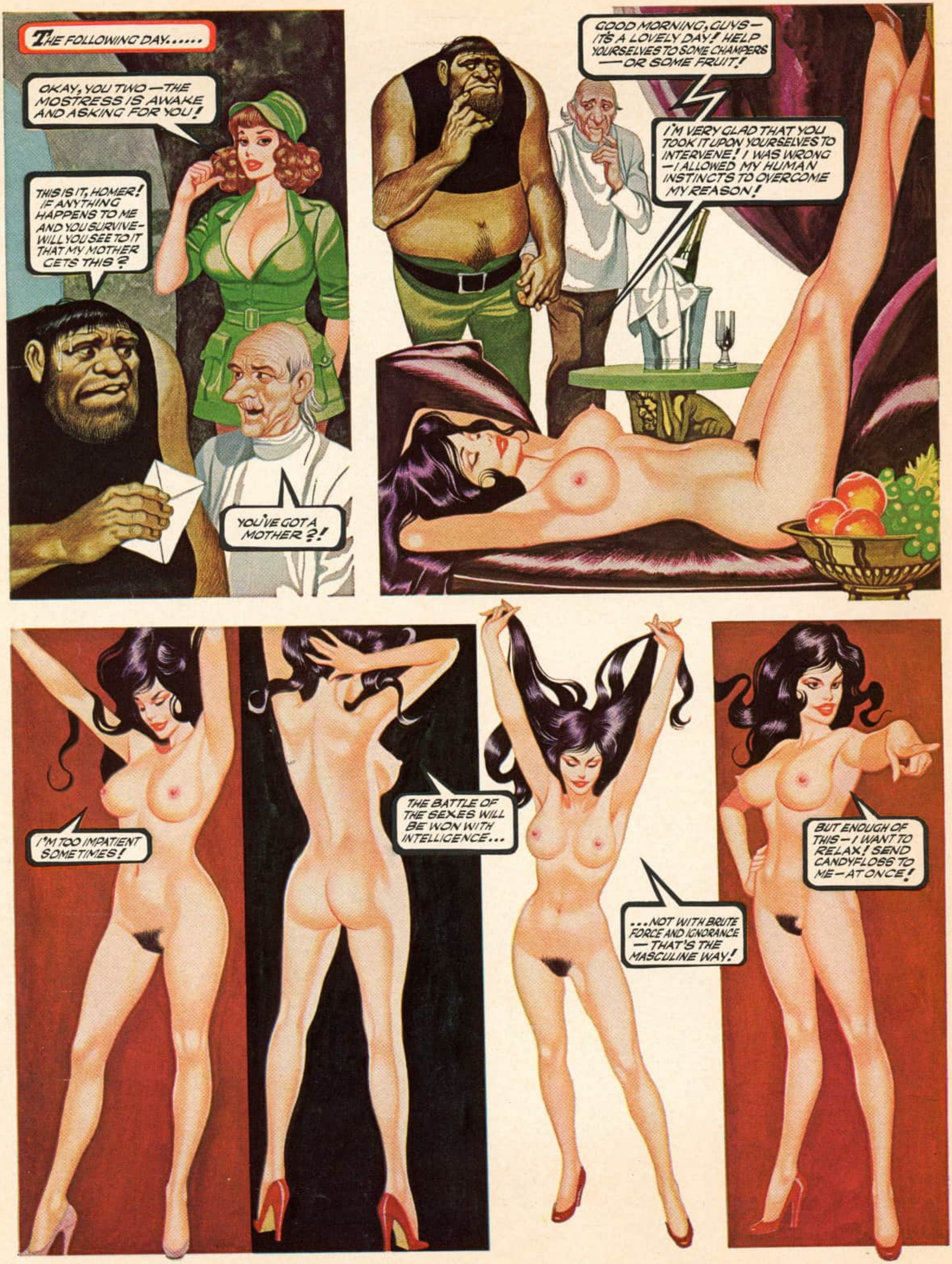
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON


MEANWHILE OUR LUSTY HEROINE HAS ARRIVED IN ROME AND IS ON HER WAY TO THE VATICAN.....
HEH, GORGEOUS! HOW WOULD-A-YOU LIKE-A-TO...............
GULP!
YOU AND YOUR LITTLE MACHO ILLUSIONS! MAN, ARE YOU LIVIN' IN THE PAST!
....HERE—KEEP THE CHANGE!
TAXI
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO-A-THE GIRL NEXT-A-DOOR?
THE ONLY PLACE YOU'LL FIND-A-THAT KINDA GIRL IS IN OLD-A-HOLLYWOOD MOVIES!
BEAUTIFUL SHE-A-MAY BE, BUT GIVEN THE CHOICE BETWEEN DAT-A-EVERYNIGHT AND-A-MY OLD-A-LADY'S PASTA—I'LL TAKE-A-DA PASTA!

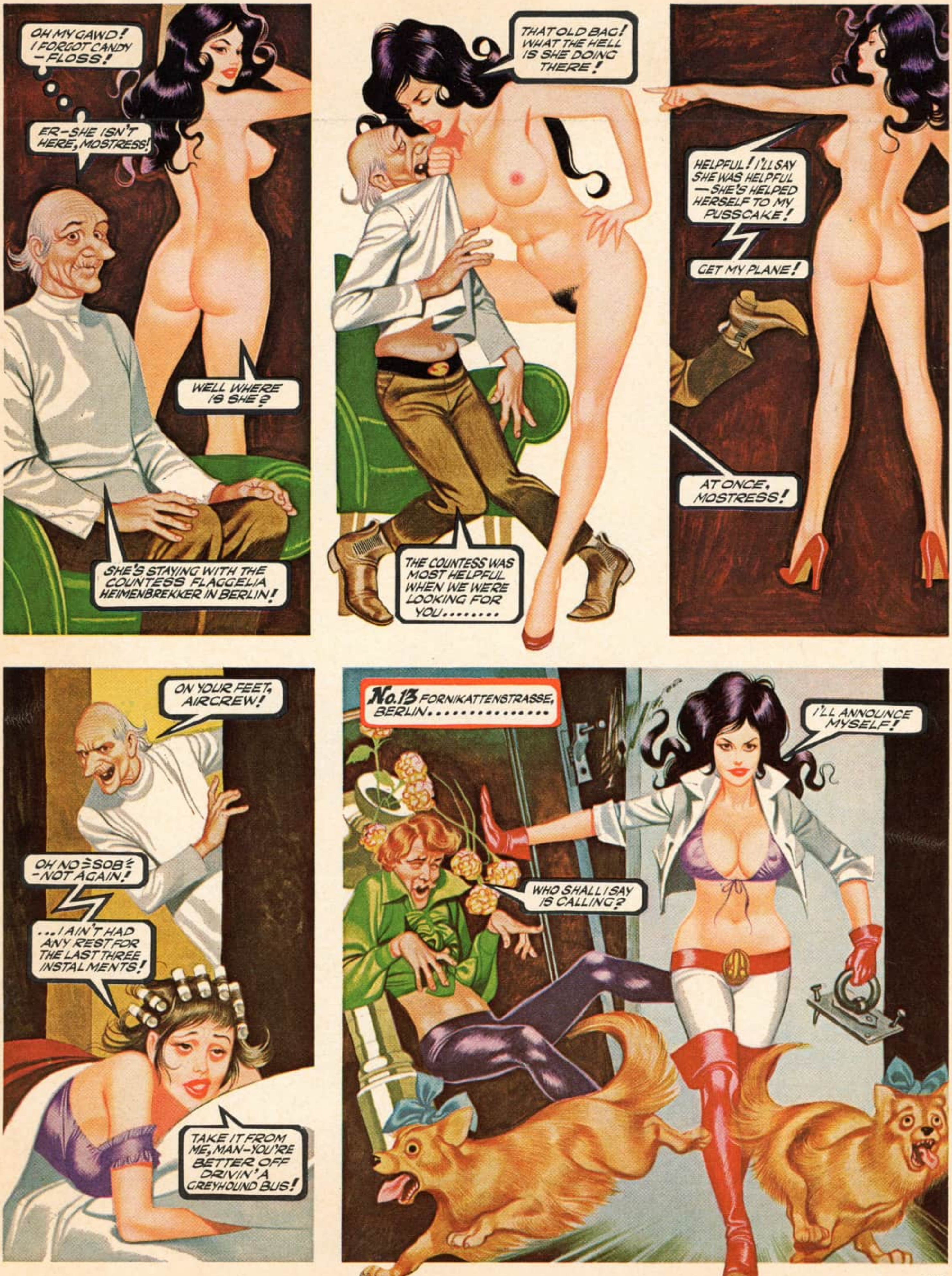

HARD ON WANDA'S HEELS COME HER FAITHFUL RETAINERS, GRUD AND SAPIENS, DETERMINED TO STOP THEIR MISTRESS'S CAMPAIGN OF REVENGE AGAINST THE STRONGHOLDS OF MALE CHAUVINISM.........
ARE WE GONNA BE STUCK IN THIS TRAFFIC ALL DAY? CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER?
D'YA THINK I LIKE -A-BEIN' STUCK IN THIS MESS? I'M-A -TRYIN' TO MAKE A LIVIN'!
TAXI
WHY DON'T WE JUST GET OUT AN' WALK?
WHEN, I'D LIKE TO KNOW, ARE THEY GOING TO PUT A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING ON CARS?
ALL THIS CARBON MONOXIDE— POLLUTING THE ATMOSPHERE!
SHUT UP, GRUD!
THIS JUST AIN'T THE TIME FOR YOUR ETERNAL SOCIAL MORALIZING!
SO MUCH FOR THE CAR AS A VIRILITY SYMBOL!
YOU BARBARIAN! YOU SAVAGE! Y-YOU PEDESTRIAN!
WHAT A WAY TO SPEND AN AFTERNOON! I COULD'VE BEEN STROLLING BY SOME QUIET RIVER!

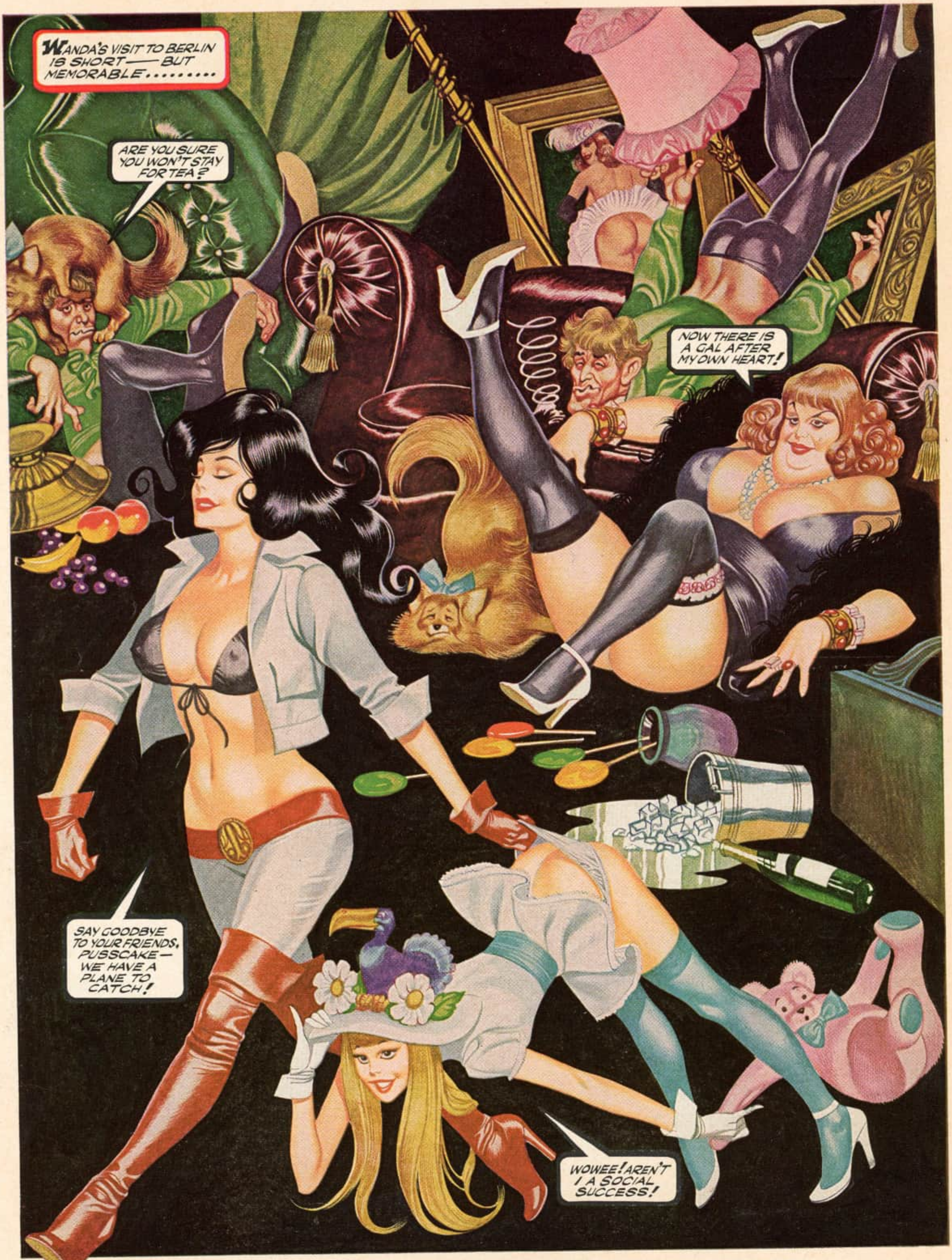

HOW CAN ALL THOSE PEOPLE SIT IN THOSE TIN BOXES MOVIN' ALONG INCH BY INCH?
WILL YOU SHUT UP MOANING, GRUD!
THE CIVILIZED WORLD IS ABOUT TO COME TO AN ABRUPT HALT AND YOU RAVE ON ABOUT THE TRAFFIC!
I THINK WE'RE TOO LATE!
OH MY GAWD! THE VATICAN GUARD COULDN'T STOP HER!
LOOK! THERE SHE IS—GOIN' INTO THE PAPAL ANTI-ROOM!
GET HER, GRUD —OR WE'RE ALL LOST!
YOU MEAN— ACTUALLY LAY HANDS ON HER SACRED PERSON?
SHE'LL HAVE ME HUNG, DRAWN AND QUARTERED!
DON'T ARGUE! JUST GRAB HER!
GRUD!

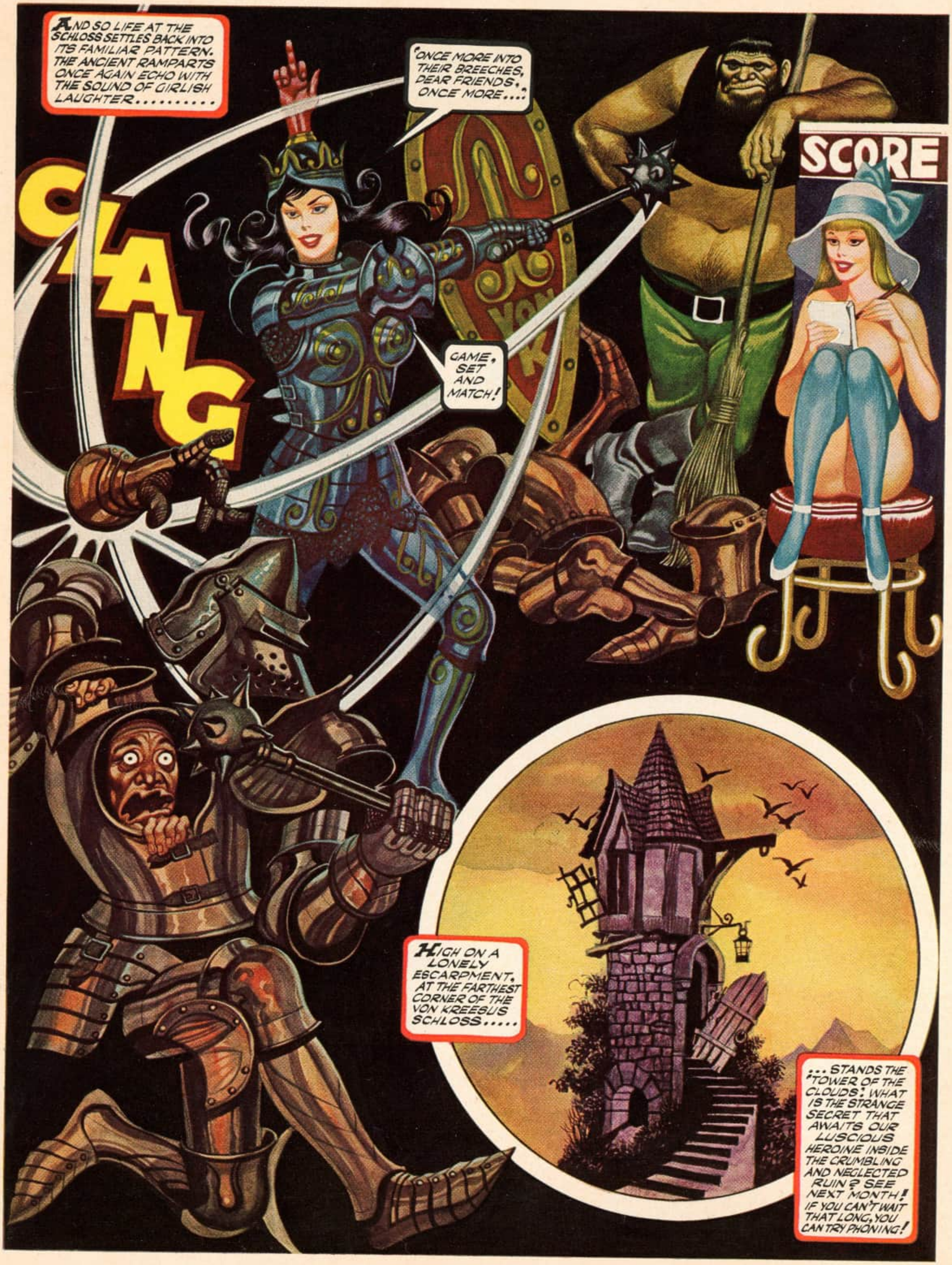

YOU'VE GOT JUST TEN SECONDS TO PUT ME DOWN!
YIKE!
SAVED!
NOW LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
A FEW HOURS LATER, THE PUSS FORCEJET IS ONCE AGAIN WINGING ITS WAY BACK TO THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH.....
YOU REALIZE THAT WHEN SHE WAKES, HOMER SAPIENS AND J. HOOVER GRUD WILL BE PEGGED OUT ON THE BATTLEMENTS AS BUZZARD BREAKFAST FOOD!
LET'S WORRY ABOUT THAT WHEN WE HAVE TO! RIGHT NOW WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF SHE'S SANE!

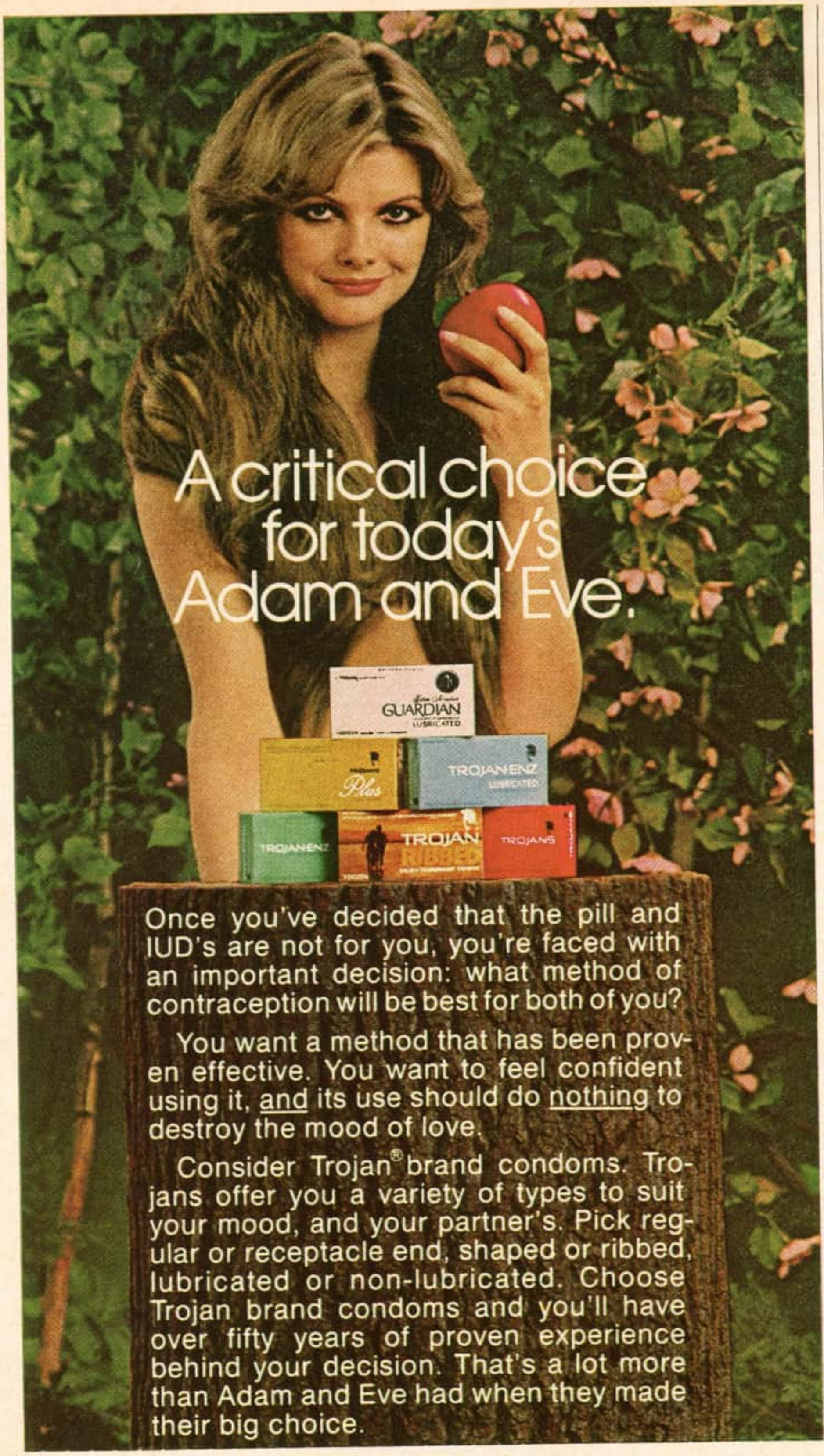


THE FOLLOWING DAY......
OKAY, YOU TWO—THE MOSTRESS IS AWAKE AND ASKING FOR YOU!
THIS IS IT, HOMER! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME AND YOU SURVIVE—WILL YOU SEE TO IT THAT MY MOTHER GETS THIS?
YOU'VE GOT A MOTHER?!
GOOD MORNING, GUYS—IT'S A LOVELY DAY! HELP YOURSELVES TO SOME CHAMPERS—OR SOME FRUIT!
I'M VERY GLAD THAT YOU TOOK IT UPON YOURSELVES TO INTERVENE! I WAS WRONG—I ALLOWED MY HUMAN INSTINCTS TO OVERCOME MY REASON!
I'M TOO IMPATIENT SOMETIMES!
THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES WILL BE WON WITH INTELLIGENCE...
...NOT WITH BRUTE FORCE AND IGNORANCE—THAT'S THE MASCULINE WAY!
BUT ENOUGH OF THIS—I WANT TO RELAX! SEND CANDYFLOSS TO ME—AT ONCE!


OH MY GAWD! I FORGOT CANDY -FLOSS!
ER-SHE ISN'T HERE, MOSTRESS!
WELL WHERE IS SHE?
SHE'S STAYING WITH THE COUNTESS FLAGGELIA HEIMENBREKKER IN BERLIN!
THAT OLD BAG! WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING THERE!
THE COUNTESS WAS MOST HELPFUL WHEN WE WERE LOOKING FOR YOU........
HELPFUL! I'LL SAY SHE WAS HELPFUL —SHE'S HELPED HERSELF TO MY PUSSCAKE!
GET MY PLANE!
AT ONCE, MOSTRESS!
ON YOUR FEET, AIRCREW!
OH NO =SOB= -NOT AGAIN!
...I AIN'T HAD ANY REST FOR THE LAST THREE INSTALMENTS!
TAKE IT FROM ME, MAN-YOU'RE BETTER OFF DRIVIN' A GREYHOUND BUS!
No.13 FORNIKATTENSTRASSE, BERLIN...............
I'LL ANNOUNCE MYSELF!
WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING?


WANDA'S VISIT TO BERLIN IS SHORT—— BUT MEMORABLE.........
ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T STAY FOR TEA?
NOW THERE IS A GAL AFTER MY OWN HEART!
SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR FRIENDS, PUSSCAKE— WE HAVE A PLANE TO CATCH!
WOWEE! AREN'T I A SOCIAL SUCCESS!


AND SO LIFE AT THE SCHLOSS SETTLES BACK INTO ITS FAMILIAR PATTERN. THE ANCIENT RAMPARTS ONCE AGAIN ECHO WITH THE SOUND OF GIRLISH LAUGHTER..........
"ONCE MORE INTO THEIR BREECHES, DEAR FRIENDS," ONCE MORE...!
SCORE
CLANG
VON K
GAME, SET AND MATCH!
HIGH ON A LONELY ESCARPMENT, AT THE FARTHEST CORNER OF THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS.....
... STANDS THE "TOWER OF THE CLOUDS". WHAT IS THE STRANGE SECRET THAT AWAITS OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINE INSIDE THE CRUMBLING AND NEGLECTED RUIN? SEE NEXT MONTH! IF YOU CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG, YOU CAN TRY PHONING!



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 187

what the night had in store. I quickly stripped and decided to take a sauna to soak the grime from my body. I wrapped a towel around my waist, since the sauna was coed, and felt the heat as I approached the steamy half-light of the sauna.

I sat on a bench, not looking at the others in the room, and leaned my head back, thinking of Sally's pert nipples and long, tanned legs. I felt something brush across my lap and heard a voice in my ear, "How's it hanging, stud?" I opened my eyes and turned to look into two deep-brown, doe-soft eyes not two inches from my own. I looked down to the sensual mouth, and the towel tented up my member. Suddenly, she took my cock in her mouth and swallowed my entire eight inches. She slowly moved up and down my shaft until it was at its fully erect state. Then she began to lick my balls, and in three long spasms I shot my protein-enriched love juices into her anxiously awaiting throat. She moaned upon receiving her present.

Then she lifted her face to my mouth and said, "You've had your fun. Now give me mine." I gladly did as she asked, and we quickly moved into a sixty-nine position in the sauna. I easily slid my tongue into her dripping snatch and slowly worked up to licking her clit. Soon she reached a larger orgasm and sent shocks through the sauna seats as she made my face look like a glazed doughnut. At the same time she was playing with my cock, and it was soon once again ready for action. We were totally oblivious to those around us, and fortunately—because of the steam and the sound of the vent fans—no one could really see or hear us.

We moved into the missionary position. I have never been so satisfied! I entered her and shot my wad into her gorgeous pink pussy. We were in ecstasy. It seemed as though we lay there for hours just caressing each other's body. After a short respite I sucked her nipples to erection. Once again we were totally passion filled as I moved to make love to her tits. I came all over her face, and she lapped up my jism both from her face and my dripping cock. Then I fell asleep.

When I awoke, Sally was gone, but there was a note pinned to my towel: "That was a great love match. The ball is in your court." Attached was her address. Needless to say, I hurried over. Lately, Sally and I have been trying new and different love games, but I will never forget how we met that crazy afternoon in the sauna.—*Name and address withheld*

Auntie May

When I was a freshman in college, I, like every other healthy boy, tried everything I could to learn about the secrets of sex. As you might expect, the girls I dated covered the full range of promiscuity, from those

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the head, so that in less than a minute I could feel myself starting to come. I gave Carol fair warning, but she continued to fuck me with her mouth as I shot my thick, hot jets into her.

I wanted to fuck her then, but she said that it would be too difficult in the car, with my cock being so fat. Instead, she invited me to her house the next day, a Saturday, so that we could do it in more comfortable surroundings. Her aunt would be working all day so we would have all the time we needed.

I arrived at Carol's house the next morning, and she greeted me in her nightgown. We locked the doors, and soon we were rolling around naked in her bed. For the first time in my life, I ate a girl's pussy (something that few of my buddies had done or wanted to do). Carol's pussy was quite bushy, and the black hairs grew profusely around her ass hole and even down the insides of her thighs.

However, Carol and I both knew what I really wanted, so she covered my swollen prick with baby oil. With the help of the baby oil and her own natural juices, Carol was able to work my "fatso" into her. Being my first fuck, I didn't last very long. I confessed to Carol that she was my first, but she reassured me that I was going to be great. This brought my cock to life again, and I worked it into her all by myself. This time I felt as if I could fuck forever, and I was able to bring Carol to several orgasms before I came.

Carol and I became steadies and fell in love. Sex was great, and we had plenty of opportunity for it, as Carol's aunt was away much of the time. We were always looking for new sexual thrills, and eventually I let Carol know that I would like to screw her in the behind. Carol was more than willing, but alas, her ass hole wouldn't stretch enough to accommodate a cock as fat as mine. We were both disappointed, but Carol told me that things might work out if she had a little time.

I didn't think much of the matter for the next few weeks. Then, one Saturday morning, I went to Carol's house for sex. She met me in her nightgown as usual and told me that she would meet me in her bedroom in a few minutes. I went to her room, undressed, and got into Carol's bed. The door opened, and Carol entered the room with her aunt! I was shocked—and covered myself with the sheets. I thought that I was in *big* trouble, but then I noticed that Carol's aunt was nearly as undressed as I. She was wearing a long, flowing negligee that was so sheer I could clearly see her nude figure. Carol told me that her aunt was going to make my wish for anal intercourse come true. Then Carol and her aunt removed their nightgowns and slid into bed on either side of me.

Carol's Aunt May was in her middle thirties. Her figure was quite slim, and her breasts were small, with inviting pink nipples. The hair between her legs was light-colored and thin, as though it had been trimmed. Carol and May began kissing and

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caressing my entire body and I fondled their naked flesh as they devoured me. Their tongues met at my crotch, and I was treated to the incredible sensation of having my cock sucked and licked by two mouths at once. When I shot my wad, I don't even know who swallowed it, but it was the greatest sensation I had ever felt.

May asked me if I was ready to screw her bottom, and I asked her if she was sure she could take it. She just laughed and told me that she had taken bigger ones before. She took some baby oil and liberally smeared it over my cock, which was already stiff again. Next, she oiled two fingers and lubricated her ass hole. The sight of this sexy woman fingering her own ass was itself a fascinating experience.

After coating my cock with some more oil, she mounted me and placed the head of my cock against her ass hole. She told me to lie back and enjoy while she did the work. She lowered herself onto me, and I felt the swollen head of my cock slide into her well-greased ass. Her rectum was tight and hot—the head of my cock felt fantastic. Then May put her weight against me and my cock was engulfed completely by her ass as she let out a groan of pleasure.

May fucked me slowly with her ass and was obviously enjoying the act itself. One hand was playing with her pink nipples and the other was pleasuring her cunt as her body rose and fell on my cock. Carol, who had been fingering her own pussy as she watched the proceedings, decided that she wanted more and straddled my face, pressing her bushy cunt to my mouth.

I was truly in heaven now. The girl I loved was taking my tongue into her juicy pussy, and my cock was fucking the ass of another woman who was just as beautiful. The entire situation overwhelmed me, and when I came in May's ass I was sure that I was dying. I had fulfilled fantasies that I didn't even know I had.

That was many years ago. Today Carol and I are married. May has helped her learn to take my cock up the ass, and the three of us still get together from time to time to share some of the wildest sex imaginable. None of us has ever had to let a sexual fantasy or craving go unsatisfied in all of our four years together.—*Name and address withheld*

Raunchy rubdown

My wife and I are middle-aged, have been married for over fifteen years, and have grandchildren. We are not rich, or even well off, but we are comfortable and want for nothing, except perhaps a few outlandish things that are practically out of sight. We used to be avid swingers and traveled to Chicago, Indianapolis, and other cities to attend socials or swinging parties. Both of us found that although it enhanced our own sex life tremendously, we both felt total satisfaction was unobtainable at these gatherings, and we invariably had to polish off the evening by having sex together. Also, it is almost impossible to make true friends out of swinging acquaintances. They all, at least one time or another, drift off to other so-called friendships, seeking the perfect couple(s) so as to totally satisfy their own sexual urges and needs—and they never will. So, their search is endless, and that certain something that they look for will never be found.

We still get together from time to time with swinging friends for a evening of total sexual abandonment. Sometimes it's great, but more often it is just a real stimulating activity for us to satisfy each other.

On one such occasion some friends of ours had some pot with them. We had never used the stuff before and were easily talked into sharing a "joint" with them. Later we smoked another. The female half of our company is a nurse, and she was describing how part of the treatment to her patients was a daily rubdown with a massaging cream. She offered to give me such a message. I would like to add at this time that we had never swung with this couple before but suspected that they might.

My shoes were already off, and I removed my shirt, loosened my belt, and lay on my stomach on the floor. The nurse started massaging my back and slowly moved to my buttocks, gradually pushing my trousers down my legs. Presently, I offered to remove the trousers and shorts and did. By this time her husband was

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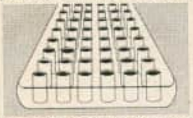

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nonchalantly rubbing my wife's back as they both watched. Soon, she had me turn over and did the same thing to my front side. Needless to say, all of us became very excited, and it wasn't long before we were all naked and, for some unknown reason, massaging my naked wife. She is extremely good-looking, about five foot five inches, 120 lbs, 34-23-36; and in the very dim light, under the effect of the pot we had smoked, she looked like a goddess, lying there while all six of those hands gently stroked her everywhere. Her body glistened everywhere from the slick cream, and she let our soft moans of pleasure as certain areas were attended to. As she lay on her back, we slowly explored every square inch of her anatomy. I could see her stomach slowly rising and falling with her heavy breathing, and then her whole body started to quiver like a bowl of jello that is half firm after it has been slightly bumped. The quivering was a tremendous turn-on for me.

Presently, I was urged by our guests to mount her. Firtst, I put a large pillow under her rear end. I knelt between her legs and just looked at her for a few moments while our guests kept massaging, stroking, and kneading her breasts. John, our male friend, had a tremendous hard-on and slowly lowered himself and rubbed it against her breasts, leaving small traces of glistening dribblings from his massive prick. She reached out to grasp it and, turning her head, took as much of it as she could in her mouth. At about this same time I pushed the head of my now aching organ between the lips of her slippery pussy and just rubbed it up and down, making sure it rubbed hard against her clit. During this time Mary had her hand under my wife's ass and was probing and fingering her dilating asshole. Slowly, Mary pushed her finger up her ass, simultaneously sucking on her breast as I slowly penetrated her pussy as far as I could. I reached over to Mary's behind and gently put my index finger into her ass as my middle finger penetrated her pulsating pussy. In a few minutes, all four of us had an ear-shattering orgasm which I'm sure we will never forget. I wonder to this day if any of the neighbors could hear. My balls actually ached after it was over with because of the violent spasms I experienced.

We met with this couple once after that time, and this time it was John who screwed his wife, Mary, while my wife and I just sort of helped out. This, I believe, was the most satisfying swinging experience we have ever had. As I write this letter, I am getting hornier by the minute just recalling the foregoing events! —*Name and address withheld*

Fit to be tied

I am a very attractive blonde, blue-eyed bi female with an exciting (35-24-36) body and am an avid reader of *Penthouse*. The reason I am writing is to share with you and your readers an experience my girl friend and I had this past summer. But before I do, I want to say that I am a cockteaser and love it. I wish more women who were cockteasers would share their experiences with *Penthouse*, as well as men who have been victimized by cockteasers.

Now, my experience. This past summer my girl friend, Susan, went out with this guy I'll call Rick. Rick is thirty-two, and Susan and I are both twenty-four. Rick is one of these guys who thinks he is a super-mucho-macho man. When he and Susan went out on their dates, he just about raped her. Since Susan and I both live in the same apartment complex, she came to my apartment when Rick dropped her off and told me how Rick had almost raped her. Susan's blouse was torn, and she had a few scratches on the side of her neck. We decided that rather than get mad, we would get even.

On the next Friday night, I went to the local disco where Rick hangs out. I wore a low-cut, loose-fitting blouse without a bra so that when I moved in a certain way he would get an ample view of my breasts. Since he didn't know me, I had no fear about his suspecting that Susan and I were friends. I soon had his attention, and we drank and talked at the bar. Every time I leaned forward, his eyes would go to my breasts, and from the bulge in his pants I could tell he enjoyed what he saw. When

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the disco closed, he asked me if I wanted to go to his place. I told him I had to go home and then asked him if he wanted to go to the beach with me the next day. He jumped at the chance, and I told him that I would pick him up around noon.

I wore the sexiest bikini I own to the beach, and for just about the entire time we were there he had an erection that wouldn't go down. When it was time to leave, I asked Rick if he wanted to come over to my apartment for a few drinks. Needless to say, he said yes. We put cutoffs and T-shirts on over our bathing suits and headed for my apartment.

We had a few drinks, and Rick started coming on real strong. We made out for a while, but every time he reached for my breasts, I would gently push his hand away and tell him not so fast. After we kissed for a few more minutes, I put my hand on the front of his pants and gently squeezed his cock. He let out a soft moan and was reaching again for my breasts when I jumped off the couch and said that we should go into the bedroom.

When we got into the bedroom, I told him that everything had to be done my way, and he quickly agreed. (Any man who has had an erection for almost five hours would agree to almost anything, and Rick was no exception.) I told him to lie down on the bed, and then I got on top of him. As we kissed, I kept grinding my pussy into his cock, and he was going wild as we dry-humped. After a few minutes I got up. When Rick tried pulling me back down, I slipped away. I then told him he couldn't touch me unless I said he could and that if he didn't do as I said, he would have to leave. He apologized, and I gave him a forgiving kiss. I took off his cutoffs and T-shirt. The bulge in his bathing suit looked like it was going to pop any minute. I then removed my cutoffs and T-shirt and once again got on top of him. We kissed wildly, and I kept grinding my pussy into his cock. Rick was going crazy. After a while I slowly worked my way down his body with my tongue and lips until I reached his bathing suit. I then took off his bathing suit, leaving Rick with just a jockstrap on. I stood over him, with my feet on each side of his chest, and slowly took off the top of my bikini. His eyes never left my breasts as I threw the top onto the floor. He started to rub his hands up my legs, but I gave them a hard shove and he got my message: Hands off! Next I took off my bikini bottoms. When he saw my blonde pussy, he just started moaning, and his hand went for his cock, which was still trapped inside his jock. I grabbed his hands and told him his cock was for me. He told me that his balls were ready to explode and that he had been waiting all day to see me like this—naked and ready.

I took off his jock, gave his cock a soft kiss, and then climbed on top of him. Poor Rick! I teased his throbbing cock with my wet pussy, rubbing it against me. He kept trying to shove it into me, but every time he tried I just moved. He was moaning with pleasure and frustration and began beg-

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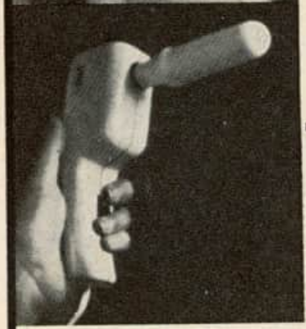

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ging me to let him come inside of me. I asked him if he really wanted me, and he said, "More than anything in the world!" I told him I was all his but would he mind if I tied him up first. He told me to do anything I wanted just as long as I hurried up, because he couldn't stand it anymore. His poor cock was begging for relief. I got some rope and tied his feet to the bottom of the bed and then bound his hands to my brass headboard. After he was secured, I told him I would be right back.

I immediately went into the living room and called Susan and told her everything was all set. She arrived within a minute, and we both went in to see Rick.

When Rick saw Susan, he almost died. But Susan quickly put him at ease by giving his huge cock a big kiss and then taking off her clothes. Seeing the both of us naked made Rick speechless, but both his eyes and body were excited. His look soon changed to bewilderment, though, when Susan took out an electric razor, a safety razor and shaving cream from a bag she had brought into the bedroom with her. When Rick asked what they were for, Susan told him that we were going to pay him back for trying to rape her.

Under Rick's protest, Susan and I shaved all the hair off Rick's chest and legs. When we started cutting his pubic hairs, Rick started to move his body the best he could. When I told him that if he didn't knock it off his balls would be next, he soon settled down. After a few minutes, he was as clean as the day he was born, but he had lost his erection. Susan manipulated his cock with her hands and tongue and in less than a minute, his cock was standing straight up into the air.

All of this had made Susan and I very excited, and we were soon in each other's arms, kissing and making love. The whole time Susan and I made love, Rick looked on helplessly, moaning. The poor bastard had two naked and hot women beside him and a hot, throbbing cock between his legs, and all he could do was look. He would have given anything to relieve the pressure and ache in his balls.

When Susan and I had finished our lovemaking session, Susan took some massage oil and poured it over Rick's cock and balls and began masturbating him very gently and slowly. When Rick began moaning with pleasure, Susan stopped and asked Rick if he wanted to come. He was in such an excited state that he could barely answer, but when he did say yes, Susan told him that it would cost him. He said he would give her anything she wanted if she would just let him come.

Susan again started masturbating him gently, slowly, and teasingly. As Rick once again began to moan with pleasure, Susan told him that if he came, it was going to cost him the hair on his head: she was going to shave him bald. All Rick could do was say, "No, no!" as Susan kept bringing him closer and closer to orgasm. Soon Rick was crying and begging her to stop, whimpering that he was about to come. But Susan kept massaging his cock faster and faster, harder and harder. With Rick still crying and begging, Susan squeezed his balls with one hand and rotated the tip of his cock with her other hand, and within seconds Rick came with such force that his whole body shook.

Susan left the bedroom for a few seconds and came back with a pair of scissors. And with Rick crying, she cut off his hair and then finished the job with the electric razor. Rick now didn't have a single hair on his entire body.

We then threw his clothes out into the hallway. While Susan stayed by the phone to call the police if Rick made one false move, I untied him. Rick the mucho-macho man left my apartment like a little puppy dog.—*Name and address withheld*

Sexy samaritan

Attending a large university in Boston and residing in one of the coed dorms is enough to dispell all the myths about coed life. It had been a particularly boring week, ending with a particularly boring finance lecture, and, so I decided to shower away before heading for a few Molson Ales. Passing the hall telephone, I noticed Sherrie totally absorbed in a conversation.

Sherrie is the kind of person even a blind man would notice. She's small and sweet

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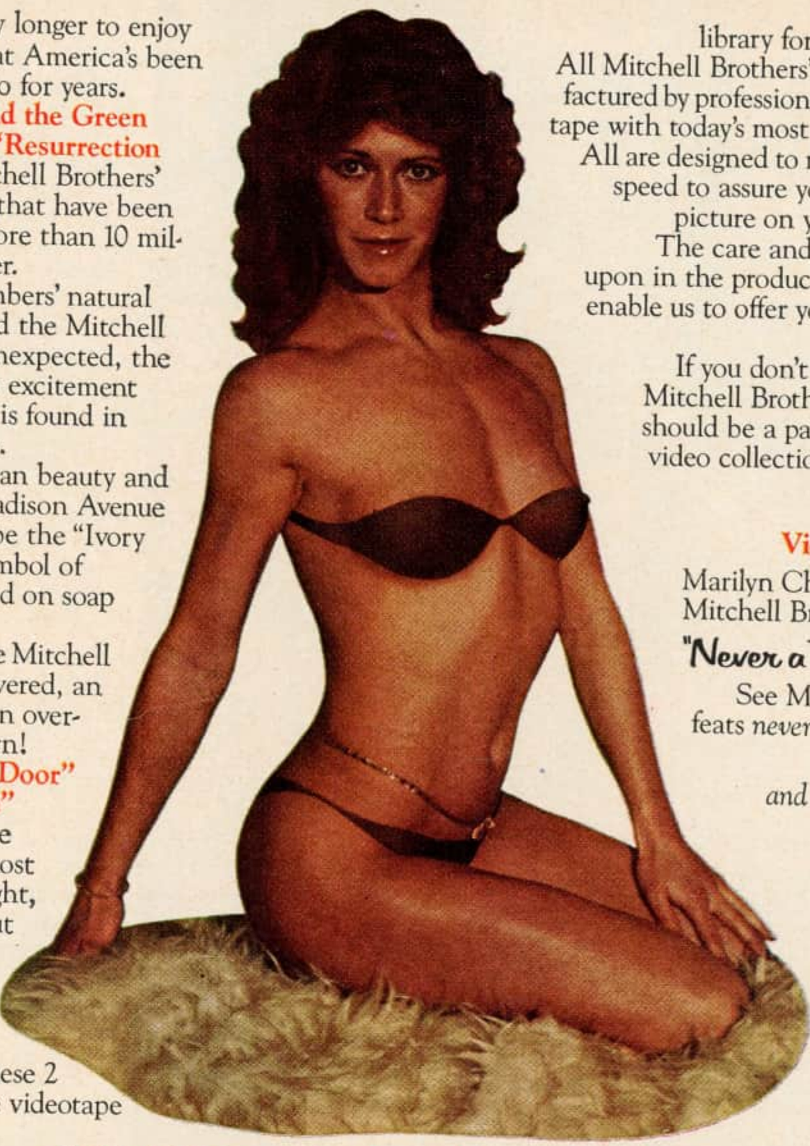

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(Please indicate make and model of cassette player or Regular 8mm/Super 8mm) with the demeanor of a visiting dignitary. Her body is beautifully proportioned. As I was to find out later, she is a girl of hidden potential.

As I returned from the shower, the sight of Sherrie, still on the phone, brought my fantasies into full play once again. (These fantasies had made my shower more work than I'd intended.) As my penis once again rose to attention, Sherrie noticed the tent forming in my robe. I jogged around the corner, doubled over and somewhat embarrassed. When I made it to my room, I turned on some music and contemplated the recent past in a reclining position on my bed.

A few minutes later there was a knock on the door. Concealing my duress, I yelled, "Come in." I leaned against the wall, a pillow resting on my throbbing cock, and Sherrie walked in. From the smile on her face and the increased humidity, I turned a few shades of red. She told me that she had noticed my "pain" in the hall and thought that since she was a physical therapy major, she could render some soothing assistance. I assured her that I was fine, but she ignored me and proceeded to remove the pillow from its strategic location.

My cock stuck up like a tulip. She commented that the problem was worse than she'd expected and that a massage would most likely be the best remedy for my malady. She had to make sure that her diagnosis was correct and needed a better view of the situation. I was dumbfounded. My fantasy stood above me, giving me the once-over with a hungry look in her eye. It took great restraint not to shoot my load right there, but as her opened mouth descended upon my blood-rich member, I couldn't contain myself. I came in a quaking motion that seemed to shake the whole room. My come was dripping from both sides of her mouth, and she was smiling, but she took great pains to make sure that not a drop was lost.

Regaining my courage and composure, I remarked that it was getting quite warm and she might shed some clothes to be a bit more comfortable. She retorted that she was upset at me because of what I had done. She removed her jeans, pointed at her come-soaked crotch, and said that she had just washed them. Being a gentleman, I sat up and thoroughly licked up every drop of her juice, inside and out. She was dripping with desire. It looked as if each public hair had been trimmed and shaped by a professional. I buried my head in her box, bringing her to one snatch-shattering orgasm after another until she peaded for me to stop. The rest of the night was history.

I never did get to those Molson's, but the nectar I shared that night and many nights later was sweeter and had fewer calories.—*Name and address withheld* O+⊓

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.00 for **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 1805, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COMING IN THE AUGUST PENTHOUSE

Photoreporters

SPRAY TO KILL

Alan Magee

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

Dan Merkel

SURF'S UP

The Victims of Terrorism Strike Back—The rich and powerful around the world are often sitting ducks for terrorist assassinations, and most police and governments can hardly be trusted to help. However, International Security Group can—and does. The San Antonio-based professionals point out that most terrorists attack automobiles. Their motto seems to be, Those who don't remember the past are condemned to being bothered in automobiles. Writer Craig S. Karpel took the full course—learning about armored cars, evasive driving, and weapons training—and emerges a wiser and meaner man.

Surf's Up—Riding the waves used to be a sport enjoyed for fun and not for money. But today surfing has become a big business, thanks to World Surfing Cup competitions. In an exciting pictorial report, Harry Minetree describes the tension and politics behind the eleven events in the International Grand Prix surfing circuit and profiles ex-surfing champion Shaun Tomson—a blond, handsome, articulate messiah who's done for surfing what Arnold Schwarzenegger did for body building.

The Television Revolution—The average American television viewer has had it with the bland, bloody, and boring diet served up by the Big Three networks. But a video revolution is in the works—and not a prime time too soon. By 1981, reports David Grunwald, the air waves of the future will include video discs and cassettes, thirty-six cable channels, satellite stations, and dozens of other innovations, giving us greater options and fewer commercials. Will the networks go down without a fight? Find out in "Breaking the Television Monopoly."

Daddy's Little Girl—Not all father-daughter relationships are the wholesome kind we see on prime-time television. In "Friday Evening," Joyce Carol Oates explores one that transcends conventional morality to achieve another level of devotion. It is a moving, haunting story by one of America's most prolific and eloquent short-story masters.

Spray to Kill—Not all the troops killed in Vietnam were slaughtered by enemy fire. Many of our soldiers were forced to defoliate the jungles by spraying Agent Orange, a deadly toxic chemical known *at the time* to be nearly as harmful to humans as to the plant life it destroyed. Years after the war thousands of veterans are paying the price: a fatal abdominal cancer. As Marta Tarbell reveals in "The Agent Orange Time Bomb," the government has been far more interested in a cover-up than in a cleanup. One veteran, going into the hospital for the last time, said, "I died in Vietnam and didn't even know it." O+⊓

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Who said "Less is more"?

Now look right and find Mr. "Less is more." Back on your former path, continue past a plaque recalling the last time the "outs" were "in," and head straight across an island to an "old bald cheater." Next, head toward Chicago's oldest dwelling, counting columns in the street to 14. Here cross the street, turn right, and walk till you reach footloose rocks (not the kind you'd pour C.C. over). Then traverse the nearest lobby, and head again for the oldest dwelling until you find "Arris."

Find an island and a mountain.

You're warm now, so retrace your path past an eastern island and mountain until you're kitty-corner from a famous paddler's place. Here turn left, walk to the ninth light pole, and find a date four years older than C.C. inside the second door to the right. Now retrace your steps to the corner. In sight once stood a warehouse designed by a famous Bostonian. Learn what its owners did, enter the nearest building whose owners are in the same business, then exit toward water. But don't get wet 'cause now you're very hot.

Ascend and descend.

Go against the flow till you spot what Chicago newspapers are full of. Count 'em, ascend that number of floors, descend 90 steps. Enter a place that doubles itself, say "C.C., please," and claim your case. Armchair adventurers can discover C.C. at any of Chicago's bars, restaurants or package stores with the same request. Just say "C.C., please."

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